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THE
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A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME XVII.

BOSTON:
JOHN L. SHOREY, No. 36, BROMFIELD STREET.

1875.

P_Jur 1787.758

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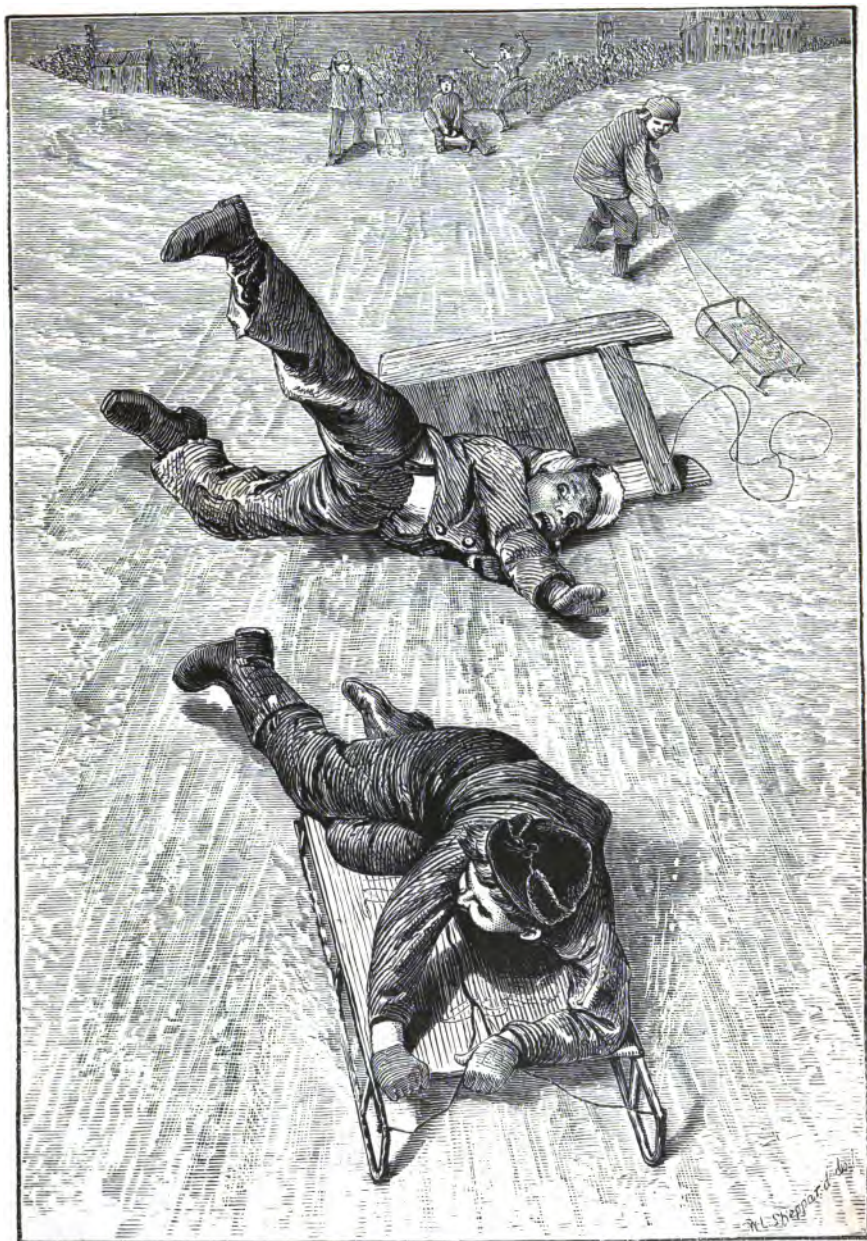
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PETER'S MISHAP.



PETER is a colored lad, born and brought up in one of the Southern States. He had the good luck to be sent to a Freedman's School, which gave him such a thirst for knowledge, that, by the time he was twelve years old, he had made his way to New England to seek his fortune.

He soon found work and friends, and was well contented in his new home, although the climate did not suit him. When the first "cold snap" came, in November, and Peter had to blow on his fingers to keep them warm, he wished himself back in the sunny South.

But when the snow came, and the sleigh-bells began to jingle, and the boys were out with their sleds, he forgot all about the cold weather. Wherever there was any fun, he was bound to have a share. So he put on his mittens, and went out on the hill where the boys were coasting.

It was a steep hill in the country. Sam Slyder, Bill Snow, George Trott, Tom Frost, and Jack Wood, were having it all to themselves. Their sleds were not such stylish affairs as we see on Boston Common. They were old-fashioned and clumsy.

The fact is, they were the same sleds that had been used by the boys' elder brothers, and, perhaps, by their fathers before them. George Trott said that his sled had come down from his great-grandfather: but that was only George's little joke.

Clumsy as they were, the sleds went pretty fast; and, as Peter looked on, he was seized with a desire to take a part in the game. So he borrowed George Trott's sled; and, without mentioning that he had never been on a sled before,

he seated himself in imitation of Sam Slyder, who was just ahead of him, and pushed boldly down hill.

Down he went, straight enough at first, and, perhaps, would have gone all the way, if he had only let the sled manage itself. But he got flustered by its speed, stuck out his foot to check it; and the next minute the sled had whirled around sideways, and Peter was sprawling on the icy snow.

"Don't run over me, Peter!" said Sam Slyder, looking back.

"Save the pieces, Peter!" said Tom Frost, who was dragging his sled up the hill.

"Are you waiting for any thing, Peter?" cried Jack Wood from the top of the hill.

"Turn about, and wheel about, and do just so!" sang George Trott, dancing up and down.

"Clear the track!" shouted Bill Snow, who was just starting down the hill.

Without replying to any of these remarks, Peter picked himself up, and scrambled to the top of the hill. There was a broad grin on his face, which proved that he was not hurt a bit. Nothing could disturb his good humor. Trifles never worsted him.

"I guess you are not used to coasting," said George Trott as he took back his sled.

"Oh!" said Peter, "I'm not used to this sled. It isn't the kind we have in South Carolina."

"It will never do to give it up so, Peter," said Sam Slyder coming up. "Here, get on my sled, and let me show you how to steer it."

Peter was very glad to take a lesson. The boys gave him three cheers as he started off again, and he soon learned to manage a sled as well as the best of them.



SPITZ AND THE GEESE.

THE sun shone on the village pond ; and there the geese, old and young, were having a good time swimming, when Spitz came down to the bank, and began to growl and bark at them at a furious rate.

Said a white goose to a gray goose, "Take no notice of him. Let us pretend that we do not hear his yelping and his barking."

But the gray goose, who was not quite so peaceably disposed, replied, "I tell you what: I cannot stand his impudence. I must waddle out of this pond, and give chase to the rascal."

No sooner said than done. And out of the pond, with flutterings and hissings, she went straight after Spitz.

What did the hero do when thus threatened? Fiercely he had barked, and bravely he had placed himself on the edge of the bank, as if he meant to make but one mouthful of all the geese and the goslings on the pond. What did he do now? Ah! he took to his heels as if ten lions were after him! And he never stopped till safe in his kennel.

Back came the gray goose to the pond, laughing merrily. "Did you see the coward run?" said she. "Was it not

fine sport? Now shall the whole village know how Spitz was chased from the field."

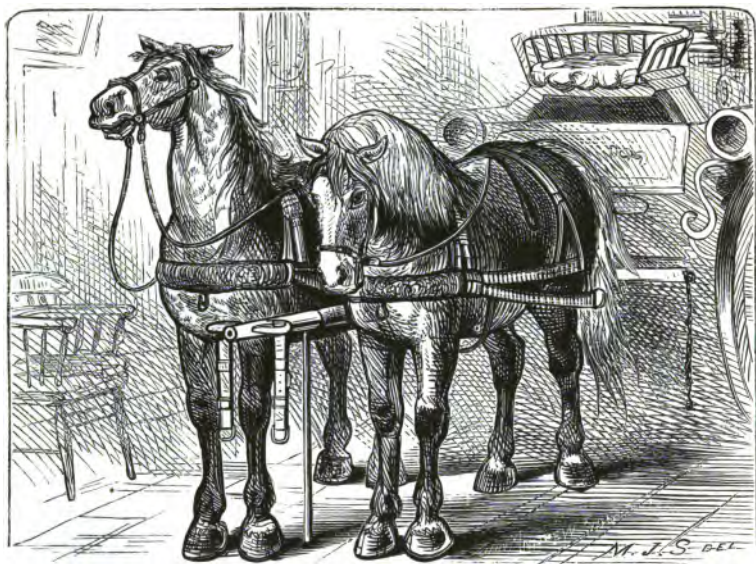
"Yes," said the old white goose. "The cat on the doorstep shall know it all; so shall the sparrow under the eaves; so shall the hens; and so shall the doves with their queer collars and crests. How they will laugh!"



"Yes, and the peacock: he, too, shall know it," added the gray goose. "The old woman, who weeds the garden shall know it; Jane the housemaid shall know it; little Hans too, he shall know it; and his sister Emma shall know it; they shall all know it,—how Spitz, the coward, ran away from the goose; from the goose, goose, goose; from the gray goose, the bold, bold gray goose!"

And so there was great rejoicing in goose-land at this wonderful victory. As for Spitz, it was a long time before he recovered from his disgrace.

FROM THE GERMAN.



THE WISE HORSES.

“O MAMMA! will you come with us, and see the fire-engine horses?” exclaimed Fred, as he rushed into his mamma’s room, followed by his younger brother, Charley. “Please come quick, or it will be too late!”

Their mother had promised the little boys, that, some day, she would go to the engine-house with them. So, as they happened to be let out of school half an hour earlier than usual, they had run home for mamma as fast as their feet could carry them; “because,” said they, “we must be at the engine-house at twelve o’clock, if we wish to see the performances.”

Mamma soon had on her hat; and holding Charley’s plump hand, while Fred led the way as guide, — coming back to meet them two or three times, — they all hurried to the

building where the steam fire-engine and the horses were kept.

Two or three firemen, dressed in blue coats, and shiny hats, were seated around a stove in the engine-room. A large clock stood in a corner of the room; and the hands pointed to five minutes of twelve. Mamma told the men that she had come with the little boys to see what the horses would do at the sound of the noonday bell.

The men were very polite; and Fred and Charley were soon so busy examining the engine and the hose-carriage, with their bright brass trimmings, that five minutes passed away very quickly.

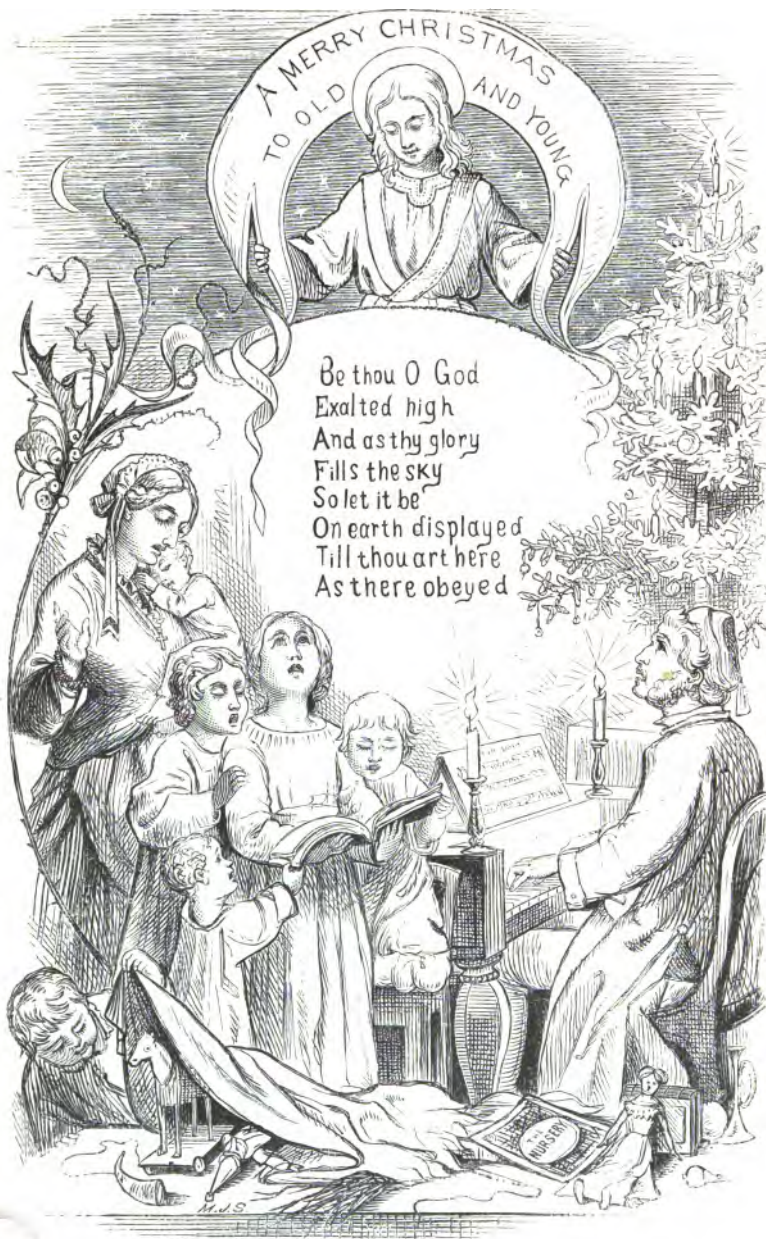
Then the great fire alarm-bell gave forth a loud peal. The gas in the room streamed up in a high flame; the door of the stable behind the engine-room seemed to fly open; a great stamping was heard, and two huge heads appeared in sight. Little Charley cuddled up closer to mamma; and even brave Fred looked somewhat startled.

That stroke of the bell only meant that it was twelve o'clock; but how were the horses to know that it did not mean "Fire"! It might have meant fire; and to them it never meant any thing else.

So in they came without a word being said; took their places in front of the engine; waited about two minutes to see if they were wanted at a fire; and then, being sure that the alarm was a false one, meekly turned, and walked back to their stable.

Thus, whenever the fire-alarm sounds, — night or day, — these faithful horses are at their posts ready for duty. They move at once, without waiting to be called a second time. Charley and Fred were greatly pleased at what they had seen; and mamma said there was a good example in it for little boys to follow.

MAMMA.



A ROUND STORY.

THINK of a dark, green wood. Think of a little brown cottage just in the edge of the dark, green wood. Think of a little curly-headed boy in the little brown cottage just in the edge of the dark, green wood. Three things to think about, — the dark, green wood, the little brown cottage, and the little curly-headed boy.

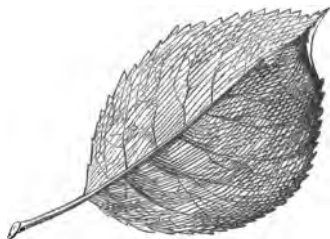


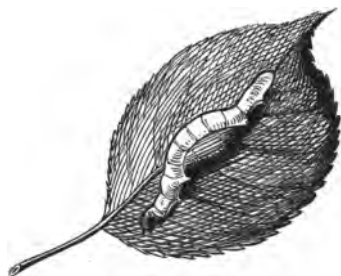
The little boy's name was Quinn; and he lived in the little cottage with his papa and mamma. Every morning his papa went to work; and little Quinn walked with him as far as the cottage could be seen by looking back; and, when he came to the place where he could not take another step without losing sight of it, his papa would kiss him, and bid him good-by, and he would run back to his mamma.



Then he would bring in wood from the wood-pile in the yard, till he had filled the box that stood in the chimney-corner; and he would feed the chickens, and throw out crumbs for the birds; and after that he would go and play in the shade of the tall trees which grew in the edge of the dark, green wood.

When he was tired of playing—he would come in, and sit down by his mamma, and ask her to





tell him a story. He did this so many days, weeks, and months, that at last his mamma had told him all the stories she knew, a great many times over, till little Quinn knew them all too. One day he said, "Please, mamma, tell little Quinn a new story. So his mamma thought a little while, and then she said, —

"I know a little curly-headed boy, about whom I will tell you a story. I know a little brown cottage, the home of a little curly-headed boy, about whom I will tell you a story. I know a dark, green wood, which shelters a little brown cottage, the home of the little curly-headed boy, about whom I will tell you a story. I know a great beech-tree, which stands in the dark, green wood, which shelters the little brown cottage, the home of the little curly-headed boy, about whom I will tell you a story. I know a spreading branch of the great beech-tree, which stands in the dark, green wood, which shelters the little brown cottage, the home of the little curly-headed boy, about whom I will tell you a story. I know the glossy leaf which grew on the spreading branch of the great beech-tree, which stands in



the dark, green wood, which shelters the little brown cottage, the home of the little curly-headed boy, about whom I will tell you a story. I know the hungry worm, which gnawed the glossy leaf, which grew on the spreading branch of the great beech-tree, which stands in the dark, green wood, which shelters the little brown cottage, the home of the little curly-headed boy, about whom I will tell you a story. I know the singing-bird, which ate the hungry worm, which gnawed the glossy leaf, which grew on the spreading branch of

the great beech-tree, which stands in the dark, green wood, which shelters the little brown cottage, the home of the little curly-headed boy, about whom I will tell you a story. I know a happy little boy, who loves the song of the singing-bird, which ate the hungry worm, which gnawed the glossy leaf, which grew on the spreading branch of the great beech-tree, which stands in the dark, green wood, which shelters the little brown cottage, the home of the little curly-headed boy about whom I will tell you a story. And the happy little boy and the curly-headed boy are one, and his name is Quinn, and he lives with his papa and mamma in the little brown cottage, which stands on the edge of the dark, green wood."

Little Quinn liked his mamma's story very much ; and he thanked her, and gave her a hearty kiss, and said, "Now, can I do any thing for you, dear mamma ?"

M. S. B.



COUNTING THE PIGS.

A STACK of seaweed over there,
And a pig-pen close beside it,
Where a mother-pig, and her piggies three,
Are just as snug as they need to be,
With plenty to eat, and plenty to spare,
And none to the feast invited.

A little boy leans over the fence,
Counting the live stock over, —
"One little pig with his tail cut off,
One little pig in the empty trough,
And three little pigs with no more sense
Than to think they are living in clover!



“Bigger and lazier every day
Those little pigs are growing:
Here's seaweed plenty to make a bed,
And a bouncing pillow for some one's head.
You grunt at me as long as I stay,
Now grunt because I'm going!”

The mother-pig, and her piggies three,
Glance up at the boy thus mounted
Upon the fence — when — over he goes —
Into the pig-pen! — and I suppose
He never imagined that he would be
The piggy he hadn't counted,

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

TOT'S BABY-BROTHER.

It was a lovely June morning, Tot's ninth birthday. She ran barefooted across the uncarpeted floor, and looked out of the window,

The pink-and-white blossoms on the apple-trees nodded to her. The warm south wind whispered a birthday welcome in her ear. The robin sat on a swaying bough, and sang her a glad good-morning. The sun twinkled his bright eyes at her, and laughed in her face, as he said, —

"See what I have done while you were sound asleep. I have opened the blushing apple-blossoms; I have stirred the sweet-scented wind; I have wakened the golden-throated robin, — all to welcome you on your birthday. And now I am going to shine as bright, and make the world as beautiful, as I can, because you are nine years old to-day."

As soon as she was dressed, she ran down stairs. There stood her father, waiting to greet her with nine loving kisses. He took her into the garden, and showed her two little rose-bushes, newly planted. "These are my birthday present," he said. "One will bear white, and one red roses."

"Thank you, dear papa!" said Tot. But she was disappointed. Near by stood a large syringa-bush, drooping with white blossoms. "I wish that he had given me that!" she thought, "it is so much prettier than these little mites of sticks with only a few green leaves on them!"

But Tot would not have said any thing of the kind out loud, no, not for a bagful of leaves; for she knew that her father had taken great pains to get these two rose-bushes on purpose for her.

Day by day she watched them, as new green leaves opened. The last of June, a tiny white rose-bud burst out;



and on the same day a blossom of a baby found its way into Tot's house.

Tot was as happy as a little girl could be. There never was any thing so beautiful as her baby-brother. But, as days and weeks went by, Tot found that her rose had a thorn.

The baby had to be played with in the morning; the baby had to be rocked at noon; the baby had to be tended after school at night. Tot did not like to lose her play; and one day she exclaimed, "It is always, 'Here, the baby wants you.' I wish there wasn't any baby!"

Tot was very angry. She went out, and lay down under her white rose, and cried. Then she thought she heard the white rose say to the red rose, "Would you believe it, this little girl with two tear-streaks down her cheeks has a baby-brother, and she wishes there wasn't a baby in the house? Now, it is no uncommon thing for a baby to be taken away.

"There is Ann Hurd, who has just lost her baby-brother; and what if this baby were taken away, when it is known that his sister wishes it? Babies, you know, are always welcome in heaven, when they are not wanted here."

Tot rushed into the house, and caught up the baby. "I'll take care of you every minute, you darling! Nobody else shall have you," she said. Then she played with him till he crowed. "I love you more than tongue can tell!" she exclaimed, covering him with kisses.

ROXANA C. COWLES.



FRANKIE'S DOG-STORY.

FRANKIE and I used to love each other dearly; for, when I was tired he would put his arms around my neck, and give me a kiss; and, when he was tired, I would cuddle him close up to me, and tell him stories, till his eyes would shut tight, and I knew he was asleep.

One day I said to him, "Frankie, I have told you so many stories, that I cannot think of another. I should think you might tell me a story."

"I will," said my little four-year-old. So he stuck his chubby fists into his eyes, and thrust his hands into his curly hair, and made his forehead full of wrinkles, as some men do when they try to think. Then he began:—

"Once upon a time, a man had two little black doggies: then a great, big black dog came along; and then there was a *wow*!"

I thought that was a good story for so small a boy to tell; but what do you suppose he meant by "*wow*,"—a row such as the bad boys have when they fight, or only a pleasant bow-wow?

ON THE ROCK.

GEORGE and Clara are playing together on the seashore, when they see a large rock which they think it would be fine fun to climb.

"But," says Clara, "I am too little to get up there."

"Wait a minute!" says George. Off he goes, and comes back, tugging a big stone, which is a heavy load for him to carry, and puts it down at the foot of the rock. Then he puts another stone on the first one, and still another on the second, till, at last, he has a flight of steps, that reach part way up the side of the rock.

"Now, Clara," he says, "we can go up stairs."

By the aid of the steps, the two children soon make their way to the top of the rock; and they feel very proud of their success.

The top proves to be quite flat, just the thing for a seat: and here they have grand times as they watch the rolling waves dashing and tumbling, and breaking into white foam on the beach.

Sometimes they bring up sand and pebbles, and play that they are bakers. With the sand for flour, and the pebbles for raisins, they make a nice lot of mince pies, and a very rich plum pudding.

In the picture we have a view of George and Clara on their rock watching the waves, and trying to count the white sails that slowly glide along far out at sea. George counts twenty-two in all.

Clara, who is too small to count, says she can see "four, nine, six, fifty;" which makes George laugh.

When Clara is large enough she will go to school, and learn to count in the right way; and then when she sees ships, she can tell how many there are.

THEO. MELVILLE.



IF I WERE SANTA CLAUS.

If I were Santa Claus, I'd go
To every fireside, high or low ;
I'd bring sweet joy to weeping eyes ;
I'd carry dolls of wondrous size
To little girls in every land ;
And every toy that could be planned
I'd furnish to the boys, brand-new,
If I were Santa Claus — would you ?

If I were Santa Claus, I'd pay
A visit to the house each day ;
I'd come and mend the broken toys ;
I'd kiss the little girls and boys,
And fill their stockings every night,
And give them dreams of rare delight.
All the good I could, I'd do,
If I were Santa Claus — would you ?

If I were Santa Claus, I'd seek
To help the poor, and raise the weak ;
When earth was white, when earth was green,
My jolly nose would still be seen ;
I'd scatter smiles, like roses fair ;
Ah! I would make it everywhere
Bright Christmas-time the whole year through,
If I were Santa Claus — would you ?



TAKING CARE OF MAMMA.

ONE day, what should I do but turn my foot over on one side, and sprain my ankle so badly, that the doctor said I must not use it for two weeks! I almost cried when he said that, wondering how the dear children would get along all that time with no mamma to step around the house, and care for their wants. But, when I told them what the doctor had said, Tommy, the biggest one, exclaimed, "Ma, let *me* wait on you: I'll do any thing you want me to."

"So will I," said Hatty.

"Ma, play you are a sick soldier in the hospital, and I will be the man-nurse to care for you!" said Johnny.

"I'll be nurse, too," said dear little Mary, the youngest.

So Tommy brought me my meals every day; Hatty brought the cricket for my foot; Johnny stood ready to

run for any thing that I wanted ; and Mary took delight in tugging in a waiter or a basket almost as big as herself.

When Bridget was busy, the two elder children dressed the little ones, and took them out to walk ; so that mamma could have a nap. They got ready for school without making any trouble ; and, when they came home, their first words were, " What can we do for our dear mamma ? "

It made me happy to see the children so thoughtful ; and I'll tell you a secret. In my work-basket there is a doll for a little girl ; and in my bureau-drawer there is a box of tools for a little boy ; and I have a top for a certain other little boy, and some building-blocks for a certain other little girl. But these children tried to please their mother, not because they thought she would give them toys, but because it is right to be good and kind.

Little boys and girls can do many things to help their mothers, if they will ; and they will be happier all their lives for it, too. Children who work as well as play are more contented than those who play all the time. Try it.

MOTHER HUBBARD.



BILL. — Come out and play ball, Tom.

TOM. — Yes, Bill, as soon as I've learned my lesson.



DRIVING A WATER-SNAKE.

Now I see your eyes wide open with wonder, and your mouths full of questions.

“Who?” “How?” “Where?” “Weren’t you afraid?”

One question at a time, if you please, Master Impatience. No, little Miss Round-Eyes, we were not in the least afraid. It was great fun.

Jack, a little three-year-old, trudged along as fast as his short, fat legs could carry him, and cried, “Oh! how jolly.”

Beside him there were Jennie, six years old, and Mamma Merrybrook, oh, ever so old! So now you know “who.”

“Where?” Get your map of the United States. Now look near the centre, and you will find a very long river with a very long name, — Mississippi. Follow the west side of the river with your finger, until you come to a large

square-shaped State, named Iowa. About half-way down the river, in the State of Iowa, is where Jack and Jennie and Mamma Merrybrook drove the water-snake.

"How?" Ah! that is the funniest part of it. We were down by the river, as I told you, close to the edge of the water, picking up lucky-stones, bright, red carnelians, and round, smooth, snow-white pebbles. Jack carried our precious stones very carefully in a basket; and Jennie said they looked good enough to eat; and we were all so busy, that we hardly noticed that the sun was setting.

I had just found an Indian's arrow-head half buried in the sand, and was looking at it, and wondering how the wild red men who made it could shoot so straight with such a clumsy thing, when Jennie cried,—

"Look, mamma! What is that?"

"Oh!" said I, half raising my eyes, "that is an old, dead, crooked limb of a tree: the wind must have blown it off." But, while I was speaking, I saw it move, and, before the words were out of my mouth, it rolled over into the water.

Did we run? Nothing of the kind. We had lived too long upon the river-bank to be afraid of a harmless water-snake. Jack laughed, and swung his basket, and shouted, "Hurrah! Isn't he a splendid fellow?"

And indeed he was. As long as your dining-room table, Master Wonder-Face, as large round as your big coffee-cup, and dressed in a black coat, mottled with brown.

When he saw us, he started up the river, keeping near the shore, with his head above water, and his swaying body so near the surface, that every movement could be seen.

When we saw that he was afraid of us, we felt very brave, and thought it would be fine sport to drive him up stream, and see how fast he could swim. So off came our shoes and stockings, and into the shallow water we went after him.

He was a capital swimmer, but too large and heavy to make very rapid progress. We ran behind him, splashing the water, and throwing little sticks and stones at him, until he was so tired, that he dropped under water to rest.

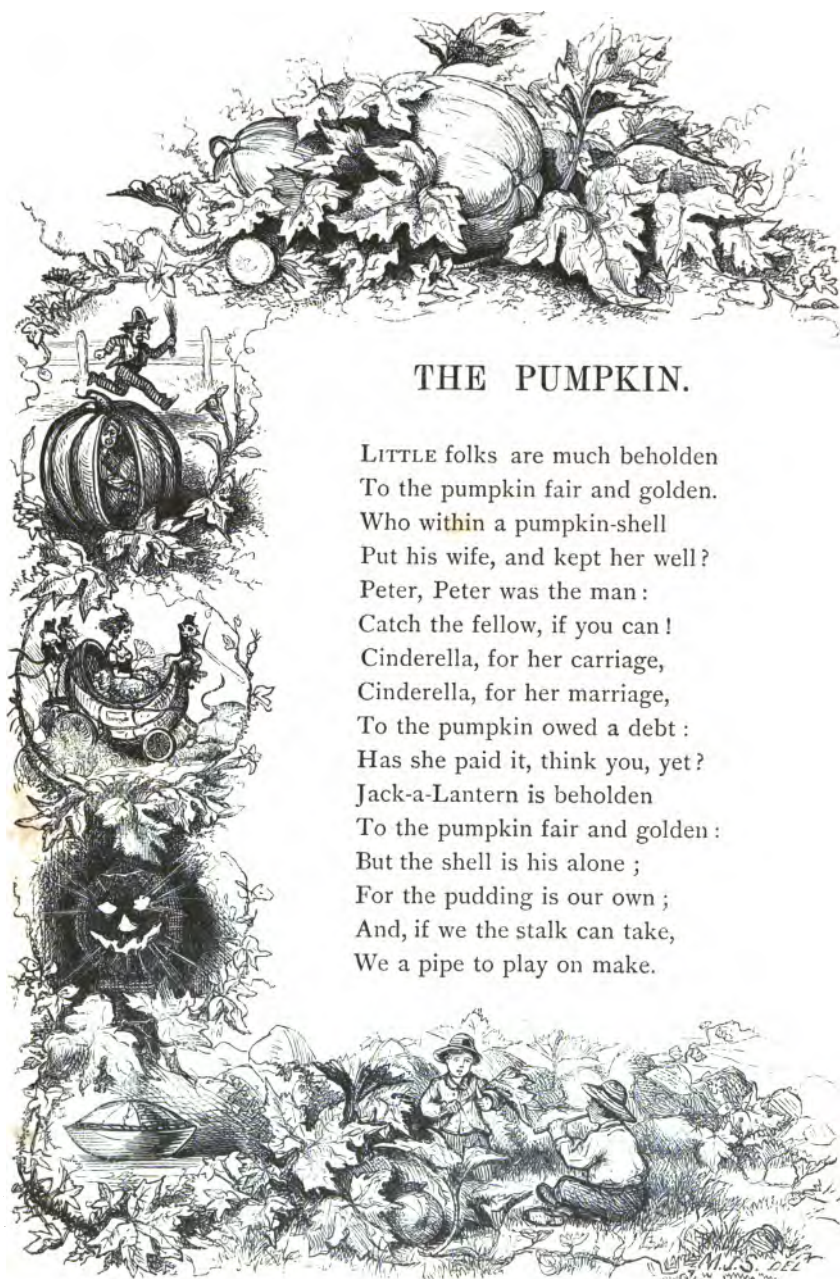
We were a little afraid that his snakeship would come up again nearer than we cared to have him : so we stepped out upon the warm wet sand, and watched until he came up. Then away we went after him again ; and he showed plainly that, what with the shouting and laughing, he was driven, not only up the stream, but nearly out of his wits.

Well, we followed him until we were tired of the sport ; and, the last we saw of him, he was lazily floating along, and catching river-flies for his supper.

MAMMA MERRYBROOK.



THE BUTTERFLY-HUNTER.



THE PUMPKIN.

LITTLE folks are much beholden
 To the pumpkin fair and golden.
 Who *within* a pumpkin-shell
 Put his wife, and kept her well?
 Peter, Peter was the man :
 Catch the fellow, if you can !
 Cinderella, for her carriage,
 Cinderella, for her marriage,
 To the pumpkin owed a debt :
 Has she paid it, think you, yet ?
 Jack-a-Lantern is beholden
 To the pumpkin fair and golden :
 But the shell is his alone ;
 For the pudding is our own ;
 And, if we the stalk can take,
 We a pipe to play on make.

ADVENTURES OF MISS DOLLIKINS.



I.

MISS DOLLIKINS was born in Paris, in a toy-shop. Uncle Charles brought her in a ship to America, and gave her to his niece Laura. The voyage had been rough, and Miss Dollikins had been sick: so she was put to bed on her arrival, and Laura and Mary tended her carefully till she got well.



II.

As soon as Miss Dollikins was well enough to walk out, Laura took her to a fashionable dressmaker's, and had her measured for a new dress. She chose a spotted muslin with a long train. The next day there was a loud knock at the door; and the dress was brought in and admired. Miss Dollikins tried it on, and it fitted nicely.



A note was brought to Miss Dollikins, inviting her to a tea-party. "If you will promise to behave well," said Laura, "you may go. Remember you are now a young lady, and wear long dresses. Be careful not to spill your tea." Miss Dollikins went to the tea-party, and behaved so as to please her little mother very much.



IV.

Laura showed Miss Dollikins the drawer where her things were put away, and said, "Now, dear, you are quite old enough to see to your own clothes, and keep them tidy in the drawer. I will mend and wash them for you; but you must learn to keep them neat, and not tear them. They cost money, and times are hard."



HOW THE SQUIRREL WAS CAUGHT.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE pleasant day last Fall, Eugenie and her little brother Johnny took a walk in the woods. They were too small to go alone: so their papa and mamma, and several other friends, went with them.

A short walk brought them to a road that crossed a river. They stopped on the bridge to look into the clear water, and rest a while in the shade of the trees that hung over the stream.

Then they all went into the woods, where the children had a nice time climbing the high rocks; while the older people sat in the shade, or wandered about among the trees.

When it was time to go home, they all started together.

As they were going along, one of the party saw a little squirrel on a small birch-tree that grew by the side of the road. It was a striped squirrel, or ground-squirrel, as it is sometimes called, which does not live in trees, but in the ground.

The tree was close to the path ; and the little fellow sat so still, that all had a good look at him. He did not seem to be afraid ; and it was proposed to catch him, and carry him home.

Now, how do you suppose this was done ? They had no cage or trap to put him in ; but the children's papa took out his knife, cut off the tree, put it on his shoulder, and started for home, with Master Squirrel sitting quietly on one of the branches.

He sat very still, and seemed to enjoy his ride very much ; but I really believe it was fear that kept him so quiet. As they drew near home, papa put the question, what should be done with the little captive. After some talk, the verdict was, to let him go free. So the tree was carefully lowered, and before it touched the ground off jumped Master Squirrel, and ran away as fast as he could.

He was, no doubt, very glad to be free once more ; and I am sure that Johnny and Eugenie were much happier in seeing him run back to the woods than they would have been to shut him up in a cage.

KIMBALL.





MARY'S MUSIC-LESSON.

THIS is my little piano, and I am learning to play :
My lesson is there before me : I practise an hour a day.
Rover comes in to hear me ; he lies very still at my feet,
And seems to attend quite wisely, while I my lesson repeat.

But when the voices of children come on the sunny breeze,
Then I, with a wish to join them, stop striking the ivory keys,
Get down from my stool, and wonder if Rover and I can go
And frolic awhile with the wild ones who are laughing and running so.

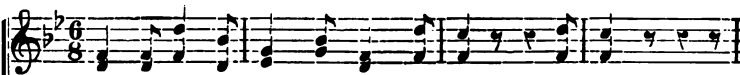
“ But no, my Mary,” says duty ; “ a task for your doing is set :
So give your mind to your lesson, and stop not to murmur or fret ;
Practise, if you would be perfect, and learn to excel with ease :
So on with your lesson, my Mary ; strike, strike the ivory keys ! ”



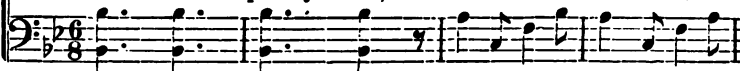
THE WINTER HOLIDAY.

Words from "The Nursery."

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

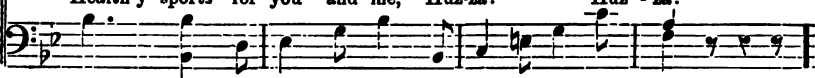
VOICE 


AND

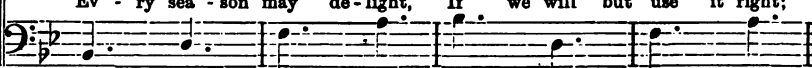
PIANO 


1. All are free from school to-day, Huz-za! huz-za!
 2. Oh! the snow! the feathery snow, Huz-za! huz-za!
 3. Win-ter has its sports you see, Huz-za! huz-za!

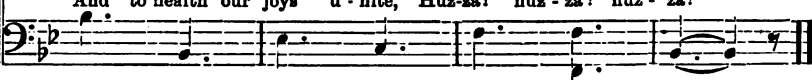

 Boys and girls come out to play! Huz-za! Huz-za!
 Gai-ly down the hill we go! Huz-za! Huz-za!
 Health-y sports for you and me, Huz-za! Huz-za!




 Drop your books and quit your slates, Get your hockeys, sleds, and skates;
 Clear the coast there! step a-side! Swift-ly as a flash we glide;
 Ev'-ry sea-son may de-light, If we will but use it right;




 He will miss the fun who waits—Huz-za! huz-za! huz-za!
 Nev-er king had such a ride! Huz-za! huz-za! huz-za!
 And to health our joys u-nite, Huz-za! huz-za! huz-za!





THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS PIGEONS.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 2.

THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS PIGEONS.



ON the fine days of last autumn, a Frenchman, whom we will call Adolf, used to station himself in the mall near the head of West Street, on Boston Common, and there go through a very pretty exhibition with some trained pigeons. Mr. Merrill, the artist, has given a very faithful picture of the scene.

Waving his hands, Adolf would say to a pigeon, in French, "*Va-t-en!*" which means, "Go away!" "*Whoop!*" And then the little birds would fly off; sometimes to one tree, sometimes to another.

Then, holding up a flag, Adolf would cry out, "*À vous, Capitaine!*" "For you, Captain!" Whereupon the pigeon whose name was Captain would return, and light either on the pole of the flag, or on the little balustrade of the wood-work.

Holding up another flag, Adolf would cry, "*À vous, Caporal!*" Then the little pigeon known as the Corporal would fly back from the tree on which he was sitting, and, circling round the head of his master, alight on his shoulder, or on the queer little piece of wood-work that stood on the table before him.

There were nearly a dozen pigeons: and they all had military titles. One was a general, one a sergeant, one a major, and one a colonel. I noticed that Adolf had some bird-seed in his hand, with which he would now and then reward these brave soldiers for their services.

Quite a crowd of spectators would gather around; and Adolf had an ingenious way of getting some profit from the show. One of the pigeons was supposed to be a great fortune-teller. He would slip out of one of those little arched

openings you see in the wood-work, select with his bill a little paper, on which something was written, and his master would give it to you. Of course, you were expected to pay a few cents for having your fortune told by a colonel or a general.

Adolf's wife used to assist in making collections. In the picture you may see her with a tin-dipper in her hand. Adolf did quite a good business while the fine weather lasted. For the sake of a good many little boys and girls who want to see him and his pigeons, I hope he will come back to us next summer.

DORA BURNSIDE.



HOW TWO DOGS ENDED THEIR QUARREL.

THIS is no made-up story that I am going to tell you now. The event actually took place; and Mr. Weir has made a true picture of the scene.

Bruce and Andy were dogs who lived in the same neighborhood. Bruce was a mastiff, and guarded well his master's house and barn. Andy was a Newfoundland dog; and, whenever the children went down to the beach to swim, he would go and take care of them.

But one day these dogs had a sharp quarrel over a bone. Bruce was hungry, and wanted the whole of it. Andy was hungry too, and wanted a share. It is not known with certainty which was the rightful owner of the bone; but their quarrel took place on a bridge; and, while they were fighting there, over they went into the water.

The banks were so high, that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was quite easy for Andy to do this; for he was as much at home



in the water as a seal or a duck. But not so poor Bruce: he struggled, and tried his best to swim, but made little headway.

Andy quickly reached the land, and then looked around to see what had become of his old enemy. He saw plainly that Bruce's strength was fast failing him, and that, without help, he must soon drown.

What did Andy do under these circumstances? Why, the noble old fellow forgot that he and Bruce had been foes, and plunging in, swam out, seized him by the collar, and, thus keeping his head above water, towed him to the land.

It was funny to see these dogs look at each other as they shook their coats. Their glance seemed to say, "How foolish we were! We'll never quarrel any more."

I wish we might all show as forgiving a spirit as Andy did towards Bruce.

ALFRED SELWYN.



THE CHILDREN AND THE CHICKENS.

CHILDREN five, and chickens three,
In the sunshine you may see:
Playing in that narrow ground,
See them run and run around !
Without stockings, without shoes,
They are free their feet to use.
Children, chickens, tell me which,
Are in happiness most rich ?
Food the chickens try to find ;
But the children, they have dined :
So I think we must allow,
That they are the gayest now.

BETTER THAN A GOAT.

HARRY was a little four-year-old fellow, when he heard his sister Mamie read from "The Nursery" a boy's letter to Santa Claus, asking for a pair of goats.

Now, that was just what Harry had long been wishing for himself; but he thought there was a shorter way to get it than to wait until another Christmas. So he climbed into his papa's lap, and said, "Please, papa, buy me a live goat, with a cart and harness. One, only one goat will do." And papa said, "You are a good boy, Harry, and you shall have a goat."

But mamma looked rather sober when she heard this promise. She knew something about goats; and she remembered how much trouble they caused by nibbling young trees, and running over gardens.

So she called Harry to her, and told him all about it, and asked if he was willing to have all the pear trees spoiled. He was very fond of pears: (as what little boy is not?) so he said, "No, he did not wish the trees hurt; but, oh, he did want a goat so much!"

Then mamma told him she would get a young lamb, that could be harnessed up into a go-cart as soon as it grew large enough. She said she was sure that it would learn to travel as well as a goat, and be much more gentle and playful besides.

And so it was agreed that Harry should give up the goat, and have a lamb instead. The next day, mamma went to a sheep-farm, and bought a lamb about a month old.

Of course, it had to be fed with the greatest care to keep it alive; but, when it got to be old enough to nibble grass, it grew very fast. Before long, it had almost grown to be a



sheep, and then it was pronounced large enough for its training to begin.

Harry named the lamb Billy; and every day, for a week or two, Billy was led around the grounds by his little owner.

Then an important hour arrived. Billy was taken to the saddler's to be measured for a harness. In a few days, word came that the harness was ready; and, when it was put on, it proved a perfect fit.

The next thing was to get a cart made. The wagon-maker took the order with a smiling face, as though he thought that *some* folks were very foolish; but that did not concern Harry, whose delight knew no bounds when the little red cart was trundled up to the door.

Billy was harnessed into the cart in grand style. Of course, he did not at first behave quite as handsomely as his owner could have wished; and I am afraid that visions of a nimble goat filled Harry's little head.

But patience works wonders, you know; and with the help of papa and mamma, and Jacob the hired man, Harry has at last succeeded in educating his sheep wonderfully well. Billy has learned the meaning of "Get up!" and "Whoa!" as well as any horse, and he minds the rein like an old stager.

It must be owned that he goes off in a hurry when his head is turned towards a pasture; and, if he spies a clover-top, he is inclined to let his driver wait until he has tested its flavor.

But, for all that, I think he is quite a promising subject; and I do not believe his owner will ever regret his bargain with

MAMMA.

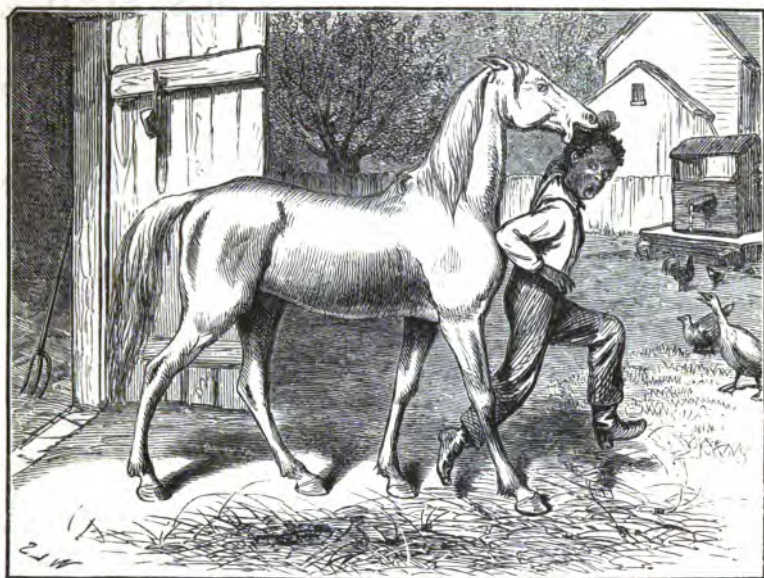
JOHN AND BYRON.

JOHN was a stout negro-boy, full of fun and frolic. Byron was a large white horse. Both lived and worked on Grandma Hudson's farm.

John had a habit that Byron greatly disliked. While he was eating his supper of sweet hay and golden corn, John would stand in front of the stall, and tease him by making all kinds of ugly grimaces. John thought it fine fun to see Byron get angry, and try to bite him through the bars of the stall.

Uncle George had often reproved John for this naughty habit, telling him that the horse would hurt him sometime, if he continued his insults.

One day, when Uncle George was away, John went into the stable to bridle Byron, and lead him to the well. But, as he was reaching up to take hold of his mane, Byron opened his mouth, seized John by his thick curly hair, lifted



him from the floor, and walked leisurely out into the barnyard.

Grandma heard a loud scream, and ran to the kitchen-door to see what was the matter. There was Byron, with John hanging from his mouth, marching across the yard: he was not trying to hurt the boy, but only giving him a vigorous shake now and then, to show him what he could do if he had a mind to. When he had punished him sufficiently, he dropped him on the ground, and trotted away to the well.

In this novel way John was taught to abandon the cruel and dangerous habit of teasing animals. We all thought Byron's trick a very smart one for a horse to perform.

John never ventured to play any tricks upon him again, and there was no further trouble between them. All that Byron wanted was to be treated with proper respect.



BERTIE AND HIS SLED.

“Here, Bertie, my boy,” said Uncle Ned,
 “Your Christmas-gift is this fine new sled.”

Then Bertie exclaimed, while
 he danced with glee,
 “’Tis the handsomest sled I
 ever did see!”



“Now, mother, dear mother,
 please let me go,
 And try my sled on the new-
 fallen snow.”

“Well, put on your coat,” said she,
 with a smile,
 “You may go and coast for a little
 while;



“ But, mind, and don’t go to
that steepest hill,
And cross not the brook by
the old red mill.”

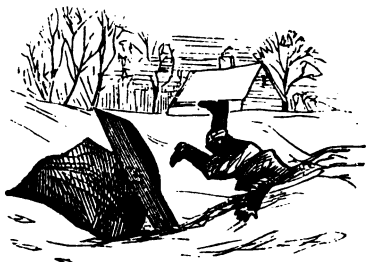


As on trudged Bertie, he
met Sam Brown,
The naughtiest boy in all
the wide town.

Said Sam, “ Come, come to
the hill over there!”
Then slyly he added, “ I’ll
give him a scare.”



To the hill forbidden, their
steps they now bent,
And down its steep side
poor Bertie was sent.



But, hitting a rock, as onward
he sped,
Into a drift he went, heels
overhead.

Sam running up with a laugh
and a shout
Pulled Bertie's boot off in pull-
ing him out.



Then Bertie went home cold,
tired, and weak,
While Sam, the bad boy, ran
off like a sneak.

"I hope, sir, you'll learn a
good lesson from this,"
Said mother to Bertie, — then
gave him a kiss.



CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

To all you bright little girls and boys who watch so closely for each new "Nursery," I am going to tell a story. It is about two little boys whose names are Frank and Fred. They live in Oregon; Frank in Portland, and Fred in a quiet little town called Albany.

Every summer their mammas do as yours do, I suppose; that is to say, they pack their trunks, and go to the seaside to stay during the hot weather. Last summer they took their little boys and went to Naquina Bay.

Now, do any of you know where that is? If you don't, get your atlas, and turn to the map of the United States; then run your finger along the Pacific coast until you come to Oregon, and there, in the western part, you will find Cape Foul Weather projecting into the ocean. This cape is just at the mouth of Naquina Bay; and this is the place where Frank and Fred went for their summer trip.

One day, after the two children had been there some time, they took it into their heads to go out on the beach, and gather shells. They asked their mammas if they could go, and were told to wait until the tide was going out. But, instead of minding their mammas, they took their baskets and slipped away.

They had been out some time, perhaps half an hour, when their mammas missed them, and, guessing where they were, started immediately after them. All this time, the little boys were busily gathering shells, and did not notice, that, at every moment, the waves were coming nearer.

But, when at last, a great wave rolled up so close to Fred that it wet his feet, the little fellow was startled. He called to his cousin; and the two boys saw at once that they were in danger of being overwhelmed by the tide. They started



immediately for home, but found that their passage around a rocky point which stood directly in their path was already cut off by the water. Then they screamed for help, not knowing what to do.

Just at this moment, to their great delight, they saw their mammas coming around the point. Holding on to the rocks, and wading through the water, the two brave women made their way to the narrow beach. Then, taking the two boys by the hand, they climbed with them to a place of safety in the precipitous cliff, and there remained until the tide went out.

By this means the little boys were saved. But they learned a lesson which they will never forget; and now, when they think of it, they nestle their curly heads close to their mammas, and promise never to run away again. And I think they will keep their promise.

CHIP!

I KNEW an old couple that lived in a wood, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!
And up in a tree-top their dwelling it stood, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!
The summer it came, and the summer it went, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!
And there they lived on, and they never paid rent, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!

Their parlor was lined with the softest of wool, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!
Their kitchen was warm, and their pantry was full, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!
And four little babies peeped out at the sky, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!
You never saw darlings so pretty and shy, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!

Now, winter came on with its frost and its snow, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!
They cared not a bit when they heard the wind blow, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!
For, wrapped in their furs, they all lay down to sleep, —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!
But oh, in the spring, how their bright eyes will peep! —
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!

THE SNOW-BALL FIGHT.

"O MOTHER," said five-year-old Arthur, rushing into the parlor, "there is a grand snow-ball fight going on between the boys of the Central School and the boys of the High School. May I go and see it?"

"Yes, Arthur, if you will promise to keep out of the way of harm," said his mother. "Which side are you on?"

"Oh! I'm on the side of the Central School," replied Arthur; "for the boys there are younger. Those at the High School are big fellows. One of them, Bill Bowker, wears long boots, and checked trousers jammed into them. I wish I could have a pair of long boots!"

"One of these days, perhaps, you shall have a pair."

"Well, I wish I knew when one of these days would come."

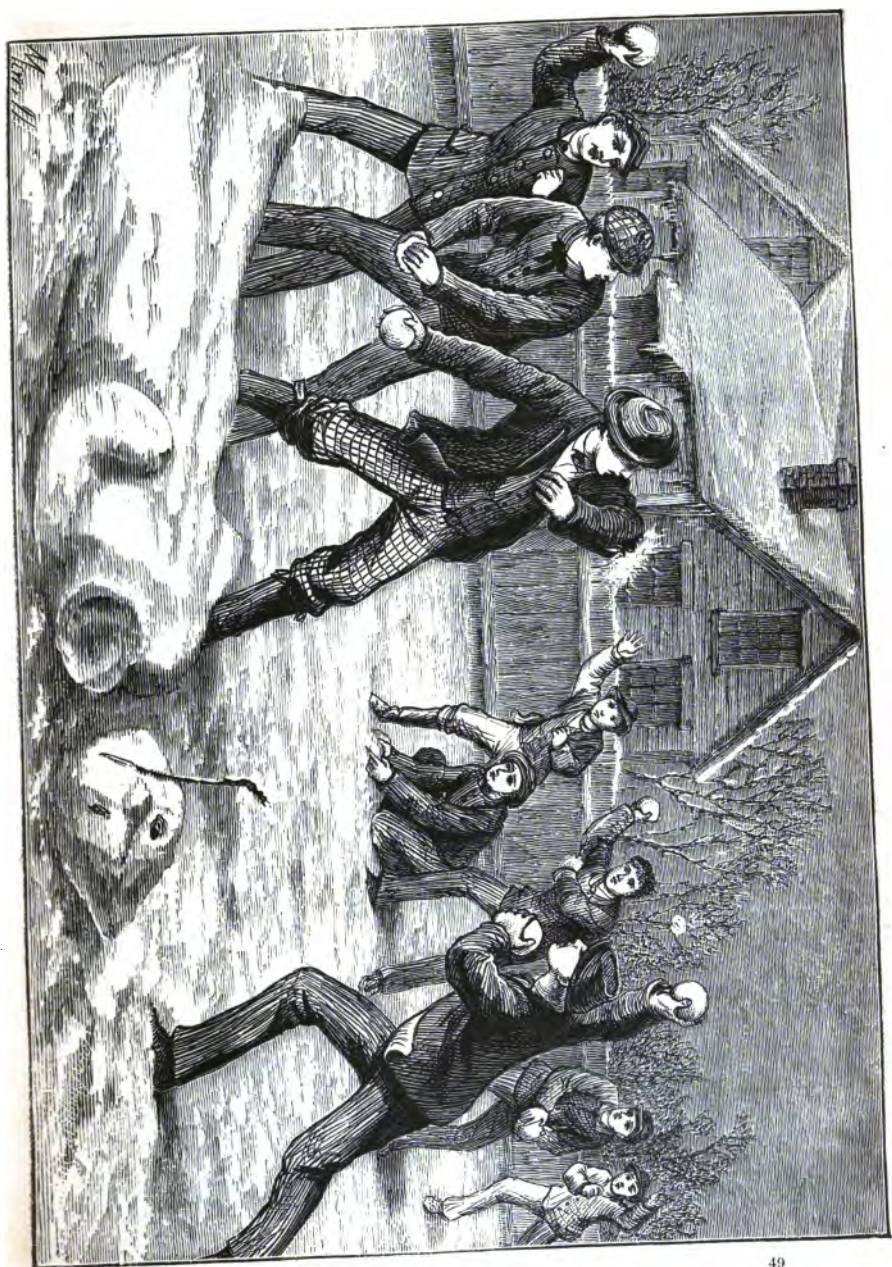
With that, Arthur put on his tippet and mittens, and ran out. The big boys seemed to be gaining on the smaller boys as he drew near. Three of the big boys were in advance of the other High School boys, and stood sending their snow-balls fast and heavy against the Central School boys. The latter began to retreat.

Arthur made six good snow-balls, and rushed in as a skirmisher to the aid of the smaller boys. As he came up from a side where no one had seen him, his first ball hit Bill Bowker full in the face; and Bill had to stop to get the snow out of his eyes.

At this the other big boys fell back; and the small boys, encouraged by the presence of their new ally, rushed forward once more into the fight.

"That's it!" cried Arthur. "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"

The boys of the Central School laughed, and shouted,



"Hurrah!" Then on they rushed with a will, Arthur keeping up with them all the time, and throwing snow-balls as fast as his little hands could put them into form.

At last the boys of the High School were driven over the line, and this was an admission of defeat. "Victory!" shouted Arthur. "Victory!" shouted the boys of the Central School. "Victory it is," said Bill Bowker; "but I'll tell you what, fellows: if it hadn't been for this little Primary School chap, you would have sung a different tune: you would all have been whipped."

"He will make a general yet," said one of the Central School boys.

"A general he shall be right off," said Bill Bowker. "Come here, Arthur, and kneel down on the snow while I make you a general."

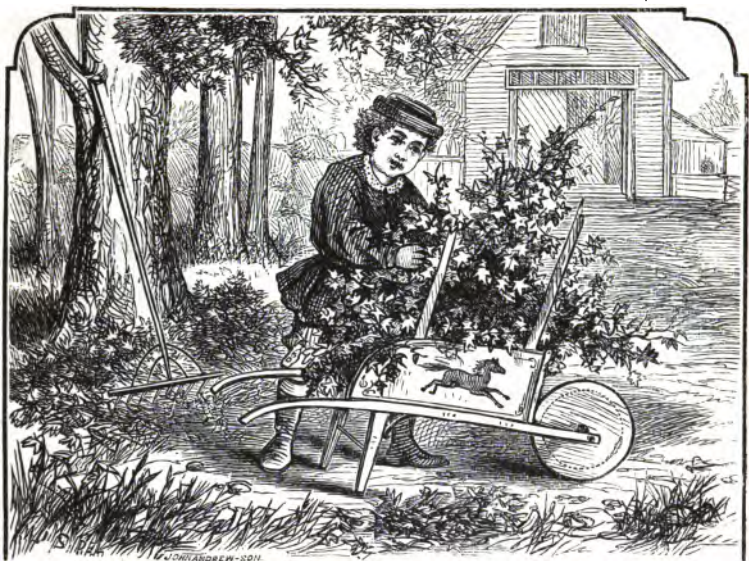
Arthur did as he was bidden. Bill Bowker put a snow-ball on the crown of the little boy's hat, and said, "Now sir, rise up, General Arthur."

Arthur rose proudly up, and then ran off to tell his mother of the good fortune that had befallen him. For a long while he went by the name of the General.

UNCLE CHARLES.



DISTANT VIEW OF ABINGDON-CHURCH, ENGLAND.



JOHNNIE AND HIS WHEELBARROW.

PATTER, patter, came the leaves from the maples, red, gold, brown, as if a rainbow had dropped from the sky, and was now falling through grandpa's maples.

With both hands in his pockets, Johnnie stood looking at the fallen leaves. Something could be done with those leaves.

Johnnie had a little wheelbarrow, a red one with a bright gold horse on each side; a gay little thing. It was a new wheelbarrow. Every boy liked it; and the bright gold horse was a wonder. He was painted as if running. It seemed as if he would run off from the wheelbarrow any moment.

But here he was, the last thing at night, and the first thing in the morning, always running, and yet never stirring a step. He was a wonder to the boys. The gold horse

was now by Johnnie's side, still running, and looking as if he would go the whole length of the maples in a second.

"Johnnie!"

It was grandpa's voice calling from the barn-door. Grandpa was leaning on his cane. Johnnie looked up. "Do you want a job? Come up this way."

The head of the gold horse was pointed towards the barn-door, and he went prancing along in grand style.

"Johnnie, for every load of leaves you will wheel into the barnyard, I will give you a cent."

A cent a load! Didn't that sound large? And it would make the gold horse feel so well, too, if he could earn something towards his oats. "Agreed," said Johnnie.

All the afternoon, the gold horse was prancing from the barnyard, and back again. Such loads and such leaves went into the yard! The rainbow had got back of the barn at last; and there it was scattered round in all its bright colors.

A cent a load! How the cents did count up!

That night, a tired little boy lay in his cot-bed: a heap of cents on the table, and the gold horse under it. And never did a horse pull a tip-cart from Boston streets to his stable at night, better pleased with what he had done, than Johnnie's horse seemed to be after working among the maples. But he was still running.

R.

WINTER-SCENES ON THE HUDSON.

MERRY times we used to have on the river, when the cold was severe enough to freeze it firmly. Such sleigh-rides! It was a clear, cold evening in January, when first I took a drive on the river in a sleigh. Two handsome sleighs



were in advance of us, the bells jingling, and the horses in high spirits.

Our sleigh was an old-fashioned one, large enough to hold ten of us children, besides the driver. "What if we should break through the ice?" cried one of the boys. At this the girls began to scream. They wanted to be let out.

But Jim, our negro driver, pretended that he did not hear them. He whipped up the old horse; and on we went, keeping pretty near the shore, where we knew the ice was strong. What an evening it was! The full moon made things almost as bright as by day.

There was no air stirring, except what was made by our motion over the ice. We were all so warmly wrapped up, that we were quite comfortable. Now and then a gay party in a fine double-sleigh would dash by us; and then we would all shout, and tell them there was no cause for hurry.

By and by we came to the end of our drive,— the hill that



makes the northern side of Peekskill Bay. What a sight opened on us here ! Skaters, in every direction, were circling about, boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen. The picture gives you the scene by daylight: you should have seen it by moonlight.

In one place, some boys had rigged an ice-boat with sails, hoping that the wind would send it over the ice ; but there was hardly breeze enough to fill the sails, and it moved quite slowly. By and by some skaters came and drew the boat by a rope to the shore.

It was ten o'clock before we got home from our drive. We sang songs all the way home, and thought it the finest night we had ever seen. Often, in memory, I go back to that beautiful sleigh-ride on the Hudson. Many years have passed since then ; but the scene is as vivid to my mind's eye as it was that night when I pulled the bed-clothes over me, and lay down to refreshing slumber.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



THE PROUD MOTHER.

“GOOD-DAY, Madame Quack,
With your young on your track ;
Quite early you’re out :
What are they about, —
Those bright little things,
With their short downy wings ?”

“You know, sir, I see,
What ducklings should be :
Your taste I commend,
My civil young friend ;
For are they not beauties,
And prompt in their duties ?

“In the pond they can paddle ;
On the land they can waddle ;
They can dive ; they can flutter ;
‘Quack, quack !’ they can utter.
I’m proud of their learning,
And the fame they are earning.”

“I’m glad of your luck,
You good Mother Duck :
If the young did but know
What joy they bestow
When attentive and good,
They would try all they could.”

ADVENTURES OF MISS DOLLIKINS.



v.

The day on which Miss Dollikins was introduced to the baby was an eventful one. For a while, the baby stared at her, and made no sign. Then he seized her by the hair, and came very near choking her, and making an end of her. But her little mother saved her from harm.



VI.

Laura then placed Miss Dollikins in her little chair, and told her, if she would be good, she would show her something. The young lady sat up straight, and was very good. Then Laura took down the bird-cage, and showed her the canary-bird; and he sang a sweet song for her. "Was not that pretty, my dear?" said Laura.



VII.

Although Miss Dollikins was now quite a young lady, and had fine dresses, she could not walk very well. So Laura tried to teach her to walk across the chamber; and, after trying very hard, Miss Dollikins could do it very well. But, when she takes her out for an airing, Laura almost always drags her in her little carriage.



VIII.

One day it was thought proper to give Miss Dollikins a bath. In this work, Laura was assisted by her two friends, Emily and Jane. They rubbed the little lady with a brush, and made her quite clean. Then they dressed her in nice fresh clothes, put her false hair on her head; and soon she was looking her best.

FUN IN FIGURES.

1, 2,



Buckle my
shoe.

3, 4,



Open the
door.

5, 6,



Pick up
sticks.

7, 8,

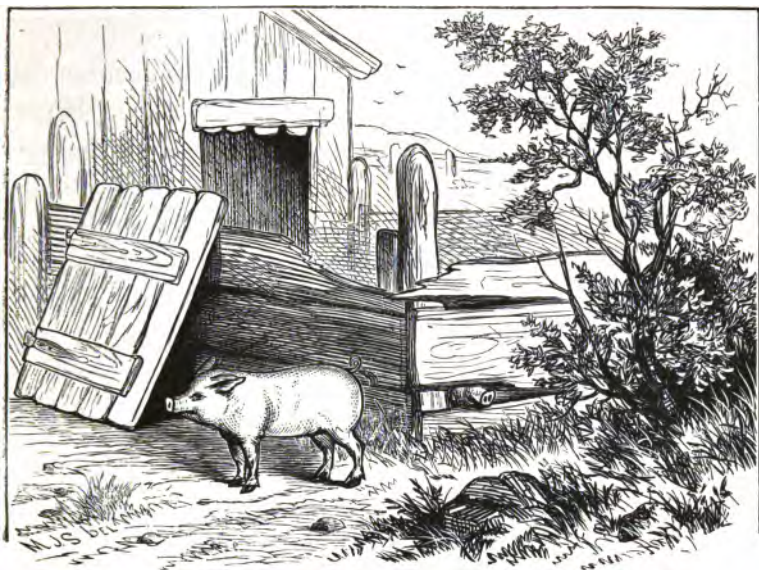


Lay them
straight.

9, 10,



A good fat
hen.



A TRUE STORY ABOUT A PIG.

THE pig was an Eastport pig, and lived in a sty with his brother and sister pigs. One day he tried to get out of the sty. It was a hard task ; and he was about giving it up, when he gave a jump, and found himself on the other side of the fence.

He walked to the house where his master lived, and went straight into the kitchen. The maid was *not* in the garden, hanging out her clothes, but in the kitchen, peeling apples. Hearing something moving behind her, she turned around, and there was our pretty little white pig.

He looked as if he wanted something to eat : so she gave him some apples, some sour milk, and some doughnuts. He had a jolly good dinner, and then went back to the sty. The maid told the people in the house about it ; and they

said they would watch the next day to see if he would come again.

He did come again. Every day he made a morning call; and pretty soon he began to stay around the door. He was so wonderfully cunning, that he became the pet of the whole household. A blue ribbon was tied around his neck; and he was flattered until he was as vain as a little pig could be.

One day his master went down town to buy some meat for dinner; and, as he went into the market, he heard a little grunting noise. He looked around, and there was the pig right behind him. Will you believe it, when I tell you that piggy had followed his master, and waited at the door for him to come out? It is really true. He was so tame, that he followed his master everywhere.

But, after a while, this pig grew so fond of his sty, that he forgot to make his morning call. His master went down town, and no pig came running along behind him. The pretty blue ribbon was black and muddy. Our pet pig looked just like the other pigs. He loved to root in the ground, and wallow in the mire. The charms of his youth were gone. He was only a pig, after all.

MARGARET ARNOLD





LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.

LITTLE Golden-Hair with Fritz ;
See how quietly he sits,
Playing with his Christmas-toys, —
Is he not the best of boys ?
Little Golden-Hair one day
Went to walk and lost his way —
How we all were worried then !
But Fritz brought him home again.



BILLY HOOD.

T. CRAMPTON.

Moderato. mf

1. I knew a boy in our town, His name was Bil-ly Hood: He had a sword all made of tin, A
 2. Now very brave this Billy was, - At least so Bil-ly thought, And he was not afraid, not he, Of
 3. But ah! one day this Billy went Where six old geese did stray, And on his noisy drum began Some -

musket made of wood. His drum would always let you know When Billy Hood was coming, For the
 an - y thing that fought, "With this good sword and gun," said he, "I'll fight until I die; Let
 what too loud to play, An old goose chas'd him from the field, And Billy screaming ran, Till up -

neighbours al-ways used to say, I wish he'd stop that drumming: Row de dow, dow,
 man or beast come on, who cares? Not Bil-ly Hood; not I! Row de dow, dow,
 on the kitchen floor he sank, This valiant lit-tle man! Row de dow, dow,

Row! Row, dow, dow! Row de dow de, row de, dow de, row, dow, dow!



JEALOUS OF BABY.

JEALOUS OF BABY.



VA was one of the best of little girls, and, when her baby-brother was born, she was very fond of him at first. But as he grew older, and Eva found she was not petted as much as she used to be by her mother, she grew a little jealous.

One day, when she was playing with a knitted ball, the baby, who was pleased with its bright colors, held out his hands to take it. But Eva said, "No, you cannot have it, sir."

Then mother said, "Let him have it, Eva. You must be kind to your little brother. Now give him the ball."

"But I want to play with it myself, mamma," said Eva.

"What! You are almost four years old," said mamma, "and this little boy is not yet one year old. Do all you can to amuse the little fellow. You are old enough to know right from wrong. Now it is right for you to give him the ball; so give it at once."

Instead of going up, and putting it gently into his outstretched hands, Eva, as if in anger, threw it at him, and hit him on his neck.

It was a soft ball, and so it did not hurt him; and he, thinking that Eva had thrown it at him in fun, was quite merry over it. But she had not thrown it in fun.

Mamma looked gravely and sadly at her; and Eva, seeing that she had done wrong, came and hid her face in her lap, and began to cry.

As soon as she grew calm, mamma said, "Never, as long as you live, throw any thing in anger, my child. If it had been something hard, you would not have thrown it, I hope: still you might have done so."

"I have heard of a little girl who once threw a top at her

little brother in anger, and it hit him in the eye, and injured it for life."

Eva thought of this a good deal, and made up her mind that she would never be jealous again of her baby-brother. That night, as they all three went up stairs to the nursery, Eva went before them, singing, —

"Which is the way to baby-land?
Which is the way to baby-land?
Up one flight,
Turn to your right:
That is the way to baby-land."

She cured herself, from that time, of her foolish jealousy; and soon she learned that to be loving and kind to others is the best way of finding happiness for ourselves.

EMILY CARTER.

JOCKO THE MONKEY.

A HAND-ORGAN man with a monkey came into our yard a few days ago. Cousin Fanny was visiting us. She likes all kinds of pets; and I think the monkey must have known it, for he ran up on the piazza-steps where Fanny was sitting, and cuddled right down in her lap.

The children all screamed; for they thought Fanny would be afraid of the monkey. No, indeed! She liked the poor little fellow, and talked to him very kindly.

He turned his little pug-nose around, and winked his saucy black eyes as he looked up in her face; and once in a while he would give a queer sound, between a purr and a bark.

Bertie asked the organ-man if the monkey was sick; and he said, "*No, too much hot.*" Jocko, the monkey, had on a little red cap, and a yellow frock; and Fanny took his cap



off, and rubbed his head, which he seemed to enjoy very much.

Mamma came out, and talked to the man; but he said, "*Me no understand.*" He came from Italy, far away over the sea, and had only learned a few of our English words. He seemed to be as much pleased to have us praise his monkey as mamma is when people admire our baby.

Bertie and I ran into the pantry, and found some sponge-cake, which we gave the little fellow; and it was funny to see him sit up in Fanny's lap and eat it. Mamma gave his kind master some coffee and cake too.

Jocko did not like to leave his nice bed at all; and, when the man pulled the chain tied to him, he would scold, and refuse to go. His master was obliged to take him after the tunes were all played out; but he did not whip or scold him, and half an hour afterwards I saw him sitting down under a tree, with cunning Jocko asleep in his bosom.

BOBBY SHAFTO..

WITH his jaunty sailor-hat
Perched on tresses yellow,
Ruddy cheeks, and rosy lips :
Happy little fellow !
In his suit of navy-blue
(Fond mamma the tailor),
Now he's ready for a voyage,
Jolly little sailor !

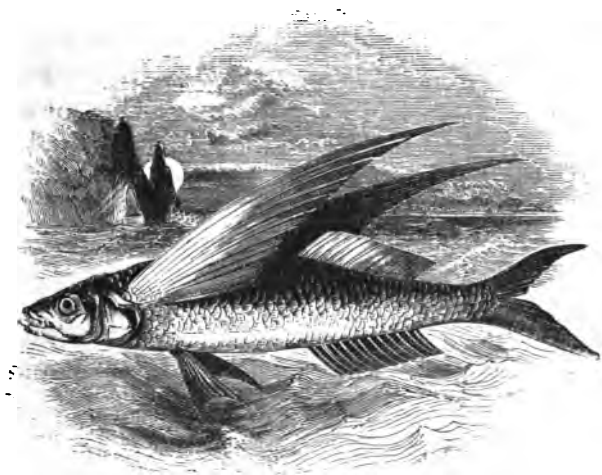
Just four years old, his eyes bright blue,
He owns the stanchest craft — oh !
And sails her in his mother's tub, —
My true love, Bobby Shafto !

Striding up and down the room,
How the wee man swaggers !
Knitting down his dainty brows,
Big eyes looking daggers,
Anxious that the sails should be
With a fair wind filling,
Shouts his orders with an air
Altogether killing.
Just four years old, his eyes bright blue,
He owns the stanchest craft — oh !
And sails her in his mother's tub, —
My true love, Bobby Shafto !



But when daylight flees away,
And the shadows cover
All the great, wide, pleasant world,
Where's my sailor-lover?
Cuddled in his trundle-bed,
Dreaming past fun over, —
Mother smiles and kisses him,
Her weary little rover.
Just four years old, his eyes bright blue,
He owns the stanchest craft — oh!
And sails her in his mother's tub, —
My true love, Bobby Shafto!

BELLA D. HIXON.



UNCLE RALPH'S STORIES.

UNCLE RALPH has been a sailor in his day; and Johnny who is only five years old, likes nothing better than to get on Uncle Ralph's knee, and hear him tell of what he has seen in his voyages.

"Did you ever see a flying-fish, Uncle Ralph?" asked Johnny, the other evening, as soon as he was seated in his favorite place.

"Yes, Johnny, I have not only seen a flying-fish, but had one in my hand," replied Uncle Ralph.

"What! a live flying-fish?" asked Johnny. "Yes," said Uncle Ralph; "and this is how it happened. We were in the warm seas, where winter is not felt, and were sailing before a light breeze, when we saw a shoal of flying-fish chased by dolphins. The fins on the breast of the flying-fish are long enough to serve him for wings for a short distance. He can remain in the air about thirty-two seconds. Well, one little fellow having, been in the air that length of time, I suppose, fell on the deck of our ship."

"Did you pick him up then?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, Johnny, I picked him up alive. But he was hurt by falling on the deck: so I put him in a bucket of water, and in a few minutes, he became quite lively."

"Did you kill him, and eat him?" asked Johnny.

"Not I!" said Uncle Ralph. "I took him to the side of the ship, and let him fly off."

"Did the dolphin catch him?"

"I think not. There were no dolphins in sight when he touched the water, and I have no doubt he lived and enjoyed himself for some time."



"Did you ever see a fish-hawk, Uncle Ralph?"

"Yes, Johnny, I have seen a good many. Some people call him the 'osprey,' or 'sea-eagle.' He is of a yellow-brown color above, and of a white color below. He lives on fish, which he takes by suddenly darting on them when near the surface of the water. Sometimes the osprey is attacked by some stronger bird, and made to drop his fish."

"Now tell me about whales," said Johnny.

But here mamma interposed, and said, "No more stories to-night, Johnny! It is almost eight o'clock: so jump down, and get ready for slumber-land."

"I don't want to go quite yet," murmured Johnny.

"If you hope to be a sailor, Johnny," said Uncle Ralph, "you must learn never to say, *I don't want to.*"

Johnny kissed Uncle Ralph and mamma, gave his hand to Lucy the maid, and quietly went to bed.

IDA FAY.

THE OYSTERMAN.

Up and down,
From street to street,
Daily trudges
Uncle Pete,
Crying often
On his beat,
"Oy — s, buy oy's!"

Oysters fresh
Are what he brings:
You will find them
Just the things.
Listen to him
While he sings,
"Oy—s, buy oy's!"





A LONE GANDER.

“JUST look at the gander!” said grandfather, as we were at the breakfast-table, with the end door, that opened on the green, standing wide open, so we might have the sweet wind blow all about us.

We looked. There stood the old gander on the broad door-stone, with his head bobbing up and down, turning, first one eye, then the other, into the room, just as though he was in search of some friend.

When we got up from the table, he hopped down off the stone, and waddled out to the green. Poor thing! Some one had stolen his goose-mate away only the day before, and he seemed very lonely and sad.

To our surprise, when grandfather went out, the gander walked close up to him, stopping when he stopped, going

on when he went on, until they got to the meadow-gate: then grandfather told him to stay where he was.

The gander waited a long time; but, as soon as he saw grandfather coming back, he hurried to the edge of the meadow, and stretched his long neck through the railings. He kept close to grandfather again, till they both got to the house.

He strolled about on the green in a lonely way, till he saw grandfather sitting in his straight-backed chair, when he came at once, peeped round the door-post, making a little sound, like a laugh down in his throat, and then went off.

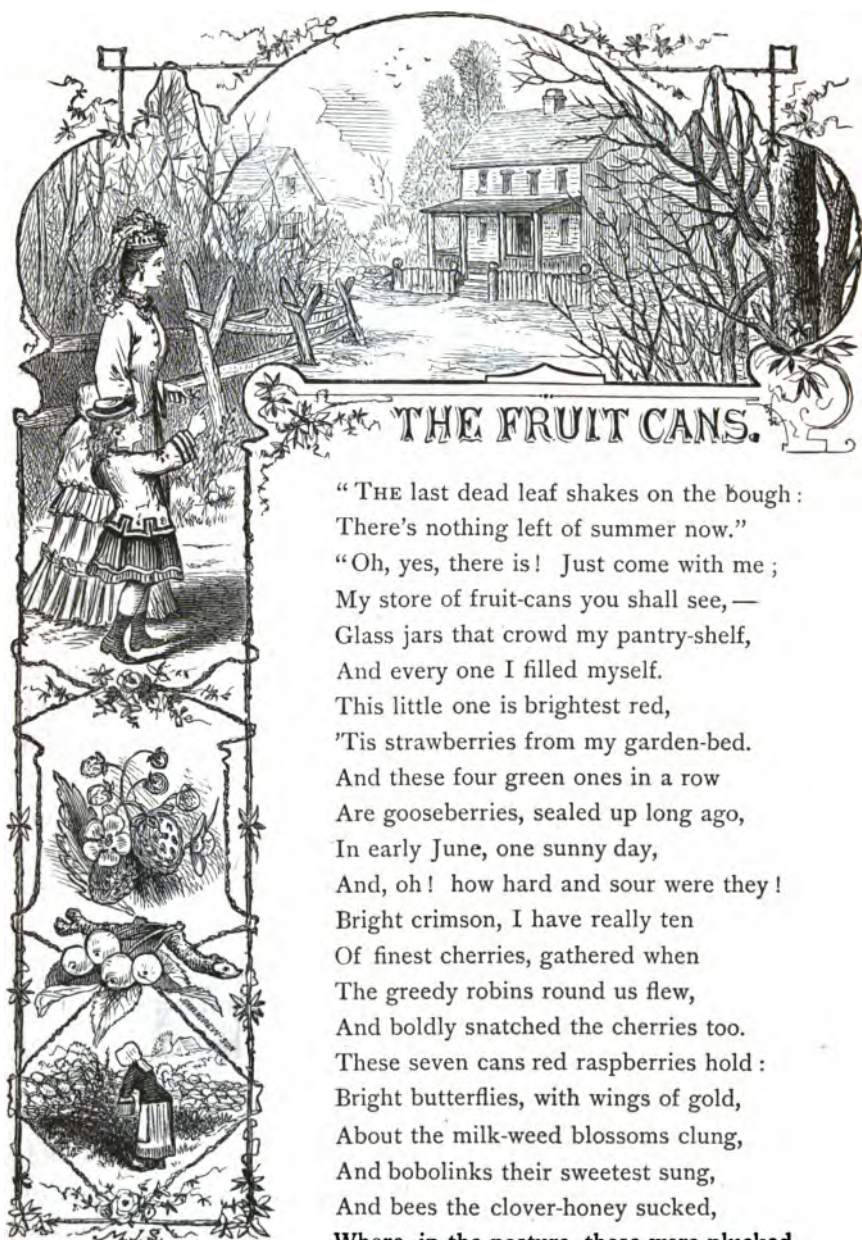
The next morning, and the next, he came and waited for grandfather to go out, always following him to the meadow-gate, but never trying to go any farther, seeming to understand that he was not welcome beyond that.

Each day he grew to love grandfather more and more. Often, when they were walking along, he would take a bit of the skirt of grandfather's coat in his bill, as though he meant to give him a kiss, and say, "I love you."

One night, grandfather left his bedroom-window open. He woke up while it was yet dark, and made some little sound. The gander answered, just as he did in the daytime when they were walking together. Much surprised, grandfather got up and looked out of the window. There, in the still starlight, was the gander curled up close to the window, which was a low one, coming down almost to the ground.

Ever after, the two slept thus close together. And whenever the old man was awake, and made any stir, the gander would always move about, and make the little noise down in his throat, as if to tell his well-loved master that he was keeping watch over him.

AUNT EMMIE.



THE FRUIT CANS.

"THE last dead leaf shakes on the bough :
There's nothing left of summer now."

"Oh, yes, there is! Just come with me ;

My store of fruit-cans you shall see,—

Glass jars that crowd my pantry-shelf,

And every one I filled myself.

This little one is brightest red,

'Tis strawberries from my garden-bed.

And these four green ones in a row

Are gooseberries, sealed up long ago,

In early June, one sunny day,

And, oh! how hard and sour were they !

Bright crimson, I have really ten

Of finest cherries, gathered when

The greedy robins round us flew,

And boldly snatched the cherries too.

These seven cans red raspberries hold :

Bright butterflies, with wings of gold,

About the milk-weed blossoms clung,

And bobolinks their sweetest sung,

And bees the clover-honey sucked,

Where, in the pasture, these were plucked.

The five cans next them blueberries fill,
 That ripened on the breezy hill ;
 Those six keep currants ; and these nine
 Have blackberries. From my door-way vine
 These four I filled with grapes ; and three
 With quinces from my little tree.
 Then, red and yellow, large and small,
 Come fifteen cans, tomatoes all.
 I've twelve of peaches ; ten of plums ;
 And, last, one jar of cranberries comes,
 That in the meadow glowed like gems
 In autumn, on their frosty stems.
 Now you may count up for yourself
 The cans upon my pantry-shelf.
 And then I know you'll say with me,
 Though not one blossom you can see,
 And dead the last leaf on the bough,
 'There's something left of summer now.' "

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



TOMMY AND THE COW.

"HARAP!" shouted a sturdy little voice in the lane. I heard a heavy tramp, and the hurrying tread of little feet; but being very busy, picking berries for tea, I did not look up. Soon came the voice again, "Where are you going to? Come down here! Now, *harap!* and go 'long!"

Looking over the fence, I spied our five-year-old neighbor, Tommy P., armed with a long, slender switch, trotting behind Molly, his father's cow, and doing his best to drive her to the barn at the head of the lane.

But Molly thought it too early to go to the barn. She liked better to be out in the sunlight, eating grass; and so she made poor Tommy a deal of trouble, turning now to one side of the lane, and now to the other.

At last Tommy got her up to the barn; but the door was shut, and Molly stood meekly with her nose against it. With a parting flourish of his switch, and a charge to "stay there, now," Tommy ran into the barn, and soon appeared at the large sliding-door, which he pushed open just wide enough to let his own little body through.

By this time Molly was tired of waiting; and, not seeing her way clear to squeeze through *that* small crack, she turned about, and walked deliberately through the gate on the opposite side of the lane, into my flower-garden. Alas for my posies!

Tommy did his best, however; and, with what help I could give, Molly was soon driven out in disgrace. But her spirit was up at last. She had been imposed upon enough; she would not bear it any longer; and off she went, with Tommy at her heels; while I made haste to open the barn-door wide enough for her to get in if she should come back.



But here was another difficulty. Just inside the door stood Mr. P.'s beach-wagon, completely blocking the way, except for a small space on one side; and I could not move it. There was nothing to be done, but to retreat to my garden, fasten the gate, and wait until Tommy, hot and panting, appeared with the much abused cow.

Then I called out, "Tommy, she cannot get in: the wagon is in the way."

"I don't care, she has got to!" replied the unconquerable Tommy. And Molly, evidently feeling that she had her match, actually did contrive to push and crowd her way by the wagon to her stall.

As I, with a sigh of relief, returned to my berries, I heard the small lord of creation ordering his subject to "Crowd up here! Stretch out your head!" as he tried to put on her head-stall. And I said to myself, "Tommy has one virtue: he is not easily discouraged." But, oh for my ruined garden!

WINTER EVENING GAMES.

THERE are six of us in all, brothers and sisters,—three girls, and three boys; and when we are together, in the long winter evenings, we make quite a merry party.

Sometimes we play games. There is a game, called “Magical-Music,” that we like very much. Ellen, the eldest sister, takes her seat at the piano. A handkerchief is hidden while some one, whose duty it is to find it, is out of the room.

When the music strikes up, he comes in, and begins the search. The nearer he comes to the hiding-place, the louder the music sounds. So, by listening carefully, he finds the place at last; and then you should hear how Ellen (who is a fine player) brings out the full force of the “Anvil Chorus.”

Sometimes we play, “Apprentice my Son.” Did you ever play that? This is the way it goes. Suppose Ellen begins: “I ’prenticed my son to a market-man, and the first thing he sold was some C.”—“Cranberries!” shouts Jane. “No.”—“Cutlets,” says Tom. “Yes.” Then Tom ’prentices his son; and so the game goes on.

After a while, perhaps, my eldest brother, John, takes his turn. He is fifteen years old, and full of his jokes. So he begins: “I ’prenticed my son to a burglar”—“Stop!” says Ellen: “that won’t do.”—“I should like to know,” says John, “if I hadn’t a right to put my son where I pleased.”—“No,” says Jane: “give him some honest trade.”

“Very well, then,” says John, “here’s something that will puzzle you. I ’prenticed my son to a baker; and the first thing he sold was some B.”—“Bread!” shouts Mary. “Ah!” says John. “How came you to think of that? Ellen, we mustn’t let that child study much. Her mind is



WINTER EVENING GAMES.

developing too fast. But, after all, Mary, you are not quite right. You should have said 'Buns.' "

There are many other games that we play ; and, by mixing some nonsense with them, we make the old ones just as good as new.

But I must tell you what we did last evening. We were all seated around the dining-room table. I had the last volume of "The Nursery." Ellen, Jane, and Mary were at their favorite work of cutting out paper dolls. Tom with a pen and ink, was giving one of the dolls a most beautiful face.

Then John held up a paper that he had been cutting, and cast a shadow on the wall. "Tell me what that is," said he. "It looks like a fir-tree," said I. "Nothing else?" asked John. We all looked again, and soon made out a funny old face.

John then amused us with some more queer shadows,—some made with his hands, and some with paper. By and by we all tried our hands at it ; and we came to the conclusion that "Shadows on the Wall" was a very good game.

SYDNEY.





THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

TAKE your map of the State of New York, and put your finger upon the Hudson River. You will easily find it; for the great city of New York lies just at its mouth.

It was named for a famous navigator, Henry Hudson, who discovered it in 1609. He sailed up the river, in a small vessel, about ten miles above the point where the City of Albany now stands.

Two hundred years afterwards (in 1807), a little steamboat, then first invented by Robert Fulton, made its trial-trip on the Hudson River. It went five miles an hour. This was the beginning of steam-navigation.

Now the river is famed for its elegant steamboats; and twenty miles an hour is their ordinary rate of speed. Suppose we go on board of one of them some pleasant summer day, and take a trip up the river.

Leaving New York harbor, and passing Hoboken, and the steep cliffs called the Palisades, passing thriving towns

and cities on each bank of the river (the names of which you must find on the map), we come at last to Haverstraw Bay.

As we leave this, the river narrows; and we begin our passage through the beautiful hills called the "Highlands," which rise abruptly from the water. In the midst of them, on a bold promontory, is West Point, the seat of the United-States Military Academy.

About a mile above West Point, on the east bank of the



river, is the town of Cold Spring, of which you have a picture at the head of this article. It is fifty-four miles north of New-York city.

Six miles farther north, we shall come to the scene of the second picture, which is a view of the entrance to Newburgh Bay. We will land at Newburgh, and make that the end of our journey.

It is a charming city; and there are some bright little readers of "The Nursery" there, who will delight in show-

ing us around. We may see, among other things, the old house which was the headquarters of General Washington.

While at Newburgh, we may take a little boat, such as you see in the picture, and have a nice sail in the bay. We shall be sure to have a good time. Of course we shall cross the river, and stroll through the town of Fishkill-Landing, which is just opposite Newburgh. Then we will take a drive, and I will show you some beautiful places.

Perhaps we may continue our trip up the river some other day.

UNCLE CHARLES.



"WATCH."

"WATCH" was a little dog with a white face. He would do good and not make any fuss about it. He did not bark unless it was for some useful purpose.

In my youth I boarded at the farm-house where Watch belonged. One day we walked out together in the woods. Night came on, and I could not find the way home.

Watch looked me in the face, as if to ask, "What ails you?" I said, "Watch, which is the way home?"

Quickly he trotted on: I followed. He led me in the right pathway. On our route, if we came to a small tree fallen across a stream, Watch would run over before me, and look with care to see if I could cross. When I came to his side of the stream, he would wag his tail with much joy, as much as to say, "I am so glad you are here!"

But when a great tree, with branches on each side, was across a stream, Watch did not mind what became of me. Did he reason about the size of those trees, and decide when I was safe?



THE GOOD GRANDFATHER.

Tot, the baby, has a grandfather, who is never tired of playing with her, so dearly does he love her. Tot cries to go to grandfather just as soon as he comes into the house. Grandfather is also good to Brick, the dog.

Brick is a little jealous of baby, and tries to make grandfather notice him more than he notices Tot. But, though grandfather is kind to Brick, I think he loves baby more than he does the little dog. Baby has a doll. Are your eyes sharp enough to see it?



From SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's painting. In outline by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.



BY THE WINTER FIRE.

By the winter fire they sit,
Care not for the storm a whit :
Winter wars and raves without,
But within they laugh and shout.

Pussy jumps on Ellen's shoulder,
Purring, rubbing ; just behold her !
Jenny lets old Carlo in,
And would warm his frozen shin.

Mary is the story-teller :
Now she tells what once befell her.
Tommy sits, and stares, and listens ;
Andrew's eye with wonder glistens.

Hear the snow against the pane !
Hear the moaning winds complain !
Winter, winter, cease your din !
You can't come in ; you can't come in !

GARRY'S BIRDS.

It was one morning last April, when, after a few days of mild, dusty weather, we woke to find the earth had pulled her feathery white cloak over her face again. The trees looked like tall white plumes ; and each puff of wind sent down a shower of snow-flakes. The birds were chirping in the trees, and under the sheds, and seemed to be calling for some one to feed them.

I wrapped a warm cape around Garry, and, taking some bird-seed with us, we went to the front-door, and scattered seeds on the piazza, near the library-window. Then we went in ; and I left Garry at the window, looking out at the birds, while I ran up stairs to get Basil, Garry's baby-brother.

When I came down with baby in my arms, Garry held up his hand, and said, " Come softly, mother." There, on the piazza were three little birds. One was a song-sparrow, one a purple finch, and the other was a snow-bird. What a fine time they were having, all eating and talking together !

" Twit, twit, twit," said Mr. Snow-Bird, " did you see that little boy throw out the seeds for us ? "

" Chirp, chirp, chirp," said Mr. Song-Sparrow, stopping to scratch his ear, " yes, indeed ! What should we do this cold morning, if we had to go without any thing to eat ? "

" Chip, chip, chip," said Mr. Finch, with his head on one side, " I shall never forget this little boy."

Then they began to talk about the cat they had seen at the back-door.

" Oh, dear ! " said Mr. Snow-Bird, " what if the old thing should come along before I get this seed swallowed ! "

" Indeed," said Mr. Song-Sparrow, " I am so cold, I could hardly fly if she did come."



Just then Edgar, our hired man, came around the corner of the house to draw a pail of water from the pump, and all the birds dropped the seeds they had in their mouths, and flew away.

I felt sure they would come back, and told Garry to be on the watch for them; and, sure enough, it was not long before they did come back, bringing some of their friends with them. All kept coming to get the seeds. There were so many of them at last, that we did not try to count them.

About noon, they felt so much at home, that they grew pert and quarrelsome. One big sparrow made up his mind

that all the seeds on the steps were for him : so he stood looking on, and when any other bird came near him, he flew down at him and said, —

“ Chirp, chirpety, chirp ! You young vagabond, can't you find your own seeds ? Get off my steps ! ”

As it grew cold in the afternoon, the flock of birds waiting to be fed grew larger than ever. They perched on the trees in the garden, or hopped about on the snow, now and then flying up on the steps to look for seeds. Our three friends of the morning came up under the window again.

Mr. Song-Sparrow rubbed his nose, and shivered as he said, “ Twit, twit, I wonder where we shall all sleep ! If it wasn't for that old cat, I'd sleep in the wood-shed.

“ Chip, chip,” said Mr. Finch, “ If you'd only be contented to wear last winter's clothes and not dress so fine, you might stay in the apple-tree with me.”

How Garry and I laughed to hear them twittering to each other ! But we stopped laughing suddenly : for a sweet, clear voice began to sing close by us, and we saw Mr. Song-Sparrow sitting on the railing of the piazza, and trilling forth such a melodious note, that we all sat still to listen. Then the birds flew away to find a resting-place for the night.

GARRY'S MAMMA.



ADVENTURES OF MISS DOLLIKINS.



IX.

On a fine day in June, Laura and Emily took Miss Dollikins to the sea-beach, and gave her a walk on the sand. The sea-birds flew round them; and far off they could spy a ship. It was so warm, that they did not need shawls or sacks. The little lady was not afraid at the sight of the sea.



X.

Returning home, Laura put a clean dress on Miss Dollikins, and threw a veil over her head. Then she called Ann, the maid, to see the little lady. "Let me take her to the glass, so that she can see herself in it," said Ann. So Ann held her before the glass; but Miss Dollikins did not seem at all vain at the sight of her fine figure.



XI.

“We will go into the garden, and look at the pretty flowers,” said Laura to Miss Dollikins. So they went into the garden, and sat down on a bench; and Mary Jones came, and introduced her little Flora, who was much smaller than Miss Dollikins, and not so finely dressed. Then Laura took the watering-pot, and watered the flowers.



XII.

It has been a washing-day with Laura. She has been washing all the underclothes belonging to Miss Dollikins; and now she is hanging them out on the lines. What a deal of trouble good mothers do take for their little ones! Truly, children ought to be grateful, and mind what is said to them. See Dolly on her little chair.



Words by G. BENNETT.

THE GREEDY BOY.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

1. Oh! once there was a lit - tle boy who liv'd in Bos - ton cit - y, And
 2. Well, so he was a pret - ty boy, That is in out - er graces, But
 3. His playthings, pictures, books and toys, Were hidden in a corner; His

he was quite a Love they said; He was so ve - ry pretty.
 ah! he had the sel - fish heart That beauty's charm ef - fac - es.
 cakes and fruit he'd eat a - lone, Like greed - y Jack - y Horner.

His eyes were like two sparkling gems, His cheeks like peaches mellow, And many pet - ted
 He'd beg of all his lit - tle friends As if it were his liv - ing, But what he had he
 But soon his playmates found him out, And those who'd tho't him pretty, Now said "there goes the

him because he was a handsome fellow."
 kept for self, He never thought of giving.
 greediest boy In all great Boston city.



THE BOY WHO LOVED HIS MOTHER.

THE BOY WHO LOVED HIS MOTHER.



WHEN Felix was a little fellow, hardly two years old, he used to pet his mother, and tell her how much he loved her.

As he grew up, he showed his love by his acts. He minded his mother; he gave her his attention when she talked to him; and, if she told him not to do a thing, he would not do it.

If she said, "Felix, don't do that," he would not fret, and say, "Why not, mother?" Oh, no! He would at once give up what he was doing; for he knew she would not, without some good reason, forbid him to do a thing that pleased him.

Once, when Felix had grown to be six years old, his mother took him with her on a journey in the railroad-cars to New York. It was a fine day in June: the windows of the cars were open.

"Felix," said his mother, as they took their seats, "you may sit by the window; but you must not put your head or your arms out of it."

Before she could explain to him her reasons for saying this, a friend who had come in drew off her attention, by talking to her; so that she forgot to explain to Felix why she did not wish to have him put his head or arms out of the window.

In the seat just before him, Felix saw a large boy, who kept putting his head out, although the boy's mother kept telling him not to do it. By and by the cars rushed by a post, which stood so near the track that it almost grazed the boy's head. He started back in a great fright, losing his hat as he did so. He had a very narrow escape.

Felix now saw why his mother had given him the caution

she had. He took her hand in his, and looked up in her face. She smiled on him; for she knew what was passing in his mind.

"Yes, Felix," said she: "if you had not loved your mother too much to wound her by disobedience, you might have lost your life."

UNCLE CHARLES.



FROWING AWAY ONE.

I KNOW three little girls who are sisters. Of course, they ought to love each other dearly. When they stand up, they are like a flight of three steps: baby is the lowest; Mattie is the middle step; and Susie is the upper step, because she is tallest.

The baby is four years old, I know: so I guess that Mattie is almost six, and Susie a little more than seven.

No two of you little people love each other more dearly than Mattie and baby love each other. Where one is, the other always wants to be. They sit and walk with their arms around each other. It is pleasant to see them.

They both dearly love Susie too; but she is bigger, and doesn't seem to belong quite so much to them as they seem to belong to each other.

One day their mamma was looking at them; and, thinking aloud, she said, "Three little girls! What shall I do with so many? Don't you think I have too many?"

Then baby looked earnestly into her mother's face, and said, "O, mamma! if you *must* frow one away, do frow away Susie."

Never you fear, little people, that Susie will be "frowed" away. Her mamma has not one too many, though she has three little girls.

E. M. S.



HUNTING FOR EASTER-EGGS.

THE Easter-egg is a painted or colored egg used for a present at Easter, a day which occurs on Sunday, the second day after Good-Friday.

The term "Easter" is said to be derived from a Saxon word meaning *rising*; and Easter is a festival of the Christian Church to commemorate the resurrection.

In the picture, the children are hunting for Easter-eggs, which the good mother has hidden in different parts of the room. The child who finds the most eggs will have the pleasure of making presents of them to whom he or she may choose.

Baby has set his eyes on the egg that lies on the floor. If he takes it up, I hope he will not let it fall, and break it. The other children will not be slow to find the painted eggs. There must be a dozen, or more, of them hidden away.



THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

"I was here first," said the snowdrop: "look!"

"Not before me!" sang the silver brook.

"Why," cried the grass, "I've been here a week!"

"So have I, dear," sighed a violet meek.

"Well," piped a bluebird, "don't leave me out!
I saw the snow that lay round about."

"Yes," chirped a snowbird, "that may be true;
But I've seen it all the bleak winter through."

"I came betimes," sang the southwind, "I!"

"After me, love!" spake the deep blue sky.

"Who is it cares?" chimed the crickets gay:

"Now you are here, let us hope you'll stay."

Whispered the sun, "Lo! the winter's past:

What does it matter who's first or last?

Sky, brooks, and flowers, and birdies that sing,

All help to make up the beautiful spring."

GEORGE COOPER.

OUR CHRISTMAS PLAY.

OUR Emily wrote a play for our Christmas entertainment. Emily, Ruth, Mary, and Uncle Peter, all took part in it. The curtain fell amid very great applause from grandma, grandpa, father, and Uncle Charles, Brothers Robert and John, Jane, the housemaid, Aunt Alice, and some six of our cousins. So you see we had a good audience. As it is the only play we have ever seen acted, we may be too partial critics; but readers must judge for themselves.

(EMILY enters with a basket of shoestrings.)

EMILY. — Shoestrings to sell! Does anybody want shoestrings? Dear me, how cold it is! To-morrow is Christmas, and I must earn money enough to buy a basket of coal. Who wants a nice pair of shoestrings?

RUTH (*entering*). — This is a cold day, little girl, and you are thinly clad. Now, if my Uncle Peter, were here I know what he would do: he would buy you a shawl.

EMILY. — As soon as I get rich, I mean to buy one myself. Can I sell you a pair of shoestrings?

RUTH. — What is the price?

EMILY. — Only two cents a pair.

RUTH. — Then you may give me three pairs. Here are six cents. (*Takes out her purse, and pays EMILY, but, in putting it back, lets it fall on the ground.*)

EMILY. — Thank you; and a merry Christmas to you!

RUTH. — I wish I could make your Christmas a merry one, poor child; but I have done what I could. Good-by. (*Goes out.*)

EMILY. — Oh, if more such customers would come along, how glad I should be! Will any one buy a nice pair of shoestrings? (*Sees the purse, and picks it up.*) What is this on the ground? A purse! And it has money in it. One dollar, three dollars — Dear me! That young lady must have dropped it. I must run and give it to her. Where is she? (*Puts down her basket, and goes out.*)

(MARY enters, and looks at the basket.)

MARY. — A basket on the sidewalk! What does it mean? (*Takes it up.*) It is full of shoestrings. I will take it to my mother, and ask her



to find the owner. (*MARY takes up the basket, and is going out, when RUTH enters.*)

RUTH. — Are you the girl I bought shoestrings of ?

MARY. — No: I have not sold any. These are not mine.

RUTH. — Have you seen any thing of a purse about here ?

MARY. — No: I have seen no purse. (*Goes off with the basket.*)

RUTH. — Oh ! here comes the little girl I was looking for ; and she has my purse in her hand. (*Enter EMILY.*) That is my purse, little girl.

EMILY (*giving RUTH the purse*). — Take it. I was looking for you. But where is my basket of shoestrings ?

RUTH. — Why, that little girl yonder has it. See her there, crossing the street.

EMILY. — It is my basket. She has taken what does not belong to her.

RUTH. — Run, and bring her to me. (*EMILY starts to go out.*) Stop! What is your name?

EMILY. — Emily Swift.

RUTH. — Well, Emily Swift, I think you are mistaken in supposing that the little girl meant to steal your basket. Bring her to me. (*EMILY goes out.*) What a pleasant thing it would be to have a purse so full, that one could keep on giving from it, and never find it empty! But here come the children.

(*EMILY leads in MARY.*)

EMILY. — Here she is. She says she was taking the basket to her mother, so that her mother might find the owner.

RUTH. — And do you doubt her word?

EMILY. — Doubt her word? Not I! She is too good a little girl to tell a falsehood. Just look in her face, and you will see that she speaks the truth.

RUTH. — Yes, Emily Swift, you are right.

EMILY. — Goodness me! What is that thing coming this way?

MARY. — I am afraid of it. Is it a man?

RUTH. — As I live, it is Uncle Peter!

EMILY. — Who is Uncle Peter?

RUTH. — He is the man, who, every Christmas, buys as many toys as he can carry, and gives them to good children. Here he comes.

(*Enter UNCLE PETER, comically dressed, and covered from head to foot with all sorts of toys. He is followed by boys and girls. He dances and sings to music.*)

UNCLE PETER'S SONG.

“Christmas comes but once a year, once a year, once a year!
So follow me, my children dear, children dear, children dear:
So follow me, my children dear, on Christmas Eve so joyful!”

(*After dancing, he takes EMILY and MARY by the hand, and runs off with them, followed by the rest.*)

As this is Emily's first play, and she is only nine years old, I hope the critics will not be too severe upon it. If well performed, it will be found, I think, far more amusing in the acting than in the reading,



BABY'S PINK THUMBS.

THE snow had quite covered the ground,
The wind whistled fiercely and chill,
When a poor little storm-beaten bird
Flew down on the broad window-sill.

Within, there was comfort and wealth ;
Gay pictures half covered the wall ;
The children were happy at play ;
And the fire shone bright over all.

Without, there was famine and frost ;
Not a morsel of fruit or of grain ;
And the bird gave a piteous chirp,
And tapped with his beak at the pane.

Then baby climbed up on a chair,
Forgetting his trumpets and drums :
He doubled his two little fists,
And pointed with both his pink thumbs.

" See, see ! " and he laughed with delight,
" Pretty bird, pretty bird : here he comes ! "
When the bird, with a bob of his head,
Made a peck at the baby's pink thumbs.

Then the children called out with great glee,
" He thinks they are cherries, or plums,
Or pieces of apple ; and so
He tries to eat baby's pink thumbs."

" Poor birdie ! " said mamma : " we know
That God for his creatures will care ;
But he gives to his thoughtfuller ones
The pleasure of doing their share.

" We softly will open the sash,
And scatter a handful of crumbs ;
And, when birdie wants breakfast again,
He needn't peck baby's pink thumbs.

" He may come day by day, if he will,
To a feast on the broad window-ledge,
And fly, when he's eaten his fill,
To his home in the evergreen hedge."



ABOUT FLAX, BARLEY, AND RYE.

ARTHUR had been looking at some pictures in a book ; but he did not quite understand what they were : so he called on Uncle Oscar to explain.

Uncle Oscar took him on his knee, and said, " This, Arthur, is a picture of the flax-plant, a very useful plant indeed ; for from it we make linen. Your apron is linen : so are the collar and wristbands on my shirt.

“The flax-plant bears delicate blue flowers, which look very pretty when in bloom. Flax is raised very largely in Kentucky, and other States in the Union. Do you know what part of the plant is the stalk? I will point it out to you in the picture.

“Well, from this stalk the thread, or fibres, are got, out of



FLAX.

which linen cloth is made. The flax is pulled a little before the seeds are ripe: it is stripped, and the stalks are soaked in water. The flax is then dried, and broken and beaten till the threads, or fibres, of the bark are fit for spinning. From the seeds, linseed-oil is made.

“Is it not strange, Arthur, that out of the stalk of this little plant should be made the nice white linen of your apron and my handkerchief?”

Arthur thought it very strange. Then, pointing to another picture, he said, "What's this, Uncle Oscar?"

"That, Arthur, is a picture of barley as it grows in the field. It yields a very useful kind of grain. You have eaten it in soup, and also boiled. Stripped of the husk, and



BARLEY.

rounded and polished in a mill, the grains are pearly white; and then they are known as pearl-barley."

"Here's another picture, Uncle Oscar."

"Did you ever eat rye-bread, Arthur?"

"Why, yes, Uncle Oscar! we had it for breakfast."

Well, here is a picture of rye as it grows in the field. It is one of the best of grain-bearing grasses. It will grow

where the weather is very cold. The straw is often worth almost as much as the grain.

“Rye grows on poor, light soils, which are altogether unfit for the wheat out of which we make our white bread.



RYE.

Sometimes we mix rye-flour with wheaten-flour, or with corn-meal, and so get a very good kind of bread.”

“Can I plant some flax-seed, and barley, and rye?” asked Arthur.

“Yes, my boy,” said Uncle Oscar. “You shall have some to plant in your garden next May. I think you will be pleased with the flax-plant, because of its pretty blue flower.”



THE HARE WHO COULDN'T WAIT.

"THERE goes a hare," said Johnny to Max,
"Come, let us catch him : here 'are his tracks!"
But, while they were talking so wisely about it,
And Johnny was saying "We'll have him ; don't doubt it,"
Behind them the hare, with a jump and a spring,
Ran swift as a swallow could dart on the wing;
And Max and Johnny looked round too late,
While his speed said, "Excuse me, but I can't wait."

THE DRAWING-LESSON.

WE give here another outline from Landseer for our little readers to copy. Perhaps they would like to know something about Sir Edwin Landseer. He was born in London, in 1803, and died less than two years ago.

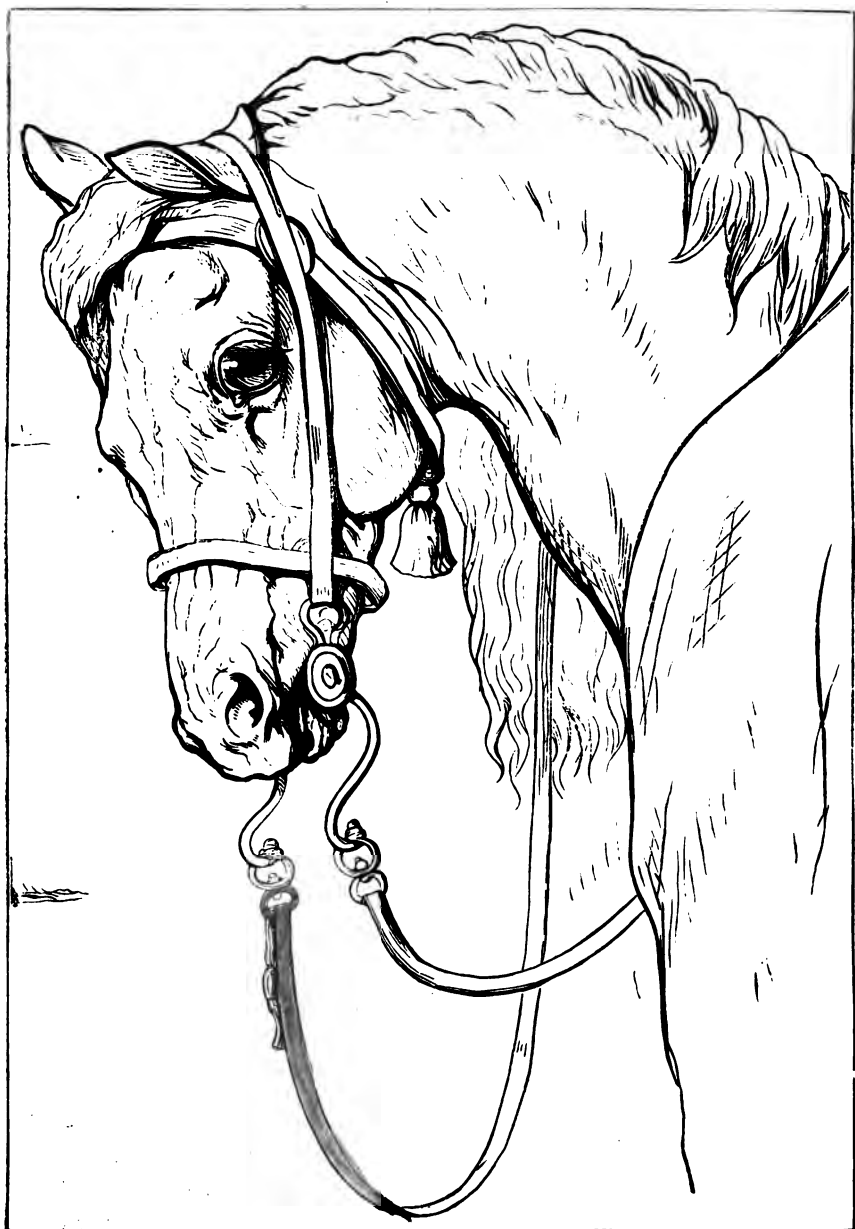
He belonged to a family of artists. His father and elder brother were skilful engravers. His brother Charles earned high rank as a painter. But Edwin was the most famous of them all.

While yet a child, no bigger than some of the young readers of "The Nursery," he showed a great taste for drawing. He had an especial fondness for drawing animals. His father encouraged him by giving him pictures to copy; and soon his skill in copying became so great that his father took him into the fields, and taught him to draw animals from life.

In this way he soon acquired correct notions of color; and, at the age of fourteen, he began to attract attention by his spirited paintings of dogs, horses, and other animals. He continued to improve until he became one of the most celebrated artists of his day. In 1850, he was knighted by Queen Victoria, that is to say, he received the honorary title of *Sir Edwin Landseer*.

Mr. Harrison Weir, whose name is well known to our readers, is another English artist, who makes a specialty of the same department of art in which Landseer became so famous. His sketches are remarkable for their truth to nature, and many of them would do no discredit to Landseer himself.

Lay a piece of thin paper over the drawing-lesson, and trace the lines of the picture. After a little practice, try to copy it without tracing.



From SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's painting. In outline by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.
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A SMART HORSE.

ONE morning, when the men went to the stable, our horse, Jenny, was missing from her stall. On looking around, they found her in another room, eating meal out of a chest.

Now, in order to do this thing, she must not only have untied her halter, but have unfastened and opened a door, and raised the lid of the chest; all of which were supposed to have been left safely closed.

We thought that she could not have done it all, but that some careless person had left the chest open, and the door unfastened. So Jenny was led back to her stall and tied up; the lid of the chest was shut down, and the door closed and fastened with a hook.

About an hour afterwards, on entering the stable again, Madam Jenny was found as before, with her nose deep in the meal-chest, munching away with great relish. Then we *knew* she must have unhooked and opened the door, and raised the cover, as well as unhooked her halter.

Do you not think she was pretty smart for a horse? Papa says it was more smart than honest to steal meal in that way. But I suppose horses do not know much about honesty.

I liked Jenny all the better for her smartness, and I have made a great pet of her since. As she is so fond of meal, I take care to give her so much that she will not have to steal it.

She comes to me when I call her; for she knows that I am her friend, and she often gets an apple from my hand. She looks at me so kindly through her great eyes, that I am sure she would thank me if she could speak.

This is a real true story.

MARY.



ABOUT SOME INDIANS.

SOME boys and girls think Indians are dreadful beings; but my boy, Vaughn, who is now more than three years old, thinks them a very good sort of people. He was born in the Indian country, and is quite used to them and their odd ways.

He often used to stand in the doorway, and say, "How, how?" to them as they passed by; and they would smile, and say, "How, how?" back again. This is the Indian way of saying, "How do you do?"

One day I was at work in the cellar, when I heard strange voices at the front-door: so I went out to see what was the matter. In front of the house I found quite a number of Indian braves, with their squaws and papposes, all riding on sorry-looking ponies.

They had drawn up before the house, and were trying to

make Vaughn and his mamma understand that they were thirsty. One of the braves had a dog under his blanket; and the little fellow looked very queer as he poked his head out, and watched us. I pointed the band to the town-well, a short distance down the street; and they said, "Ugh!" and rode away in Indian-file.

Another day, an old Indian, with a nose like a young elephant's, rode up to the drug-store, and asked, in Indian lingo, for some tobacco. The druggist cut off a large slice of "black navy," and, stepping out on the sidewalk, handed it to the happy old fellow, who, returning his thanks by sundry nods and grunts, opened the folds of his blanket, and drew out the most laughable tobacco-pouch you ever saw. As sure as you live, it was a whole skunk-skin, with jaws, teeth, ears, and all!

Just as he was about to drive away, the lady-teacher and a drove of boys and girls came pouring out of the school-room. The Indian looked a little blank, and, glancing first at the lady and then at the children, remarked admiringly, "Heap squaw! heap pappoose!" (The innocent old wild gentleman had taken them all for one family).

A chief with his two squaws and two papposes were coaxed into a picture-car, one day, to be photographed. They seemed afraid of the three-legged animal with the round glass eye; but, at last, one of the squaws was induced to take her seat, baby in arms. The baby bawled lustily, till I quieted him by jingling a bunch of keys, while the artist got the focus.

Then I glanced through the camera, and the sight was so pretty and queer, that I induced the chief to take a peep; and when he saw the very minute copy of his spouse and child, standing on their heads, he nearly shook himself to pieces with silent laughter.



THE FIRST-COMER.

THE drift by the gateway is dingy and low ;
And half of yon hillside is free from the snow :
Among the dead rushes the brook's flowing now,
And here's Pussy Willow again on the bough !

“ Hi, ho, Pussy Willow ! Say, why are you here ? ”
“ I've brought you a message : ‘ The Summer is near ! ’
All through the long winter, uneasy I've slept :
To hear the wild March wind, half listening, I kept.

“ Loud blew his shrill whistle, and up and awake,
My brown cloak from off me I've ventured to shake ;
Thrice happy in being the first one to say,
‘ Rejoice, for the Summer is now on her way ! ’

“ The moss-hidden Mayflowers will blossom ere long,
And gay robin redbreast be trilling a song :
But, always before them, I'm sure to be here :
’Tis first Pussy Willow says, ‘ Summer is near ! ’ ”

WIDE AWAKE.

"JUMP up Johnny," said his mother. "It is seven o'clock, and breakfast will be ready soon. The sun was up half-an-hour ago. The birds are singing, and the sky is bright."

John sprang out of bed at once, and was soon washed. Then he put on his clothes, and brushed his hair.



He went down stairs looking as neat as a new pin.

As he was going to school that day, he saw a poor woman with a baby in her arms. She sat on a door-step, and was pale and hungry. John put his hand into his pocket, took some money out, and gave it to her. She thanked him.



John then went to school, where he said his lesson; when school was done, he played at ball till dinner-time.



THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

ALFRED has drawn a great many straight lines and houses and dogs and cats; but this is the first time he has tried to draw a man. The profile suits him very well. There are nose and mouth and eyes, that cannot be mistaken. The hair, too, and the hat, are brought out with a strong hand. All that is wanting now is the color; and this Alfred is putting on. His paints are mixed on a broken plate, and he will soon give his man a bright red cheek.



THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

“How does the Water
Come down at Lodore?”
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.

Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the Water

* Robert Southey, an English poet, wrote these lines, not for *our* “Nursery,” but for all nurseries where children are gathered and taught. The Cataract of Lodore is near Keswick, Cumberland County, England. Robert Southey died in the year 1843.

Comes down at Lodore,
 With its rush and its roar,
 As many a time
 They had seen it before :
 So I told them in rhyme,
 For of rhymes I had store.

From its sources which well
 In the tarn on the fell,
 From its fountains
 In the mountains,
 Its rills and its gills,
 Through moss, and through brake,
 It runs and it creeps
 For a while, till it sleeps
 In its own little lake ;
 And thence at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade,
 And through the wood-shelter,
 Among crags in its flurry,
 Helter-skelter,
 Hurry-scurry.
 Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling ;
 Now smoking and frothing
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 Till in this rapid race
 On which it is bent,
 It reaches the place
 Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
 Then plunges along,
 Striking and raging,
 As if a war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among ;
 Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and sweeping,
 Showering and springing,
 Flying and flinging,
 Writhing and ringing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting,

Around and around,
 With endless rebound :
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in,
 Confounding, astouding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its
 sound.

Collecting, projecting,
 Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and going,
 And running and stunning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And guggling and struggling,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And moaning and groaning,
 And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrin-
 kling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tum-
 bling,
 And clattering and battering and shatter-
 ing,

Retreating and beating, and meeting and sheeting,	And curling and whirling, and purling and twirling,
Delaying and straying, and playing and spraying,	And thumping and plumping, and bumping and jumping,
Advancing and prancing, and glancing and dancing,	And dashing and flashing, and splashing and clashing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,	And so never ending, but always descending,
And gleaming and streaming, and steaming and beaming,	Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
And rushing and flushing, and brushing and gushing,	All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar ;
And flapping and rapping, and clapping and slapping,	And this way the Water comes down at Lodore.



BOILING MAPLE-SUGAR.

MOST of the sugar we use is made from the sugar-cane, which grows in warm countries. But in France they make a good deal of sugar from beets ; and in North America, where the sugar-maple-tree grows, some very nice sugar is made from its sap.

Early in spring, while the weather is yet cold, and before the trees have begun to show many signs of life, it is the time for tapping the maples.

The sun, which has already begun to make his power felt by melting the snow, and leaving great green patches here and there on the cleared lands, has kissed the rugged trunks of the trees, and has set the sweet sap mounting through every vein and tissue.

Now is the time to set the troughs in order, and to bore the holes for the little spouts through which the juice must run. These must be made a foot from the ground, on the sunny side of the tree ; and very soon the drip, drip, of the oozing



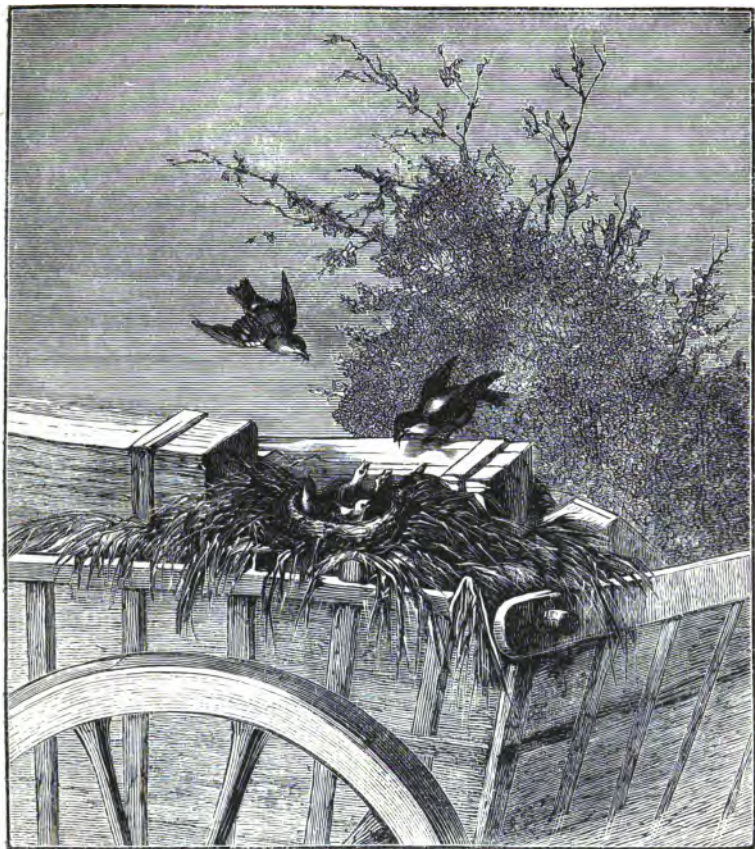
sap will be heard, as it trickles over the spout into the rough bowls placed to catch it at the foot of every maple.

As each trough fills, the juice is poured, first into a large barrel, and from thence, when all is ready, into the great iron pot, or caldron, slung over the wood-fire on three poles.

In the picture, you may see three brothers, with their two sisters, engaged in collecting the sap, and boiling it till it can be cooled as sugar. If you will look sharp, you can see little bowls placed at the root of some of the trees, and the sap flowing into them.

A syrup is made from the sap, which is very delicate, and is much used for buckwheat-cakes. A large quantity of maple-sugar is made every year in the northern part of the United States, and in Canada. But it cannot be made so as to compete with the sugar of the sugar-cane in cheapness.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE STOLEN BIRD'S-NEST.

ONCE there were two little sparrows who built for themselves a nest on a small tree by the wayside. The mother-bird laid four little eggs in it; and there she sat, while her mate chirped merrily on a tree near by, till, one fine day in May, four little sparrows were hatched.

How glad the parent-birds were! and how they flew round to get food for their little ones! They were willing

almost to starve themselves, so that their children might not suffer from want.

Oh, what hungry children they were ! How they would stretch out their necks, and open their bills for food, as father and mother drew near to feed them ! And what queer little noises they would make, as if they were saying, "Feed *me* first ! Oh, give *me* that nice little worm ! No, I am the hungriest, give it to *me* ! Me first ! Me first !"

But the parent-birds seemed to know which of the children had not had a full share ; for they would always give it to those who needed it most.

But one day, one sad day, a man came by with his cart, and, seeing the nest, took it with all the little birdies, and placed it on some straw in his cart.

The parent-birds, wild with grief, flew round and round, but it was of no use. Then they followed the cart, and continued to feed their young as well as they could, though the cart was in motion.

But a little girl, whose name was Laura, and who was taking a walk with her mother, saw the man remove the nest, and at once made up her mind to try and get it away from him.

So she went up, and asked him if he would let her have the nest, if she paid him for it. The man seemed a little ashamed when he saw Laura and her mother ; and he replied, "Well, little girl, it didn't cost me any thing, and so you may have it for nothing."

"Oh, I thank you ever so much !" cried Laura. So she took the nest, with the birdies in it ; and then she and her mother found a safe place in the notch of a tree, hidden from the road, and there they placed it.

Then they walked away, and stood at a distance, and watched till they saw the parent-birds fly down from a high

branch to their own nest, and again begin to feed their little ones. How they twittered and chirped with joy! The feeling that she had made the birds happy made Laura happy too.

Every day, for a week, she came to see how the little family were getting on. On the eighth day the nest was empty. They had all flown away.

EMILY CARTER.



THE FIRST BLUE-BIRD.

GOLD-LOCKS thought just now,
Out on the apple-bough
Had fallen a bit of the sky.
“Blue it is; oh, blue!
And large as my hand,” she cried.
Ah, what a wonder-eyed
Dear happy heart are you,
With all the world so new,
So bright, because untried!

Out I hurried to see
What the bit of sky might be,
When a tender piping note,
Soft as a flute, I heard;
And there upon a bough,
Wintry and bare till now,
In a sky-colored coat,
Trying his little throat,
Was perched the first blue-bird.

CLARA DOTY BATES.



THE LITTLE BIRD.

Words by LORD LYTON.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Moderato. *mf*

1. The lit - tle bird fares well in Spring, For
2. First wool and hair from sheep and cow; Then

all she wants she finds enough, And ev' - ry cas - ual common thing She
twig and straw to bind them fast, From thick - et and from thatch, and now, A

makes her own with - out re - buff.
lit - tle nest is built at last.

3.
From out that little nest shall rise,
When woods are warm, a living song,
A music mix't with light that flies
Thro' flutt'ring shades the leaves among.

4.
O little bird, take everything
And build thy nest without rebuff,
And when thy nest is builded, sing!
For who can praise thy song enough?



THE DOG WHO LOST HIS MASTER.

THE DOG WHO LOST HIS MASTER.



POT was a little dog who had come all the way from Chicago to Boston, in the cars with his master. But, as they were about to take the cars back to their home, they entered a shop near the railroad-station ; and there, before Spot could get out to follow his master, a bad boy shut the door, and kept the poor dog a prisoner.

The cars were just going to start. In vain did the master call "Spot, Spot!" In vain did poor Spot bark and whine, and scratch at the door, and plead to be let out of the shop. The bad boy kept him there till just as the bell rang ; and then he opened the door, and poor Spot ran — oh, so fast! — but the cars moved faster than he.

Mile after mile poor Spot followed the cars, till they were far out of sight. Then, panting and tired, he stopped by the roadside, and wondered what he should do, without a home, without a master.

He had not rested many minutes, when he saw two little girls coming along the road that crossed the iron track. They were Nelly and Julia, two sisters. Spot thought he would try and make friends with them.

But they were afraid of strange dogs. Julia began to cry ; and Nelly said, "Go away, sir ; go home, sir : we don't want any thing to do with you, sir."

Spot was sorry to be thus driven off. He stopped, and began to whine in a pleading sort of way, as if saying, "I am a good dog, though a stranger to you. I have lost my master, and I am very hungry. Please let me follow you. I'll be very good. I know tricks that will please you."

The children were not so much afraid when they saw him stop as if to get permission to follow. "He is a good dog,

after all," said Nelly: "he would not force his company on us; he wants his dinner. Come on, sir!"

Thus encouraged, Spot ran up, wagging his tail, and showing that he was very glad to find a friend. He barked at other dogs who came too near, and showed that he meant to defend the little girls at all risks.

When they arrived home, they gave him some milk and bread, and then took him into the sitting-room, and played with him. "Beg, sir!" said Nelly; and at once Spot stood upright on his hind-legs, and put out his fore-paws.

Then Julia rolled a ball along the floor; and Spot caught it almost before it left her hand. "Now, die, sir, die!" cried Nelly; and, much to her surprise, Spot lay down on the floor, and acted as if he were dead.

When papa came home, and saw what a good, wise dog Spot was, he told the children they might keep him till they could find the owner.

A week afterwards, they saw at the railroad-station a printed bill offering a reward of thirty dollars for Spot.

He was restored at once to his master, who proved to be a Mr. Walldorf, a German. But the little girls refused the offered reward; for they said they did not deserve it, and Spot had been no trouble to them.

Three weeks passed by, and then there came a box from New York, directed to Nelly and Julia. They opened it: and there were two beautiful French dolls, and two nice large dolls' trunks filled with dolls' dresses and bonnets,—dresses for morning and evening, for opera and ball-room, for the street and the parlor, for riding and walking.

The present was from Mr. Walldorf; and with it came a letter from him, thanking the little girls for their kindness to his good dog, Spot, and promising to bring Spot to see them the next time he visited Boston.

UNCLE CHARLES.



ON A HIGH HORSE.

On a velocipede

Harry would ride :

Quickly the splendid steed

Set him astride.

Now for a jolly time !

Now for some sport !

Hold on ! — the little chap's

Legs are too short.

Harry can't touch the peg,

All he can do ;

Though he may stretch his leg

Out of his shoe !

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What can we do for him ?

This much, of course :

Let down the rider — or

Let down the horse.

Many a hobby-horse

Small boys must ride,

Ere such a steed as this

They can bestride

So, little Harry dear,

Don't look so cross

When you are taken down

From a high horse.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

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CELEBRATING GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

THERE were three little sisters and one little brother ; and their names were Emma, Ruth, Linda, and John. And these children had a grandmother, whose seventieth birthday was near at hand.

"What shall we do to celebrate our dear grandmother's birthday?" asked Emma, the eldest.

"Get some crackers and torpedoes, and fire them off," said Johnny.

"Oh, that will never do!" cried Linda. "Let us give her a serenade."

"But we none of us sing well enough," said Ruth; "and grandmother, you know, is a very good musician. Let us do this: Let us come to her as the 'Four Seasons,' and each one salute her with a verse."

"Yes: that's a very pretty idea," cried Linda. "And I'll be Spring; for they say my eyes are blue as violets."

"Then I'll be Summer," cried Emma. "I like summer best."

"I'll be Autumn," said Johnny; "for, if there's any thing I like, it is grapes. Peaches, too, are not bad; and what fun it is to go a-nutting!"

"There's but one season left for me," said Ruth. "I must be Winter. No matter! Winter has its joys as well as the rest."

"But who'll write the verses for us?" asked Emma. "There must be a verse for every season."

"Oh, the teacher will write them for us!" cried Ruth. "No one could do it better."

And so, on the morning of grandmother's birthday, as she sat in her large armchair, with her own pussy on a stool at her side, the "Four Seasons" entered the room, one after



another, and formed a semicircle in front of her. Grandmother was not a bit frightened. She smiled kindly; and then the "Seasons" spoke as follows:—

SPRING.

- I am the Spring : with sunshine see me coming ;
 Birds begin to twitter ; hark ! the bees are humming :
 Green to field and hillside, blossoms to the tree,
 Joy to every human heart are what I bring with me.

SUMMER.

See my wealth of flowers ! I'm the golden Summer :
Is there for the young or old a more welcome comer ?
Come and scent the new-mown grass ; by the hillside stray ;
And confess that only June brings the perfect day.

AUTUMN.

Mark the wreath about my head, — wreath of richest flowers ;
I am Autumn, and I bring mildest, happiest hours ;
In my hand a goblet see, which the grape-juice holds ;
Corn and grain and precious fruits, Autumn's arm enfolds.

WINTER.

Round my head the holly-leaf ; in my hand the pine :
I am Winter cold and stern ; these last flowers are mine.
But while I am left to rule, all's not dark or sad ;
Christmas comes with winter-time to make the children glad.

ALL THE SEASONS.

Here our offerings glad we bring,
And long life to Grandma sing.

EMILY CARTER.



THE LITTLE CULPRIT.

SCHOOL had begun. The boys and girls were in their places, and the master was hearing them spell; when all at once there was a soft, low knock at the door.

"Come in!" said the master; and a little cleanly-dressed girl, about six years old, stood upon the threshold, with downcast eyes.

She held out before her, as if trying to hide behind it, a satchel, so large that it seemed hard to decide whether the child had brought it, or it had brought the child; and the drops on her cheeks showed how she had been running.

"Why, Katie!" cried the schoolmaster, "why do you come so late? Come here to me, little culprit. It is the first time you have been late. What does it mean?"

Little Katie slowly approached him, while her chubby face grew scarlet. "I — I had to pick berries," she faltered, biting her berry-stained lips.

"O Katie!" said the master, raising his forefinger, "that is very strange. You *had* to? Who, then, told you to?"

Katie still looked down; and her face grew redder still.

"Look me in the face, my child," said the master gravely. "Are you telling the truth?"

Katie tried to raise her brown roguish eyes to his face; but, ah! the consciousness of guilt weighed down her eyelids like lead. She could not look at her teacher: she only shook her curly head.

"Katie," said the master kindly, "you were not sent to pick berries: you ran into the woods to pick them for yourself. Perhaps this is your first falsehood, as it is the first time you have been late at school. Pray God that it may be your last."

"Oh, oh!" broke forth the little culprit, "the neighbor's



boy, Fritz, took me with him; and the berries tasted so good that I staid too long."

The other children laughed; but a motion of the master's hand restored silence, and, turning to Katie, he said, "Now, my child, for your tardiness you will have a black mark, and go down one in your class; but, Katie, for the falsehood you will lose your place in my heart, and I cannot love you so much. But I will forgive you, if you will go stand in the corner of your own accord. Which will you do,—lose your place in my heart, or go stand in the corner for a quarter of an hour?"

The child burst into a flood of tears, and sobbing out, "I'd rather go stand in the corner," went there instantly, and turned her dear little face to the wall.

In a few minutes the master called her, and, as she came running to him, he said: "Will you promise me, Katie, never again to say what is not true?"

"Oh, yes, I will try — I will try never, never to do it again," was the contrite answer.

Then the master took up the rosy little thing, and set her on his knee, and said : "Now, my dear child, I will love you dearly. And, if you are ever tempted to say what is not true, think how it would grieve your old teacher if he knew it, and speak the truth for his sake."

"Yes, yes!" cried the child, her little heart overflowing with repentance; and, throwing her arms around the master's neck, she hugged him, and said again, "Yes, yes!"

FROM THE GERMAN.



THE DOLL-BABY SHOW.

OUR doll-baby show, it was something quite grand;
You saw there the loveliest dolls in the land.
Each girl brought her own, in its prettiest dress:
Three pins bought a ticket, and not a pin less.

For the doll that was choicest we offered a prize:
There were wee mites of dollies, and some of great size.
Some came in rich purple, some lilac, some white,
With ribbons and laces, — a wonderful sight!

Now, there was one dolly, so tall and so proud,
She put all the others quite under a cloud;
But one of us hinted, in so many words,
That sometimes fine feathers do not make fine birds.



We sat in a row, with our dolls in our laps :
The dolls behaved sweetly, and met no mishaps.
No boys were admitted ; for boys will make fun :
Now which do you think was the dolly that won ?

Soon all was commotion to hear who would get
The prize ; for the dollies' committee had met :
We were the committee ; and which do you think
Was the doll we decided on, all in a wink ?

Why, each of us said that our own was the best,
The finest, the sweetest, the prettiest drest :
So we *all* got the prize — we'll invite you to go
The next time we girls have our doll-baby show.

THE CHICKENS THAT WERE WISER THAN LOTTIE,

LOTTIE is always asking, "Why?"

When mamma calls from the window, "Lottie, Lottie!" she answers, very pleasantly, "What, ma'am?" for she hopes mamma will say, "Here's a nice turnover for you;" or, "Cousin Alice has come to see you." But when the answer is, "It is time to come in," the wrinkles appear on Lottie's forehead, and her voice is a very different one, as she says, "Oh, dear, I don't want to! *Why* need I come in now?"

When papa says, "Little daughter, I want you to do an errand for me," Lottie whines, and asks, "*Why* can't Benny do it?"

Out in the field, Old Biddy Brown has four wee chickens, — little soft downy balls, scarcely bigger than the eggs they came from just one week ago.

They are very spry, and run all about. When the mother Biddy finds any nice bit, she clucks; and every little chick comes running to see what is wanting.

When it grows chilly, and she fears they will take cold, she says, "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" and they all run under her warm feathers as fast as they can.

Just now Mother Biddy gave a very loud call, and every chicken was under her wings in a minute; and up in the sky I saw a hawk, who had been planning to make a good dinner of these same chickens. I could not help thinking, how well for them, that they did not stop, like Lottie, to ask, "Why?"

Down came the hawk with a fierce swoop, as if he meant to take the old hen and the chickens too; but Mother Biddy sprang up and faced him so boldly, that he did not know what to make of it.



She seemed to say, "Come on my fine fellow, if you dare. You have got to eat me before you eat my chicks; and you'll find me rather tough."

So the hawk changed his mind at the last moment. He thought he would wait till he could catch the chickens alone. The chickens were saved, though one of them was nearly dead with fright.

RUTH KENYON.

A HUNT FOR BOY BLUE.

WE have a little three-year-old boy at our house, who likes to hear stories, and his mother tells him a great many. But there is one which pleases him more than all the rest, and perhaps the little readers of "The Nursery" will like it too.



You have all heard of little Boy Blue, and how he was called upon to blow his horn; but I don't think any of you know what a search his father had to find him. This is the story.

Boy Blue lived on a large farm, and took care of the sheep and cows. One day the cows got into the corn, and the sheep into the meadow; and Boy Blue was nowhere to be seen. His father called and called, "Boy Blue, Boy Blue, where are you? Why do you not look after the sheep and cows? Where are you?" But no one answered.



Then Boy Blue's father went to the pasture, and said, "Horse, horse, have you seen Boy Blue?" The old horse pricked up his ears, and looked very thoughtful, but neighed, and said, "No, no: I have not seen Boy Blue."



Next he went to the field where the oxen were ploughing, and said, "Oxen, oxen, have you seen Boy Blue?" They rolled their great eyes,

and looked at him; but shook their heads, and said, "No, no: we have not seen Boy Blue."

Next, he went to the pond; and a great fat duck came out to meet him; and he said, "Duck, duck, have you seen Boy Blue?" And she said, "Quack, quack, quack! I have not seen Boy Blue." And all the other ducks said, "Quack, quack!"



Then Boy Blue's father visited the turkeys, and asked the old gobbler if he had seen Boy Blue. The old gobbler strutted up and down, saying, "Gobble, gobble, gobble! I have not seen Boy Blue."

He then asked the cockerel if he had seen Boy Blue. And the cockerel answered, "Cock-coo-doodle-doo! I haven't seen Boy Blue: cock-coo-doodle-doo!"

Then an old hen was asked if she had seen Boy Blue. She said, "Cluck, cluck, cluck! I haven't seen Boy Blue; but I will call my chicks, and you can ask them. Cluck, cluck, cluck!" And all the chicks came running, but only said, "Peep, peep, peep! We haven't seen Boy Blue. Peep, peep, peep!"



Boy Blue's father then went to the men who were making hay, and said, "Men, men, have you seen my Boy Blue?" But the men answered, "No, no: we have not seen Boy Blue." But just then they



happened to look under a haycock; and there, all curled up, lay Boy Blue, and his dog Tray, fast asleep.

His father shook him by the arm, saying, "Boy Blue, wake up, wake up! The sheep are in the meadow, and the cows are in the corn." Boy Blue sprang to his feet, seized his tin horn, and ran as fast as he could to the cornfield, with his little dog

running by his side.

He blew on his horn, "*Toot, toot, toot!*" and all the cows came running up, saying, "*Moo, moo!*" He drove them to the barn to be milked. Then he ran to the meadows, and blew once more, "*Toot, toot, toot!*" and all the sheep came running up, saying, "*Baa, baa!*" and he drove them to their pasture.

Then Boy Blue said to his dog, "Little dog, little dog, it's time for supper," and his little dog said "Bow, wow! Bow, wow!" So they went home to supper.



After Boy Blue had eaten a nice bowl of bread and milk, his father said: "Now Boy Blue, you had better go to bed, and have a good night's rest, so that you may be able to keep awake all day to-morrow; for I don't want to have such a hunt for you again." Then Boy Blue said, "Good night," and went to bed, and slept sweetly all night long.

A. L. T.



From SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's painting. In outline by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.
VOL. XVII.—NO. 5.

DAY AND NIGHT.

BLUE-EYED Charley Day had a cousin near his own age, whose name was Harry Knight. When they were about eight years old, and began to go to the public school, the boys called them, "Day and Night."

Charley did not object to the puns the schoolboys made; but Harry was quite vexed by them. Having quite a dark skin, and very dark eyes and hair, he thought the boys meant to insult him by calling him, "Night."

One large boy, about twelve years old, seemed to delight in teasing Harry. He would say to him, "Come here, 'Night,' and shade my eyes, the day is so bright." Then, seeing that Harry was annoyed, he would say, "Oh, what a dark night!"

Poor Harry would get angry, and that made matters worse; for then Tom Smith would call him a "stormy night," or a "cloudy night," or the "blackest night" he ever saw.

Harry talked with his mother about it; and she told him the best way would be to join with the boys in their jokes, or else not notice them at all. She said if he never got out of temper, the boys would not call him any thing worse than a "bright starry night." And if he went through the world with as good a name as that she should be perfectly satisfied.

"Don't take offence at trifles, Harry," said Mrs. Knight. "Don't be teased by a little nonsense. All the fun that the boys can make out of your name will not hurt you a bit."

Harry was wise enough to do as his mother advised, and he found that she was right. The boys soon became tired of their jokes, when they found that no one was disturbed by them. But the little cousins were alway good-naturedly called "Day and Night."

AUNT WINNIE.



VIEW FROM COOPER'S HILL.

WHEN grandma was a little girl, she lived in England, where she was born. She lived in the town of Windsor, twenty-three miles south-west of London, the greatest city in the world.

Grandma showed us, the other day, this picture of a view from Cooper's Hill, near Windsor, and said, "Many a time and oft, dear children, have I stood there by the old fence, and looked down on the beautiful prospect,— the winding Thames, the gardens, the fields, and Windsor Castle in the distance.

"This noble structure was originally built by William the Conqueror, as far back as the eleventh century. It has been embellished by most of the succeeding kings and queens. It is the principal residence of Queen Victoria in our day. The great park, not far distant, has a circuit of eighteen miles; and west from the park is Windsor Forest, having a circuit of fifty-six miles.

"It is many a year since I saw these places. I cannot expect to visit them again; but this picture brings them vividly before me.

"And so, dear children, should you ever go to England, don't forget to go to Cooper's Hill, and, for grandma's sake, to look round upon the charming prospect which she loved so much when a child."

E. W.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BRING on the boots and shoes, Tommy; for this is Saturday night, and I must make things clean for Sunday.

Here is my old jacket, to begin with. Whack, whack, whack! As I beat it with my stick, how the dust flies!

The jacket looks a little the worse for wear; and that patch in the elbow is more for show than use. But it is a good warm jacket still, and mother says that next Christmas I shall have a new one.

Whack, whack, whack! I wish Christmas was not so far off. If somebody would make me a present now of a handsome new jacket, without a patch in it, I should take it as an especial kindness. I do hate to wear patched clothes.

Stop there, Master Frank! You deserve to be beaten, instead of your jacket. Look in the glass at your fat figure and rosy cheeks. Are you not well fed and well taken care of? Is not good health better than fine clothes? Are you the one to complain?

Ah, Frank! Just look at poor Tim Morris, as he goes by in his carriage. See his fine rich clothes, and his new glossy hat. But see, too, how pale and thin he looks. How gladly would he put on your patched jacket, and give you his new one, if he could have your health!



Whack, whack, whack! I'm an ungrateful boy. I'll not complain again. Christmas may be as long as it pleases in coming. I'll tell mother she mustn't pinch herself to buy me a new jacket. I'll tell her this one will serve me a long time yet; that I have got used to it, and like it. It will look almost as good as new when I get the dust out of it. Whack, whack, whack!

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE CUCKOO.

"TELL me what bird this is a picture of," said Arthur.

"That," said Uncle Oscar, "is the cuckoo, a bird which arrives in England, generally, about the middle of April, and departs late in June, or early in July."

"Why does it go so early?" asked Arthur.

"Well, I think it is because it likes a warm climate; and, as soon as autumn draws near, it wants to go back to the woods of Northern Africa."

"Why is it called the cuckoo?"

"Because the male bird utters a call-note which sounds just like the word *kuk-oo*. In almost every language, this sound has suggested the name of the bird. In Greek, it is *kokkux*; in Latin, *coccyx*; in French, *coucou*; in German, *kukuk*."

"What does the bird feed on?" asked Arthur.

"It feeds on soft insects, hairy caterpillars, and tender fruits."

"Where does it build its nest?"

"The cuckoo, I am sorry to say, is not a very honest bird. Instead of taking the trouble to build a nest for herself, the female bird lays her eggs in the nest of other birds, and to them commits the care of hatching and rearing her offspring."

"I should not call that acting like a good parent," said Arthur. "Do the other birds take care of these young ones that are not their own?"

"Oh, yes! they not only take care of them and feed them for weeks, but sometimes they even let the greedy young cuckoos push their own children out of the nest."

"That's a hard case," said Arthur. "Is there any American bird that acts like the cuckoo?"

THE CUCKOO.



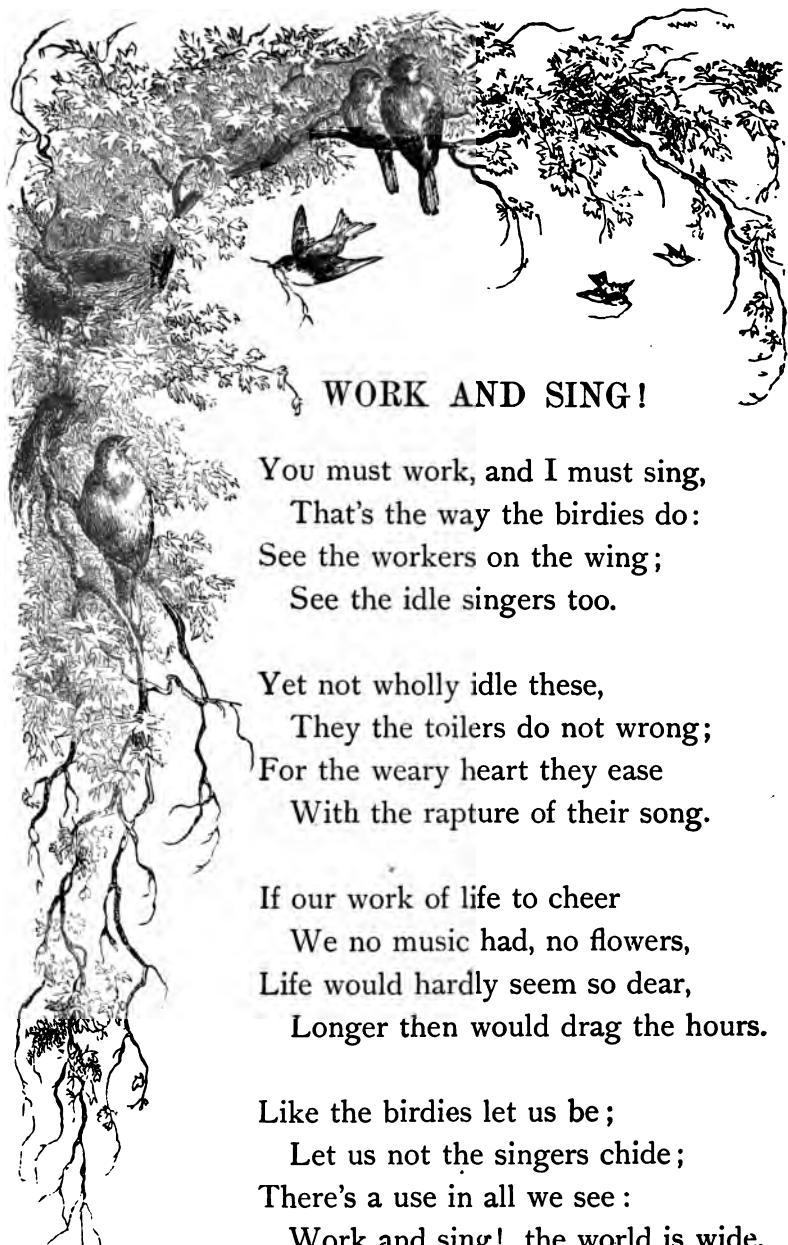
“Oh, yes!” said Uncle Oscar. “There is called the ‘cow-bunting,’ about as large as a she, too, makes other birds hatch her young and of them.”

“I don’t like such lazy behavior. Did you ever note of the cuckoo?” said Arthur.

“Oh, yes!” replied Uncle Oscar. “I have seen it in England; and there, too, I have heard the sky-lark, the nightingale, neither of which birds we have here. But we have the mocking-bird, one of the most beautiful of song-birds.”

“I wonder if the cuckoo would not live in America,” said Arthur. “I should like to get one and try to take good care of it.”

“It would not thrive in this climate, Arthur.”



WORK AND SING!

You must work, and I must sing,
That's the way the birdies do:
See the workers on the wing;
See the idle singers too.

Yet not wholly idle these,
They the toilers do not wrong;
For the weary heart they ease
With the rapture of their song.

If our work of life to cheer
We no music had, no flowers,
Life would hardly seem so dear,
Longer then would drag the hours.

Like the birdies let us be;
Let us not the singers chide;
There's a use in all we see:
Work and sing! the world is wide.



ONE YEAR OLD.

HOLD her up, mamma, and let us all have a look at her. Is she not a dear little thing?

She is not a bit afraid, but only puzzled at being stared at by so many people. She does not know what to make of it.

She clutches at her mother's chin, as much as to say, "Tell me what this means."

It means, baby, that you are one year old. This is your birthday, and we have come to call on you.



But here is Jane, the nurse. Has she come to take you away from us? We are not ready to part with you.

You want to go with her? Well, that is too bad! You like her better than you do me. I must see what she does that makes you so fond of her.

She takes you to the barn, and shows you the horse and the cow. Then she lets you look out of the barn-window. There you spy the kitten.

The kitten sees you, and jumps up on the basket, and looks in your face. You put out your little hand, and try to reach her.

Jane has the pig and the chickens to show you yet. But I cannot stay any longer. I must leave you playing with the kitten.



MY DOG.

I HAVE a dog, and his name is Don. He is nine years old. His master is in Boston, and I call Don my dog, because I like to have him here. He is a black-and-white dog, and measures six feet in length, and about two feet in height.

When I go on errands, Don takes the basket or pail, and trots away to the store ; and sometimes I have to pull him, or he will go the wrong way.

He is a lazy old fellow, and he likes to sleep almost all the time, except when he is asked if he wants to go anywhere ; and then he frisks around, and seems as if he had never been asleep.

When he wants a drink, he goes around to the store-room door, and asks for it by looking up in our faces ; and I dare

say he would say, if he could speak, "Please give me a drink?"

I have a little brother, and he sits on my dog a good deal. And I have a cousin of whom the dog is very fond and when she is at the table, he will put his paw on her lap, and want her to take it.

My little baby-brother tumbles over the dog, and sits on him; and sometimes when I am tired, I lie down and take a nap with my head on Don's back. He likes to have me do it, and he always keeps watch while I am asleep.

LYNN, MASS.

WILLIE B. MARSHALL.



MAY.

PRETTY little violets, waking from your sleep,
Fragrant little blossoms, just about to peep,
Would you know the reason all the world is gay?
Listen to the bobolinks, telling you 'tis May!

Little ferns and grasses, all so green and bright,
Purple clover nodding, daisies fresh and white,
Would you know the reason all the world is gay?
Listen to the bobolinks, telling you 'tis May!

Darling little warblers, coming in the spring,
Would you know the reason that you love to sing?
Hear the merry children, shouting as they play,
"Listen to the bobolinks, telling us 'tis May!"



DOT AND THE LEMONS.

Dot's father is a funny man. One night, he brought home some lemons for mamma, — twelve long, fat, yellow lemons, in a bag. Dot was sitting at the piano with mamma when his father came in, and did not run, as usual, to greet him with a kiss. So Dot's father opened the bag, and let the lemons drop one by one, and roll all over the floor.

Then Dot looked around, and cried, "Lemons, lemons! Get down; Dot get down!" And he ran and picked up the lemons one by one, and put them all together in the great black arm-chair. As he picked them up, he counted them: "One, two, three, five, six, seven, nine, ten!"

When Dot got tired of seeing them on the chair, he began to put them on the floor again, one at a time, and all in one spot. While he was doing this, his father stooped down, and when the little boy's back was turned, took the lemons,

lily from the spot where Dot was placing them, and put them behind his own back, — some behind his right foot, and some behind his left.

He took only a few of them at first, so that Dot should not miss them. But, when Dot came to put the last lemon on the floor, he could not see any thing of the others, and was very much surprised. Then mamma, grandmamma, and grandpapa all burst out laughing. His father stepped aside, and there Dot saw the lemons in two rows.

Then father said, "That was only a joke. Now, Dot, put them back again on the chair — quick!" And Dot ran and began to take away the lemons from the first row, and lay them on the black cushion of grandpapa's great arm-chair, one by one. One — two — three — four — five: he had only one more lemon to pick up from the first row; but when he came for it — my! there were two.

Well, to tell the truth, Dot didn't notice this at first. He picked up one of the two, and thought to himself, "Only one left, Dot." But, I declare! there were *two* left when he came back. "This is a long row," thought Dot. And every time he left *one*, he found *two*, till papa had quite used up the second row, from which he had been filling up the first.

At last Dot *did* see the last lemon, and then again he didn't see it, for when he looked for it, it wasn't *two*, as before, it wasn't there at all!

"O papa! you have it behind you; and Dot will pull at your hand till you give up the lemon; and then you can't play any more tricks with your bright little boy."

But Dot will go up to bed with Alice, and in the middle of the night mamma will hear him saying in his sleep, "Five, six, nine, 'lemon!" For Dot always says '*lemon*', when he means *eleven*.

G.



DADDY DANDELION.

Words by T. HOOD.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Allegretto. mf

1. Dad - dy Dan - de - li - on Was a splendid fel-low, With a coat of

green, And a crest of yel-low. He had lots of gold,

He was ver-y la-zy; So he chose to scold Mod - est lit - tle Daisy.

2.

Ah! you silly flower,
You're to me beholden,
To your best of power,
Aping me the golden.
Just then some one passed,
Who his stick was swinging,
Chopped off Dandelion,
Stopped his accents stinging.

4.

Daisy at the sight
Dropped a tear for sorrow,
Closed her leaves that night,
Opened on the morrow.
Gazing with delight
People, all of them,
Asked her where she found
Such a sparkling gem.



HOW MR. TRIP WEIGHED THE CHILDREN.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 6.

HOW MR. TRIP WEIGHED THE CHILDREN.



R. TRIP is a good, simple-hearted man, who tends in a small grocery-shop in our village. The children all like him; but sometimes, I am sorry to say, they play tricks on him.

For example, the other day, our four girls, with their brother Sydney, went to Mr. Trip's shop to get weighed. "How much do you think I weigh, Mr. Trip?" asked Mary, the eldest of the girls.

"About a hundred and twenty pounds," said Mr. Trip.

Mary stood on the platform; and Mr. Trip, much to his surprise, found by the figures that she weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. "Well, I wouldn't have thought it!" exclaimed the good man.

Then our Emma was weighed. Mr. Trip guessed she would weigh sixty-five pounds; but, to his amazement, he found that the scale said a hundred and fifteen pounds. "Well, well, who'd have thought it?" said poor Mr. Trip.

"And how much do you guess this smallest one weighs?" inquired our Sydney, who could hardly help laughing.

Mr. Trip lifted little Agnes with his two hands, and replied, "Well, she can't weigh over forty pounds any how." But, strange to tell, the notch of the bar showed ninety pounds as she stood on the platform.

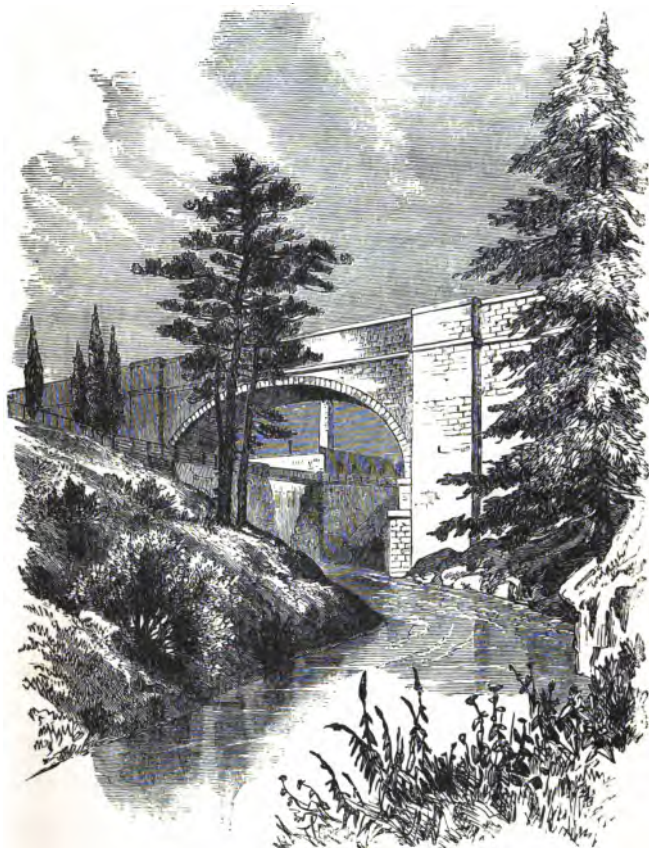
Mr. Trip now began to suspect that something was wrong; but where was the trick? Ho, ho! It was the mischief of Master Sydney, skulking behind the little girls, and pressing on the platform with his two hands.

Mr. Trip did not get angry. He was too fond of fun himself to object to a little bit of fun on the part of a little boy. Besides, it was the first day of April; and might not children, on that day, play a few harmless tricks?

But Mr. Trip revenged himself ; and this was the way in which he did it. Holding up a fine bunch of raisins, he said, " Who speaks first ? " — " I ! " cried Sydney. " Well, I thought you would," said Mr. Trip, putting the raisins back into the box. " There ! I've paid you off," he added.

Mr. Trip, you will perceive, was not a vindictive man.

DORA BURNSIDE,



THE CROTON AQUEDUCT AT SING-SING, NEW YORK.

THE SCHOOL-BOY TO THE CANARY-BIRD.



IRDIE so cheerful,
I should be tearful,
Kept in a prison all my life long.
No sun is shining ;
Yet thou'rt not pining :
Merrily, merrily gushes thy song.

With wings for flying,
I should be sighing,
Having to live all the time in a cage :
Life would be hateful ;
But, glad and grateful,
Thou dost not murmur, thou dost not rage.

Eager for playing,
Here am I staying,
Kept at my book in this jail of a school :
Freedom I covet ;
Fresh air, I love it ;
Yet here a captive I sit on my stool.

Wise little teacher,
Thou art no preacher,
Wronged in thy liberty, still dost thou sing :
Come, thy sweet lesson
My heart impress on, .
And to it joy in captivity bring !



GOING TO THE CARAVAN.

GOING to the caravan means to go to a big tent, where the bears and lions and monkeys are kept in cages. It may be a long time, though, before the heavy carts, with the lions inside, will come bumping and thumping into town, and the tent be set up with the flags overhead.

Our Eddie, a chubby boy, only three years old, goes to the caravan as often as he can get his papa's dictionary. That is a big word for little folks to say, "dic-tion-a-ry." It is like going up a hill, then down; up, and so down again, till you land at the bottom. The best Eddie can do is to call it the "*denexry*."

In the last part of the Webster's Dictionary that belongs to Eddie's papa are pictures of ever so many animals. And it is as good as going to a caravan for Eddie to look at the

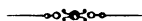
pictures as he sits holding on to the book, and turning the leaves with his dumpling hands.

I asked him one morning to tell me what the pictures were. He began, "That is a striped horse, and that is a wild-cat, and that is *you*, papa! (pointing to a big monkey,) and there is a piggie-wig, and there is a donkey, and that is a fox." — "And what else?" — "And there's *you*, papa!" (coming back to the monkey).

My poor dictionary is going to ruin. The leaves where the animals are shown, look like caravan-cages with their corners worn, and cracks in their sides. But, for all that, Eddie shall have his caravan.

Happy is the house that has a little fat boy in it, if he uses up a dictionary every year.

EDDIE'S PAPA.



DARKEY, THE RAVEN.

A FRIEND of mine once had a tame raven, to which he had given the name of Darkey. It was a talking-bird. It could say, "Darkey is sly," and "What do you want?" and "Isn't it jolly?" and utter several other little sentences.

But Darkey had one very bad habit: he was a thief. He was not content with stealing things he wanted to eat; but he would carry off penknives, spools of cotton, pieces of cloth, and even pens and papers. Nothing seemed to come amiss to him.

He had a favorite place in the corner of the hayloft in the barn, or on an old beam, where he used to hide his plunder.

Once three silver spoons were missed in the family. Who could have taken them? What thief had been about?

Jane, the girl in the kitchen, knew nothing about them. John, the boy who milked the cow, had not seen them.

"But I can give a guess where you will find them, ma'am," said John. "If you will come with me to the place where Darkey stows away his plunder, I rather think you will find your spoons."

So my friend went with John to the barn, and up stairs



to the hayloft. But Darkey was there before them. He flew about, crying, "What do you want?"

"I want my spoons, you thief!" replied my friend.

So on she went; and there, sure enough, in Darkey's "plunder-hole," as John called it, were the three spoons, together with a number of other things which the family had missed.

Darkey did not seem to be much disturbed by the discovery; nor did he show much penitence. He perched on a beam, and saucily said, "Darkey is sly. Isn't it jolly?"

THE LITTLE SAILOR.



BABY is a sailor-
boy,
Swing, cradle,
swing :
Sailing is the
sailor's joy,
Swing, cradle,
swing.



Snowy sails and pre-
cious freight,
Swing, cradle,
swing ;

Baby's captain, mother's
mate,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Never fear, the watch is set,
Swing, cradle, swing ;
Stormy gales are never met,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Little eyelids downward creep,
Swing, cradle, swing ;
Anchor in the cove of sleep,
Swing, cradle, swing.



HARRY'S RIDE ON A DONKEY.

WHEN Harry Sunbeam was only three years old, his parents went across the ocean, to Switzerland. There, at a place called Interlachen, which is in a beautiful valley, near a swift river, and tall mountains covered with snow, they staid some time.

In front of their hotel was a flower-garden with a fountain in the centre; and Harry often sat on one of the benches, and looked at the people walking or driving gayly by, or starting to go up the mountains on horses or mules.

But what Harry liked best was to ride on one of the many little gray donkeys that stood harnessed in front of the hotel grounds. Though such a little fellow, he would sit upright in the saddle, and ride off bravely.

It is a safe way of riding, for there is always a boy to

walk at the donkey's head, or prick him with a goad when he does not go fast enough.

At first, Harry would cry when he was taken off the donkey's back: but he soon learned not to be so foolish; for it was only when he had been good, that his papa gave him pennies to hire the boy and his donkey.

One day, Harry had a great treat; for his mother hired two donkeys, and took a ride with him. They rode up and down the long street, across the bridge, under which the dark blue water was foaming and tumbling over the stones, and by the shop-windows, full of toys carved out of wood.

As they rode along, they met six children, all on donkeys. They were screaming, shouting, and beating the poor beasts with sticks to make them go fast. One naughty girl, as she passed, gave Harry's donkey a blow, which made the poor fellow jump so that Harry came near falling off; but he held on tight, and the boy soon coaxed the donkey to be quiet.

Some time I will tell you of other pleasant days that Harry remembers very well.

HARRY'S MAMMA.



GRASSHOPPER-GREEN.

GRASSHOPPER-GREEN is a comical chap;

He lives on the best of fare;

Bright little jacket and breeches and cap,—

These are his summer wear.

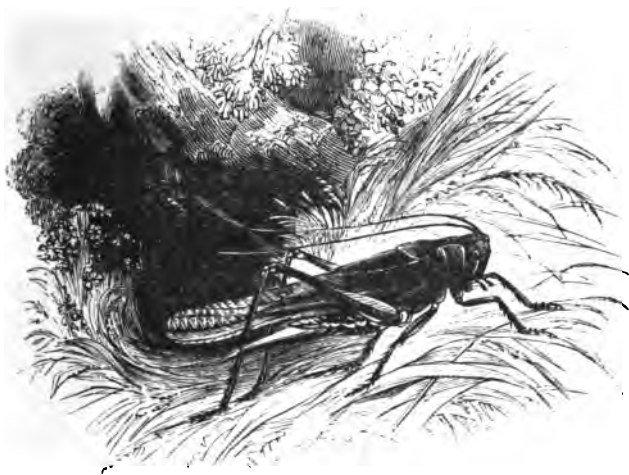
Out in the meadows he loves to go,

Playing away in the sun;

It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low:

Summer's the time for fun!

Grasshopper-Green has a dozen wee boys,
And, soon as their legs grow strong,
All of them join in his frolicsome joys,
Humming his merry song.
Under the leaves in a happy row,
Soon as the day has begun,
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low :
Summer's the time for fun !



Grasshopper-Green has a quaint little house,
It's under a hedge so gay :
Grandmother-Spider, as still as a mouse,
She envies him over the way.
Darling, he's calling for you, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun ;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low :
Summer's the time for fun !



THE NORE LIGHT-VESSEL.

NORTH-EAST of the seaport of Sheerness, in England, the mouth of the River Thames, just where it joins the North Sea, is called "The Nore." Here the channel is obstructed by sandbanks, on one of which there is a floating light.

"But how is this light kept in place?" you will ask. Well, a vessel is anchored on the sandbank, and here men live to take care of the vessel, and to keep the light burning at the masthead at night, so that ships may be warned off from the shoal places.

A weary time the poor men have who live here. Sometimes, in stormy weather, they do not go on shore for several days together. But in summer it is not so bad; for then they can often go to the shore in their small boats, and learn the news, and lay in food for stormy weather.

There are floating lights similar to this at several points on the coast of America.

UNCLE CHARLES.



A JUNE DAY.

Up in the morning, sun, sun, sun!
Out in the meadows, fun, fun, fun!
Birds on the tree-tops sing, sing, sing;
Pink-white the blossoms cling, cling, cling.

Leaves on the branches, new, new, new;
Warm sky above us, blue, blue, blue;
White little baa-lambs play, play, play;
Brown bees a-humming, gay, gay, gay.

Green things around us grow, grow, grow;
Brooks in the meadows flow, flow, flow;
Bright, pretty squirrels leap, leap, leap;
Blueballs and daisies peep, peep, peep.

One song the birdies sing, sing, sing;
One word the flowers bring, bring, bring:
Hark! do you hear it, sweet girl and boy?
All earth is whispering, joy, joy, joy!



TRUE STORY OF A HORSE.

ONE bitter cold morning, last winter, as I was standing with my little Charley at the front parlor-window, I saw a quiet old horse coming down the street, drawing a light wagon, and driven by a neatly-dressed young man. They came on, until they were just in front of our house, when the horse stopped, backed the wagon up to the curbstone, and refused to go any farther.

The young man tried to urge on the horse, but the horse would not go; then he sat and waited patiently, speaking kindly; then he jumped out, pulled off his gloves, and patted the horse, and rubbed him, and took hold of his bridle to lead him. It was of no use: so he got up on the seat again, and hit him with the whip, saying, "Get up!" as loud as he could.

But he could not force the horse to move: so he got out,

and rubbed and patted him again, whistling, and swinging his arms to keep himself warm; for the air was very keen and sharp.

At last, after a long struggle, when he found the horse would not go an inch for him, he sent to the stable for the groom, who came hurrying down to see what he could do.

Together they worked, first coaxing, then whipping, again and again, but all to no purpose; for the poor animal would not go one step.

At last, I became very restless at the sight of so much useless beating, and said to my little boy, "Charley, go down to the cook, and tell her mamma wants her to give you a lump of sugar as large as your hand."

"And what shall I do with it, mamma?" said he.

"Take it out to the man, and ask him to give it to the horse," was my reply.

Charley was pleased with the errand, and, going quickly to the cook, he got the sugar, and carried it out.

"Mister, mister!" I heard him say, "here is some sugar to sweeten that old horse, and make him go: give it to him,"

"My old horse is sweet as honey now," said the man, laughing. But he took the sugar, and gave it to the poor animal, who was so pleased with it, that he rolled it over and over on his tongue, and licked his mouth, and seemed to enjoy it greatly.

When the men had waited until he had finished it, they got into the wagon, pulled the reins, said, "Get up;" and the pleased horse "got up" and went on.

Charley came in, shivering, but delighted. "If I were that man," said he, "I would always carry a lump of sugar in my pocket when I had to drive that horse on a cold morning. And now," continued he, "I would like a lump myself." And he got it.

A. E. F.

A LETTER FROM KANSAS.

I AM a little girl eight years old, and have taken "The Nursery" three years. This year I thought I would get up a club, and succeeded in getting three new subscribers. I must tell you the reason I could not get more.

Perhaps you have heard how dry and hot it was here, in Kansas, last summer; and then how the grasshoppers came and ate up every green thing that the sun had not already burned to death. The grasshoppers must have had a grand feast. It was fine fun for them, I dare say, but it was sad enough for the poor farmers.

I wonder if any of "The Nursery" people ever saw a storm of grasshoppers. It is like a snow storm, only not so white. We had heard of their being in all the towns west of us, and one day papa came home from a ten mile drive across the prairies, and said the hoppers were on their way, for he had passed through a big drove of them.

Sure enough, that afternoon, we saw the first of them; and they kept on coming till they covered every thing. They stayed with us as long as we had any thing they could eat, and then they just got up and went to some other place where they could get more.

So you see now why I could not get any more little boys and girls to take "The Nursery" this year, as we all have to save our money to buy provisions, or to help the poor who have no money to save.

Now, please to send me, as a premium, a stereoscope, including as many pictures as you can afford to give.

Next year I will try to get you a larger club; and, if the grasshoppers don't come again and eat up every thing, I think I shall succeed.

FOREST E. BAKER.



From SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's painting. In outline by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.
VOL. XVII. — NO. 6.

ABOUT CRICKETS.

I HAVE before me a pair of crickets. Crickets are lively little insects, which are best known by their singing. Most people do not know exactly how they sing ; but I have examined them closely, and so know how they do it. Only the males sing ; and they sing by rubbing their wings together.

The body of a full-grown cricket is about an inch long. The male, or singer, has two tails about three-eighths of an inch long ; and the feelers of both male and female are about an inch long. The female cricket has two tails in the same place as the male, and another, about twice as long, between the two. This she inserts in the ground, and lays eggs.

In the front of the head is a sort of a flat plate, and below this plate is the mouth, with two sharp jaws. They have, also, some arms with a bunch on the end, with which they feel and push in their food.

We keep crickets in a box with holes in it. One day, we thought we would let them out : so we took the box out of doors, and opened it. When I came back at night, and looked in the box, I found that there were two or three males, and about ten females in it.

I put them out of the box, and tried to make them stay out ; but found that they all wanted to come back again : so I put them into some holes ; for crickets live in holes in the ground.

For food, they will eat grass, rice, potatoes, beefsteak, and cake. I know they will eat all these things, for I have tried them.

One day we were changing the crickets from one box to another, and, while so doing, I saw that there was a tiny cricket, only about an eighth of an inch long, which must have been born in the box.

HERBERT LYMAN.



BESSIE AND THE KITTENS.

O CATS and kittens, what an interesting family! Did you never see a body knitting before, old puss? Why do you stare at me so with your sly cat-eyes? This stocking is not for you, you good-for-nothing, unless you can pay for it in money. You must go barefoot all winter.

Kittens, drop my ball of yarn, if you please. Are you learning how to catch mice? You begin by chasing a ball of yarn, do you? Well, it is good practice for you.

Play on; and you, old cat, stare on, if you will. I've

heard it said, the cat may look at the king, yes, or the queen, either: there's no law against it. Only behave yourselves; and when I kneel down to stroke your warm, soft fur, do not spit and scratch, as some bad cats do.



MY FIRST RIDE ON HORSEBACK.

THE first horseback-ride I ever had in my life was on grandfather's old white horse, Dandy. I do not know why they gave Dandy that name; for he was not at all vain of his looks. He was a meek, kindly-disposed old fellow, and seemed to love to have children about him.

I was six years old; my brother Edwin was four; and little Walter, two. One bright afternoon in May, just as the trees were beginning to leaf out, we all ran out into the field where grandfather and Uncle Silas were ploughing.

We played round for a while, along by the fences, hunting for violets; and then, as it drew near to six o'clock, grandfather said, "Come, children, Silas shall put you on Dandy's back, and you shall all have a ride to the barn."

Three more delighted children than we were at this call you could not have found in all the country round. Uncle Silas lifted us carefully on to the back of old Dandy, who stood still as a post, and must have been afraid, I think, that some one of us would get a fall.

In my mind's eye, I can see grandfather, as I saw him then, leaning on the handles of his plough, and watching us with a pleasant and tender expression on his sunburnt face. "Don't let 'em drop off, Silas," he cried, as we started on our ride.

Dandy stepped as carefully as if he were treading on



eggs, and trying not to break them. He went so slow, that Edwin cried out, "Get up, sir," and struck him on the mane with his hand. But Dandy did not hurry; and it was nearly five minutes before we arrived at the barn-door.

My brothers are now grown-up young men; but we all remember that first ride. It was a great event in our quiet lives.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



GEORGE'S RIDE.

GEORGE will not soon forget a ride that he took with his papa and mamma, when he was four years old. The sight of green fields, and trees, and flowers, made him wild with delight.

Then, for the first time, he saw some ducks swimming in a pond. Of course, he had to take a good long look at them.

Just as he was looking, two of the ducks put their heads under water. - "See, mamma!" said George, "those little ducks are eating their legs."

Mamma laughed, and explained to him that they were not eating their legs, though, perhaps, they might be looking for food.

By and by George's papa drove up to a house, where the little boy saw a nice old lady, who gave him a big red apple.

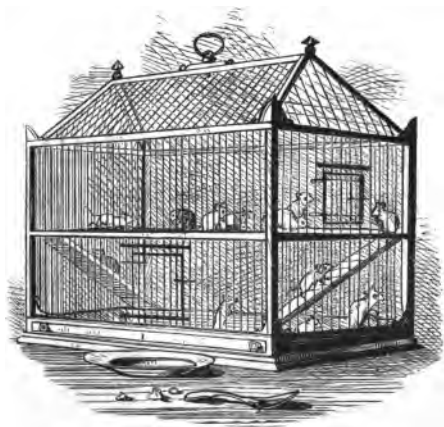
Then, to amuse him, she showed him a cage full of white mice. Some of the mice were not as large as one of George's fingers.

He was so pleased with the

mice, that he did not want to leave them, and was very sorry when his papa said it was time to go.

On the way home, the little boy was quiet, for he was very tired. He was put to bed in good season; and, as soon as he was nicely tucked in his crib, he went to sleep, and dreamed of little brown ducks and little white mice.

A. B. C.





A SLEIGH-RIDE IN THE PLAYROOM.

“GOOD-BY, mamma, good-by, mamma!
Over the ice we’re going.”

“Farewell, my child, farewell, my child!
Take care, should it be snowing.”

“To Iceland we’ll a sleigh-ride take
Before the winter closes.”

“Good-by, good-by! but, for my sake,
Pray do not freeze your noses.”

“What present shall we bring you back?
Say, what would most delight you?”

“A polar bear is what I lack —
But do not let it bite you!”

IRON BRIDGE AT SUNDERLAND.

"Do they ever make bridges of iron, Uncle Oscar?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, yes! there are many iron bridges," said Uncle Oscar. "Here is a picture of one that I have seen."

"Where did you see it?"

"In the town of Sunderland, England, at the mouth of



the River Weir, on a branch of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway. It is an iron bridge with a single arch, 236 feet span, and nearly 100 feet above low water."

"Can ships pass under it?"

"Yes, quite large ships can pass under it; and you can look down from your carriage on the tops of masts."

"I would like to travel, and see things," said Arthur.

"First you must study and learn what books can teach you, and then you will be curious to see the places you have read about. But the ignorant traveller loses half the enjoyment of travel."

UNCLE OSCAR.



HOW EMMA TRIED TO DO GOOD.

AMONG the young subscribers to "The Nursery," there is a little girl named Emma, who greatly delights in it. Perhaps you will say there are a good many little girls of that kind. I hope there are. But Emma enjoys her little magazine so much, that she wants other people to share her pleasure.

So what does she do, about the middle of every month, when she has read and re-read the contents several times, and looked many more times at the pictures, — what does she do, but take her copy of "The Nursery," and drop it into a box at the railroad-station, where packages and papers for the hospital are received.

Her dog Fido trots along by her side, and waits to see her safe home. He is a knowing little dog; and Emma says he is trying to learn his letters.

One day a lady came along as Emma was at the box with her magazine. "What are you doing there?" asked the lady.

"Oh, I am dropping into the box the April number of my 'Nursery' for the poor sick children in the hospital," replied Emma.

"But do you not like to read the magazine yourself?" asked the lady.

"Yes, very much," said Emma. "I would like to keep it; but the poor sick children like it so much! If you could see their eyes brighten when 'The Nursery' comes, you would be pleased too, I know."

"Yes, I think I should be pleased," said the lady; "and I hope, Emma, you will keep up your monthly visits to the box." Emma said she should not forget it.

It is a secret as yet; but I am knowing to the fact that this same lady has ordered a nice new half-yearly volume of "The Nursery" to be sent to Emma, along with her regular June number. How surprised Emma will be!

J. L. S.



THE
NURSERY

A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME XVIII.

BOSTON:
JOHN L. SHOREY, No. 36 BROMFIELD STREET,
1875.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by
JOHN L. SHOREY,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



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THE LOST RABBIT.

BUNNY was a little rabbit, the youngest of a large family. His home was in an old wood, where the trees were very high, and wild-flowers grew in great abundance. His mother had given him to understand that he must not stray away from her, lest he should get lost, and not be able to find her.

But Bunny, like some young children, was self-willed. He thought his mother was over-careful; and so,

one day, when nobody was watching him, he slipped away from her, and sat down amid the grass, under two high beech-trees.

He heard his mother calling him, but took no notice of her call. It was a warm summer day, and he fell asleep. Soon he was startled by the loud barking of dogs. He woke up, and, oh, how frightened he was!

Luckily for him, the dogs did not come where he lay crouching; for their masters were shooting birds, not rabbits. Bunny thought the best thing he could do now was to scamper back to his mother, his brothers and sisters as fast as he could.

But it was not quite so easy to find them again. No sooner had he got into the open path than a troop of boys caught sight of him; and at once there was a volley of stones from their hands. By rare good luck he was not hit by the stones. But he had not gone many paces farther, when a man with a gun shot at him. Happily the man missed his aim, and the shot went into some bushes.

Having escaped this new danger, Bunny leaped swiftly over the high grass, till he came to the fallen trunk of a tree. Here he hoped to find his mother; but, ah! there was no trace of her to be seen. Night came on; and poor Bunny had to lie down all alone and go to sleep.

The next morning it rained heavily; and Bunny crept into the hollow trunk of the tree, where he could keep warm and dry. But before noon the sun came out beautifully; and the little rabbit, being very hungry, ran out.

The first thing he saw was his mother and the rest of the family eating their dinner. Oh, how glad he was! His mother did not scold him, but gave him plenty to eat; and he made up his mind, that he never would run away again from so good a mother.



A TUG EXCURSION.

It was just after dinner when papa said, "Put on your hats quickly, and we will go down to the dock, and perhaps we shall find a tug going out."

Ralph had something beside his hat to put on; for, contrary to mamma's orders, he had taken off his shoes and stockings. But, with good Maggie's help, that wrong was speedily righted, and we were soon on our way to the dock.

There we found the stanch tug "Williams" just ready to leave. We jumped on board. The ropes were cast off; and a few turns of the wheel took us out on the broad expanse of Lake Michigan.

How delighted we all were with the beautiful picture there spread out before us! — the broad blue waters, dotted here and there with white sails; far away to the right, the smoke

arising from a huge steamer on her way from Chicago to Buffalo; and away, away, straight ahead of us, two white specks, which Captain Charley told us were the vessels he was going out for.

A look through the glass proved that the "specks" were *really* vessels, and huge ones too. While we were looking and talking, what do you suppose one of the men brought forward for Ralph's ~~amusement~~? — A dog? No. A kitty? No. A parrot? No. ~~What~~ you will have to give it up. A bear! Just the cunningest little bear any one ever saw.

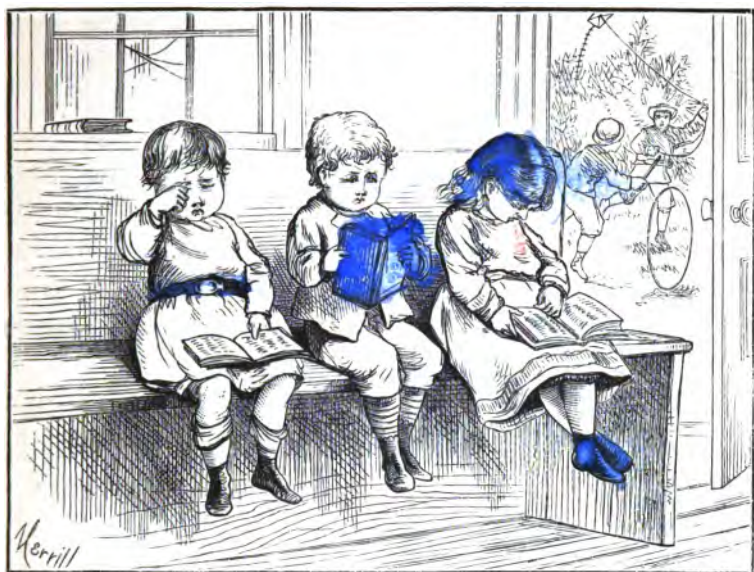
He was just about the size of a tan-terrier, and so full of play, that he got himself into all sorts of shapes, and performed all the antics imaginable. But the most laughable thing was to see him as a tight-rope performer. I am sure he outdid any circus actor who ever travelled.

Ralph thought it jolly to play with a live bear. As one would suppose, the bear was a great pet with all on board the tug. He had always been handled with kindness; and the captain told us he had never yet bitten any one.

All this time, we are nearing the vessels we are to tow back. See what a huge cable is thrown out to join the vessels to the tug. Here we go, homeward bound.

We must not forget to tell of the nice race we had with the steam barge "Reitz," and how Ralph shouted when we came out ahead; nor about Ralph's getting hungry, and going down into the cabin, and making friends with the cook, and coming up with his pockets full of crackers and cookies, which were so much better than any he ever ate before.

Don't you think just as we do, that we had a jolly time? Ralph says he should like to live on board the tug; but I think he would want to come home every night.



TIT, TAT, TOE!

TIT, tat, toe!

Three in a row!

The heavy schoolroom clock strikes loud and slow.

“Now every little one

May go and take his fun,”

The gentle teacher cries, “for the school is done.”

Tit, tat, toe!

All in a row!

Out through the open door the merry children go,

Leaving only three,

Sad as sad can be,—

Wretched little culprits with their Spellers, as you see!

Tit, tat, toe!
Three in a row! —
Billy Bumble, Benny Bell, and little Kitty Coe.
Little Kitty sighs;
Little Benny cries;
And little Billy Bumble pokes his fingers in his eyes.

Tit, tat, toe!
Three in a row!
That's the game they played upon their slate, you know :
The O's were made by Kate;
The crosses, by her mate;
While Billy kept the tally at the bottom of the slate.

When their class was heard,
They couldn't spell a word :
They put an "i" in burly, and they put a "u" in bird!
So, according to the rule,
They must study after school,
Or by and by they'll have to sit upon the dunce's stool.

Tit, tat, toe!
Three in a row!
The teacher's pencil taps on the desk broad and low.
"Now come," she says, "and spell;
I'm sure you'll do it well;
By the brightening of your faces, I readily can tell."

Tit, tat, toe!
Three in a row!
Straight to the teacher's desk the willing children go :
They say their lesson o'er,
Not missing as before,
Then fly away, determined to be idle never more.

Tit, tat, toe!
Three in a row!
Is a fascinating pastime the little people know;
But oh! it never pays
To walk in folly's ways;
For pleasure quickly passes, while pain much longer stays.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

THE KEEPER PUNISHED.

ELEPHANTS, when kindly treated, become very much attached to their keepers, and will obey their orders as readily as good children obey their parents.

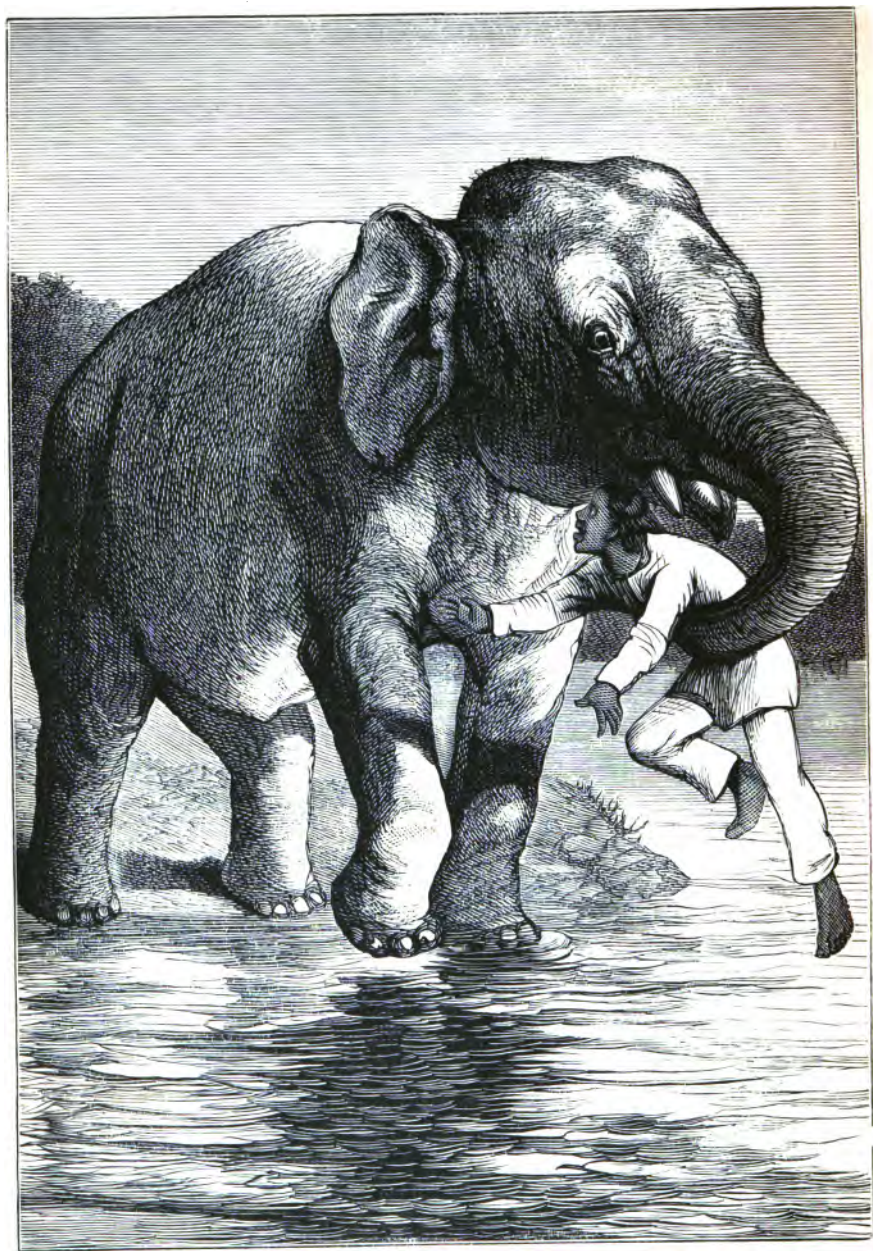
But sometimes the keepers are cruel men, and, instead of managing the elephants by kindness, will goad them, and treat them badly.

One day a new keeper was set over an elephant named Tippoo, that had been accustomed to good treatment. This new keeper, if he had been wise, would have won the elephant's love by kindness.

Instead of that, the man kept thrusting his goad at the elephant, and hurting him without any good cause. Tippoo bore it patiently for some time; but at last, with his great trunk seizing his tormentor, he ran with him down to the river that was near by.

Here, after ducking the man several times in the water, he laid him down gently on the dry ground, as much as to say, "Now, sir, behave yourself, and treat me like a gentleman, or I will give you a worse ducking than that."

Finding that Tippoo was not to be trifled with, the man began to treat him well, and the elephant soon forgave him, and at last grew quite fond of him. Love wins love.



THE KEEPER PUNISHED.

NEDDY'S SAND-BANK.

ON lovely summer afternoons, when the sky is blue, and the sea bluer, I take my books or work, and go out to sit under a great oak-tree that stands at the top of a sand-bank, which slopes gently down to a broad, white, beach.

This sand-bank is a wonderful place for the children. Every fine day Neddy takes his box of playthings, and marches off to the sand-bank ; and I think, as I kiss his dear rosy cheeks, what a nice, clean boy he is in his linen blouse, broad-brimmed hat with blue ribbons, white stockings, and neat buttoned boots.



He returns after a few hours, looking like a little savage.

“Just fit to go into the wash-tub,” Dinah says ; and she is right.

What do they play on the sand-bank ? I will tell you what they did yesterday, while I sat under the oak-tree and worked, and listened to their prattle.

“Let’s build cities to-day,” said Tommy Abbott. “Oh, yes!” said Jamie Newton. “I will build Boston,” chimed in Neddy : “I don’t know much about other places.” After each had selected a city to build, they were silent for some time.

But by and by Neddy looked up, and called to me, "Oh, do come down here, mamma, and see my Boston!" So I climbed down the bank to visit his city. He had scooped a hole in the sand, lined it with clay, filled it with sea-water, and stocked it with his shining tin fish. Of course I knew at once that this was the pond on Boston Common.



Jamie Newton, who studies geography, and knows all about great cities everywhere, made a model Philadelphia, with its long, wide streets. Jamie's streets were so clean, and so beautifully shaded with sprigs of evergreen, that Mary Whitman said her grandest doll, Arabella Rosetta, should take a nice ride through them. So Rosetta was set

up in her carriage, and one tucked the crimson afghan about her dainty feet, while another opened her *very best* sky-blue parasol, (for Rosetta is particular about her complexion), and Mary put on her hat with the blue plumes, and pink roses, smoothed down her flounces, and said, "Be a good girl, Rosy. Don't stay out after dark, for the dew will spoil your clothes."



By and by it grew late. The sun sank down into the sea; while the moon, broad and full, rose from behind the hill; and I said, "Come, Neddy, we must run home to tea."

But Tommy Abbott, who had built a most wonderful Chicago, begged for a match to burn his city with. So the children gathered a heap of sticks and dry leaves; and Tommy set fire to the pile, and up and away flamed the beautiful city. Then we all went up to the hotel together,

and very soon tea was ready ; and it was a wonderful thing to see how the children disposed of bread and milk, baked sweet apples, and gingerbread.

After we went up to our room, I wrote this story, and read it to Neddy. How his eyes sparkled with delight ! “ It’s just as true as I live, every word of it,” he said as I finished.



“ But, mamma, you forgot little Rose Ellsworth’s town. She made a real hill, and covered it with grass, and dotted it all over with violets ; and Daisy lent her a cow from her ‘ Noah’s Ark ; ’ and we made it stand up under a tree, and, if it had only whisked its tail, it would have looked almost alive.

“ I think, mamma,” he continued, “ that Rose is the nicest little girl here. I’ve painted her picture in my album.”

So I was not surprised, while looking over Neddy's pictures, to see that he had wasted a great deal of paint in trying to display Rose's pink cheeks and lovely golden hair. He had painted her cheeks redder than the reddest cherries you ever saw.

S. B. T.



SURF-BATHING AT CONEY ISLAND.

CONEY ISLAND, about eight miles from the city of New York, is four and a half miles long and about half a mile in width. It is quite a resort in summer for those who want to breathe the briny air of the ocean.

Charles and Laura had long been promised a visit to this famous bathing-place, and one warm day in June their father drove them down to the island; for there is a bridge connecting it with the main land.

As they drove along the beach, they saw the bathers in

the water, and Charles was very desirous of having a dip in the salt sea himself; but he had no bathing-dress, and so he had to give it up.

It is very pleasant on a fine day in summer to stand on the beach, and watch the waves as they come foaming up. The children were much entertained at seeing a Newfoundland dog rush into the water after a stick which his master would throw far out.

They will long remember their pleasant visit to Coney Island; but the next time they go, they mean to take their bathing-dresses and have a swim.

F. H. W.



A FUNNY FACT.

TADDY POLE and Polly Wogg
Lived together in a bog:
Here you see the very pool
Where they went to swimming-school.



By and by (it's true, but strange)
 O'er them came a wondrous change:
 Here you have them on a log,
 Each a most decided frog.

M. A. C.



AN EXCITING SCENE.

EARLY last spring, Mistress Jenny Wren took possession of the little box nailed to a tree immediately in front of Mr. Philip's house. She had not really moved in, when who should peep in but Mr. English-Sparrow.

He was abroad house hunting, and never mistrusted that any one had got this house before him. He was thinking how well it would suit himself and mate, when *whir-r-r-r!* *whir-r-r-r!* up came Mrs. Jenny; and before he could offer a word of excuse, she began with, "Fie, fie! I took you for a gentleman! What business have you here?"

"My dear madam," began Mr. Sparrow; but Jenny would not hear him. "Out, out with you, you saucebox, you interloper!" she screamed; and she dashed at him and pecked him till he beat a speedy retreat.

The next day, however, he came round again; whether to express his regrets in due form, or to buy her off, I cannot say; but Mrs. Jenny was unwilling to accept anything but the most humble apology.

One look convinced her that he didn't want her pardon, but her house; and out she flew at his very eyes, and on she chased as far as Mr. Philip, who was sitting at the window, could see. But Mr. Sparrow was seen no more.

I knew Jenny Wren was spirited; but I should hardly have thought that of her; should you!

MR. PERIWINKLE.



"MAKE A PIE."

THE summer before our Mary was two years old, she and her brother used to make pies in the sand, cutting them out with the cover of a little tin pail, always using water to mix them, if they could obtain it.

About this time, Bertie was learning, —

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, and the pleasant land."

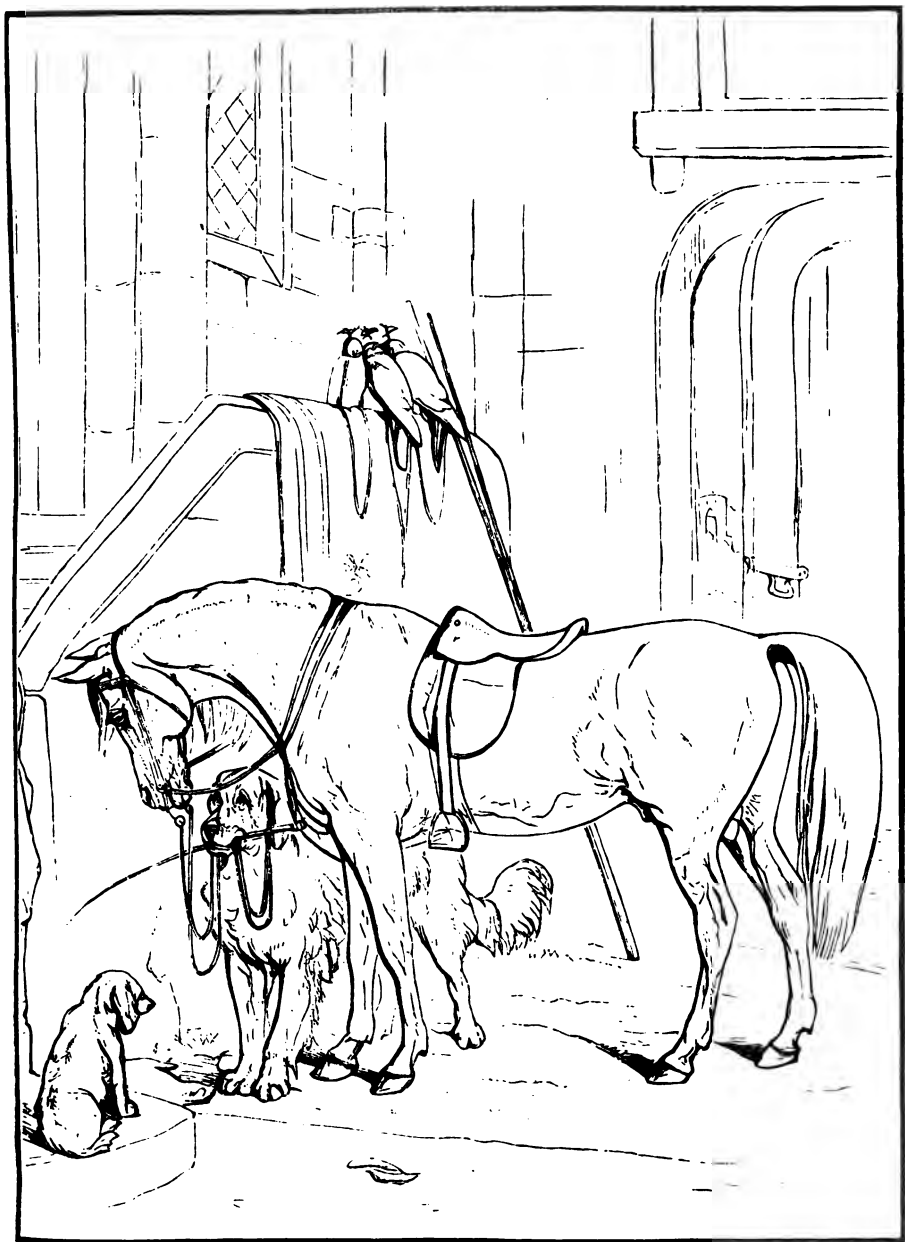
One day, Mary thought she would say it with him, so she began, —

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make a pie."

"Make the mighty ocean, Mary," said her brother.

"No, *make a pie*," said Mary; and she could not be induced to say it right till months afterwards.

MARY'S MAMMA.



From SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's painting. In outline by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.
VOL. XVIII. — NO. 1.

A BIG DOG.

I AM a big dog, and my name is Bouncer. I want to tell you, little boys and girls, how I spend my time all the day long. In the morning I am always the first one awake: I take a walk around the house, and see if every thing is right; then, perhaps, I am let into the house. I look from one to another to see if all the family are at home; and I am much pleased when somebody has a good word for me, or when I get a pull from the baby's hand.

For breakfast, the kitten and I have the leavings from the table; but there never is half enough for both of us: so I let her clean out the platter, while I run to see my master off. When I get as far as the gate, he says, "Go back!" I sit down and watch him till he is out of sight.

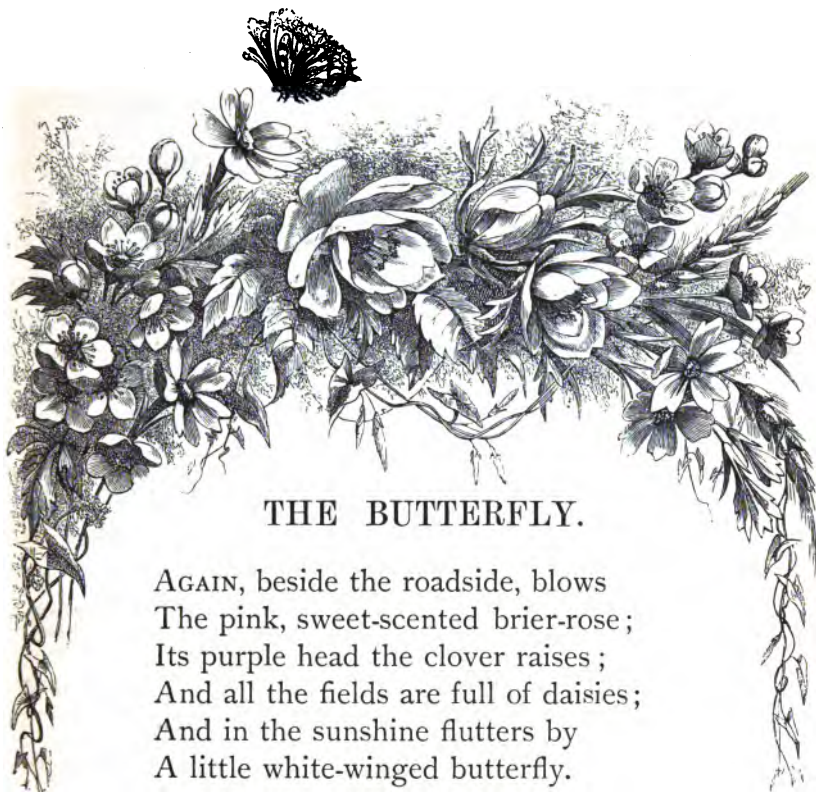
Then there comes the milkman. I know him well; for he comes every morning and fills the can, and I watch it until it is taken in. Perhaps, when the door is open, a bone is thrown out to me. I hide it, quickly; for I see another dog coming. He is a friend of mine. He comes quite often to see me. We take a run around the house, and have a quiet talk together; then he takes himself off.

By that time I hear a team coming. I run to see if it is coming to the house. It is a man with a load of coal. I lie down and watch him. Perhaps I take a nap; but I sleep with one eye open; and if it is warm, and the flies trouble me, I have to switch my tail to keep them off.

Toward night, I station myself at the gate to watch for my master. I run to meet him. He pats me on the head, and says, "Good Bouncer!" I jump up and wag my tail, and try to let him know how glad I am to see him.

I hope you will be pleased with these extracts from the diary of

BOUNCER.



THE BUTTERFLY.

AGAIN, beside the roadside, blows
The pink, sweet-scented brier-rose ;
Its purple head the clover raises ;
And all the fields are full of daisies ;
And in the sunshine flutters by
A little white-winged butterfly.

From flower to flower I watch him go ;
He seems a floating flake of snow :
Now to a milkweed bloom he's clinging ;
There on a buttercup he's swinging ;
And now he makes a little stop
Upon a scented thistle-top.

Could we change places, he and I,
And I should turn a butterfly,
How gayly, then, I'd hover over
The elder-flowers and tufts of clover !
I'd feast on honey all the day,
With nobody to say me nay.

But, could I only honey eat,
'Twould grow as tiresome as sweet :
The pretty flowers would quickly wither ;
And, all day flying hither, thither,
My wings would ache : I'm glad that I
Am not that little butterfly.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



THE YOUNG CRITIC.

ERNEST is five years old ; and for three years he has been a subscriber to "The Nursery," the pictures in which he has enjoyed very much.

Last autumn, his parents took him with them to France. In the great city of Paris, they had rooms in a boarding-house, where they made the acquaintance of a young American painter, who had a studio in the building.

Ernest was such a quiet little fellow, and was so fond of pictures, that Mr. Norton, the artist, was always glad to see him in his studio ; for Ernest did not trouble him, but would stand looking at the pictures for a quarter of an hour at a time.

One day, as he stood admiring a painting in which some horses were represented, he noticed a fault ; for Ernest was a judge of horses : he was himself the owner of one — made of wood. "Look here, Mr. Norton," said he, "isn't one of the hind-legs of this horse longer than the other ?"

Mr. Norton left his easel, and came and told Ernest to point out in the painting what fault he meant. The little fellow did so ; and the painter exclaimed, "Why, you little chip of a critic, you are right as sure as I'm alive ! We must make a painter of you."



Ernest is not quite old enough yet to decide whether he will make a painter or a confectioner. The sight of the beautiful candies and cakes which he has seen in some of the shops, inclines him to the belief that a confectioner's lot is the more enviable one. He thinks it must be a charming occupation to make molasses-candy, and be able to eat as much as he wants. He must live and learn.

PLAYING HORSE.

AMONG Ellen's playthings, there is none that pleases her more than the bright worsted reins which her aunt bought for her at the May fair.

"Reins!—what does a girl do with reins?" I think I hear somebody ask. Why, she plays horse with them, to be sure. She has a brother Charles. He is the horse sometimes; and sometimes he is the driver, and Ellen is the horse. Either way, it is good fun.

One fine June day, her elder brother, Ned, took part in the play. He said there should be a span of horses. He and



Charles would be the span, and Ellen should drive. "No," said Ellen, "I would rather be one of the horses."

So Nelly and Ned were harnessed together, and Charley took the reins. "Get up!" said he, and away they went. As

they crossed the lawn, they passed a lawn-mower, and the horse Ned shied badly. If he had not had such a steady horse as Nell by his side, there might have been an accident.

As it was, Charles held him in with a tight rein, and the two horses came trotting back to the starting-point at full speed. If Charles had had a watch to time them by, I think he would have found that they made a mile in less than three minutes.

A. B. C.





JACK.

JACK was not a handsome dog. His best friends could not call him a beauty; but, as he was a very wise, good dog, we were all very fond of him.

One afternoon, some of the younger members of the family were sitting on the piazza, waiting for papa, who was expected home on the five-o'clock train. Jack was lying beside them.

At last, the whistle sounded in the distance; and the little four-year-old "flower of the family" said, "Run, Jack, to meet papa at the station." Jack looked up, listened intently for a moment, and then lay down again with a sigh of disappointment.

"Oh, what a lazy fellow!" said six-year-old Annie. "If mamma would only trust us to go to the station, we would

not wait, or play sleepy." But the train passed on, and papa had not come.

In a little while, another whistle sounded; and this time, without a word of command, Jack sprang off the steps, dashed down the street, and returned in a few moments, escorting his master.

How did Jack know that the time-table had been changed that day, and a freight-train had taken the place of his master's train?

Another time, an uncle, who was visiting the family, had occasion to stay in town until the last train. Jack refused to be shut up, and, at eleven o'clock at night, went in the dark to the station, and escorted our guest up to the house.

How did he know what train to meet? and what instinct impelled him to do his part towards keeping up the courtesy of the family?

A.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.



A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

HERE we are in Santa Cruz, in a hotel right on the beach. We had such a lovely stage-ride over the mountains, and enjoyed the mountain air so much, that I was almost sorry when we arrived. I wish you could see the great *madroña*-trees on the mountains with their dark-red wood and beautiful green leaves. I do not believe you have any Eastern trees so beautiful.

On the top of the Santa Cruz mountains, where we stopped to water the horses, there is a little house, and while we waited there, out from the house came a man whose face was all scarred and seamed. After we drove away, the stage-driver told us that the man was a hunter, known as "Mountain Charley," and that his scars were made by a grizzly-bear.

Well, we have now been at Santa Cruz a week, and I have had a good time. Every morning we go in bathing. It is a funny sight to see everybody racing down into the waves, and catching hold of a big rope that is stretched from the shore a good distance into the water. The undertow here is so strong, that it is not safe to venture away from the rope.

Yesterday we all went to Moore's Beach to have a "clam-bake." We rode in a big wagon; and the first thing we did, when we got to the beach, was to pull off our shoes and stockings, and wade in the water. Papa and Uncle John dug the clams; while the rest of us ran about hunting for sea-urchins and shells.

As soon as the clams were boiled, we sat down on the beach, and unpacked the lunch-baskets. Oh, how hungry we were! and how good every thing tasted.

There was one lady in the party, who sat up high on the rocks, with her kid gloves on, and her sunshade over her, while the rest of us were running about with bare feet, and skirts tucked up. But at lunch-time she came down from her high place, and I saw her eating clams with as good a relish as any of us.

Next week we are going to Pescadero, and, perhaps, I will write to you again from there.

DAISY.





THE PARROT WHO PLAYED THE MASTER.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

THE master of the house had gone out on business. As he shut the door, the parrot, whose place was on a perch in the room, thought to himself, "Hi! Now I am master in this house, and I'll let people know it."

He thereupon threw his head proudly on one side, and spread himself in a very pompous manner; then, as he had seen his master do, broke the finest rose from the bush, and put the stem in his bill; then looked at his gay-colored coat in the glass, and felt as grand as a born nobleman.

Near by, on the rug, two dogs, Ami and Finette, lay asleep. They were well-trained, obedient dogs, clean-limbed and civil, expert in many clever tricks, but not quite a match for the parrot in cleverness and cunning.

As soon as the latter spied them, he cried out, imitating his master's tones, "Finette, attention! Ami, make ready!" Whereupon Ami stood up on his hind-legs, straight as a sentinel; while Finette hurried up, expecting to have something thrown for him to bring back.

There stood and stood the poor simpletons, steadfastly looking up, while Master Poll cried sternly all the while, "Ami, make ready! Finette, attention!" Finette became almost wild with eagerness; and poor Ami could hardly stand on his hind-legs any longer.

At last the master came home, and put an end to the torture of the poor dogs.

The moral of my story is this: whenever a simpleton puts on airs and plays the master, there are always other simpletons ready to obey his commands.

VICTOR BLUTHGEN.





CATSKILL-MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

My little friend Mabel is passing the summer amid the Catskill Mountains. These mountains are in the State of New York, on the west side of the Hudson River.

Round Top and High Peak, two of the highest summits, are about thirty-eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. They are well covered with forests, and in autumn, when the leaves begin to change, they make a very brilliant show. •

The Catskill-Mountain House is finely situated on a rocky terrace, twenty-two hundred feet above the river. It is twelve miles from the village of Catskill, and is much resorted to in the summer season.

The prospect from this house is quite extensive. Mabel writes me that the view of the sunrise is grand; the air is cool and bracing; and the sight of the tops of trees rolling below, like a sea, for miles and miles, is a thing to remember.



SLEEPING IN THE SUNSHINE.

Words by MATTHIAS BARR.

Music by ROBERT MILLA.

Allegretto.

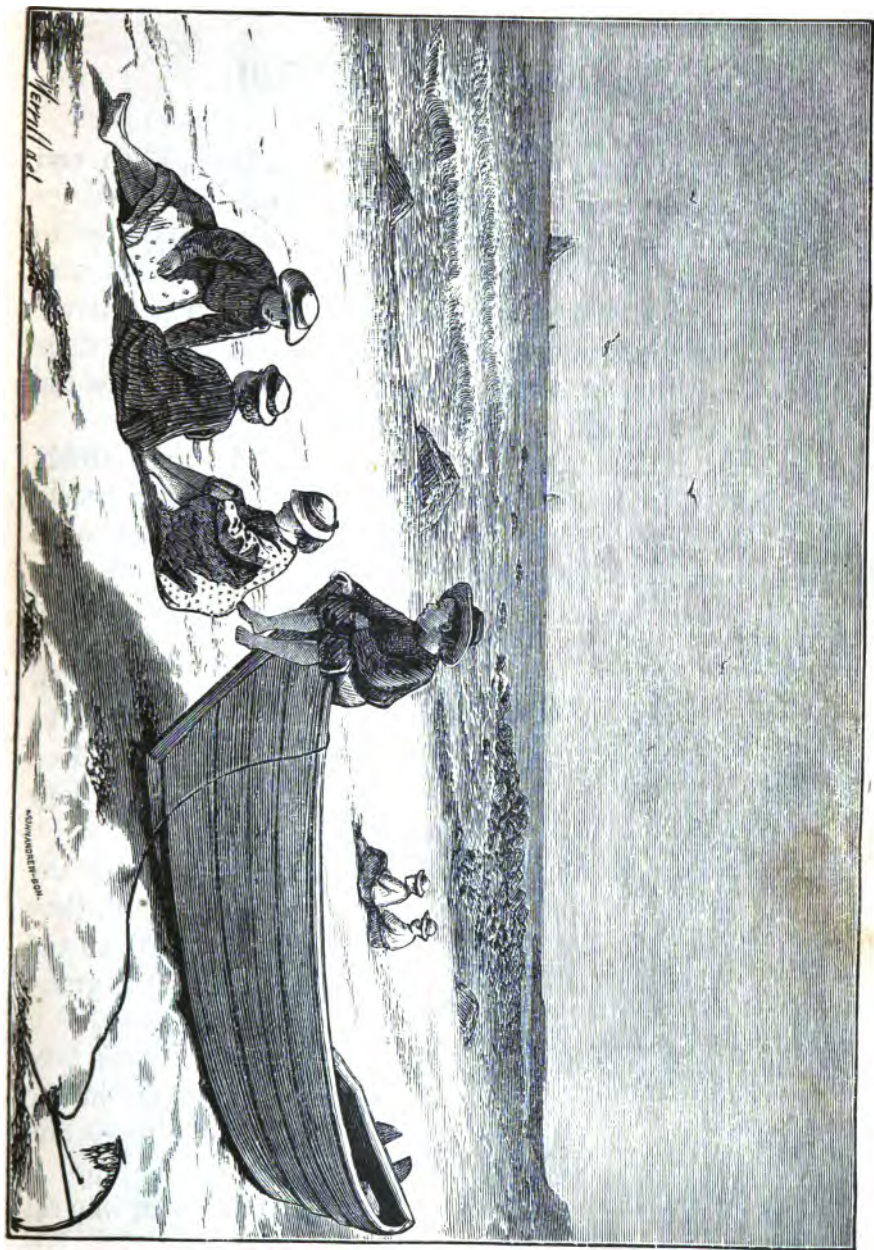
VOICE.

1. Sleeping in the sunshine, Fie, fie, fie! While the birds are
 2. Sleeping in the sunshine, Fie, fie, fie! While the bee goes

PIANO.

soar - ing, High, high, high! While the buds are op' - ning sweet
 humming, By, by, by! Is there no small task for you, -

And the blossoms at your feet, Look a smil - ing face to greet. Fie, fie, fie!
 Nought for lit - tle hands to do; Shame to sleep the morning through! Fie, fie, fie!



A SEASHORE SKETCH.



T was a fine July day when Harold, Lucy, Ellen, and Edwin with their parents arrived at a little cottage on the coast of Massachusetts, where they were to spend the summer. They had come all the way from their home in Iowa. The children had never before seen the ocean; and nothing could exceed their delight when they stood at the cottage-door, and saw the broad Atlantic stretching out before them.

"The sea, the sea, the open, open sea!" shouted Harold; and down he rushed at once to the smooth white beach. Lucy and Ellen followed him; and little Edwin, not to be outdone, toddled along after them. On they went till they stood all together at the very edge of the water, and stopped to take a long breath of the pure salt air.

It was a quiet, retired place. Two boys were seated on the sand, watching the waves. Not another soul was to be seen in the whole length of the beach. So the children were under no restraint. They were as free as the very sea-gulls that were wheeling in the air before them.

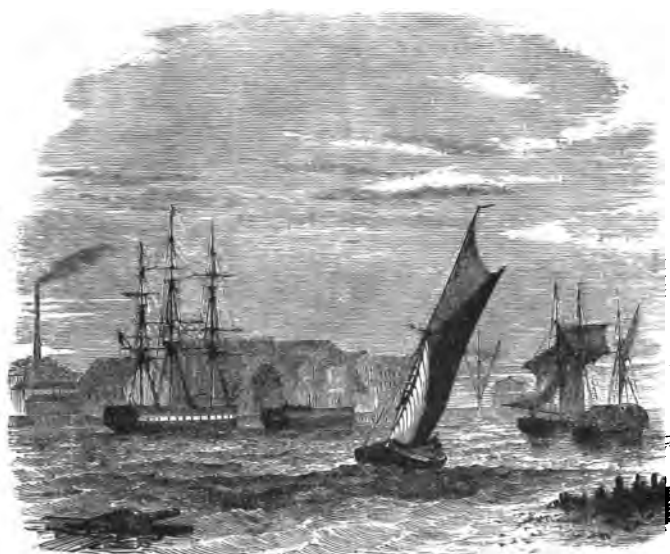
They ran about, they sang, they flung stones into the water, they picked up shells, they pulled the seaweed, they dug wells in the sand; and by and by they got into an old boat that lay high and dry on the beach, and had a grand time making believe that they were far out at sea.

All of a sudden, Lucy proposed a new sport. "Let's take off our shoes and stockings," she said, "and wade in the ocean." This was agreed to: so they left their shoes and stockings in the boat, and walked into the water until it came almost up to their knees, — all except Edwin, who sat on the sand as a spectator.

Pretty soon they all came back to the place where the little boy was seated. Lucy flung herself down beside him, and devoted herself to his entertainment. Ellen buried her bare feet in the sand ; and Edwin took a seat on the bow of the old boat, with his legs dangling over the side. The truth is, they were all so tired, that they were glad to sit still for a while.

Now, while they were all in this position, there happened to be a gentleman looking out of the cottage-window, who was an artist. He saw the group of children, with the sea in the distance, and said to himself, "That would make a pretty picture for 'The Nursery.' " So he took pencil and paper, and made a sketch ; and here we give you the very picture that he sent us.

UNCLE SAM.



THE DOCKYARD, WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.



TONY'S MISCHIEF.

OH, what will the little girl, Gold-Locks, do?
Tony has stolen her shoe!
When she creeps from her cosey nest,
With a sleepy, sleepy yawn,
And is lazily getting dressed,
She will find that the shoe is gone;
And then, and then,
She will laugh right out, with a merry shout,
"Tony has done it again!"

And this does the little girl, Gold-Locks, do
To Tony for stealing her shoe:
With but one little stocking on,
And one little untied boot,
And with one little stocking off,
And one little white bare foot,
She hurries out,
And, full of the fun, away both run,
Until they are tired out.



A PROFOUND SECRET.

“I WILL tell you something, if you will not tell ; for it is a profound secret,” said little Nelly Drew to Ruth Barton.

“What is it, Nelly ?” said Ruth. “I will promise not to tell.”

“Well, then, you know the old sparrow’s nest in the corner of our pasture ?”

"Yes, yes, I know," replied Ruth. "There were four beautiful little sparrow's eggs in it yesterday."

"There are only three in it to-day," said Nelly solemnly.

"Why, who has been robbing the poor little bird?"

"Ned Brattle took the egg. I saw him take it; and I told him, if he did not put it back, I would tell his mother. He ran to put it back, but stumbled, and broke it."

"Well, then, he hasn't put it back," said Ruth, "and you can tell his mother without breaking your promise."

"But would that be honorable, when he meant to put it back?" asked Nelly.

"Perhaps not," said Ruth: "but it's a dreadful thing to rob a bird's nest; and I'm afraid Ned Brattle will come to a bad end."

"Oh, I think not!" cried Nelly. "He's a pretty good boy; for, when I told him how cruel and wicked it was to rob a bird's nest, the tears came to his eyes, and he said he would not do it again."

"Then he is not so bad a boy as I thought," concluded Ruth.

DORA BURNSIDE.



ABOUT BIRDS.

BIRDS are, in some respects, alike: they all have two feet, two wings, a horny beak, and a body covered with feathers. The feathers fall off at a certain season of the year; but others grow again very soon: in this way they get a new suit every year. This is called the *moulting* of birds.

Many birds change their place of residence at certain seasons, and are therefore called "birds of passage." It is remarkable, that, after a long absence, they can always find their old nests again.



TURTLE DOVE.

Many birds lead a wandering life, and remain in one place only so long as they find a plenty of food ; as, the wild pigeon, the heron, wild geese, and wild ducks.

Others fly from the approach of winter, and come back in the earliest days of spring ; as, the sparrow, the bluebird, the robin, and the blackbird.

Most birds perform these journeys at night ; as, the owl, the kingfisher, and the thrush : others, only during the day ; as, crows and swallows. Cranes and swans, on the contrary, continue their journey both day and night.

Birds have no teeth, but are obliged either to tear their food to pieces with their beaks, or to swallow it whole. In those birds who live on seeds, and swallow them whole, the food does not pass at once into the stomach, but remains

a while in the crop, where it is softened. Many birds swallow sand and little pebbles to help the digestion of their food.

The sense of sight is very acute in birds. The hen perceives a hawk at a distance at which no human eye could observe it; and the little insect-catchers see the smallest insects that move on the highest branches of the trees. Owls can see best in twilight.

The care and skill with which birds build their nests are wonderful. The number of eggs laid for hatching by different kinds of birds is various. Many water-birds lay only



KINGFISHER.

one egg; most pigeons, two; ravens, four; partridges, about fourteen; while the hens of our barnyards will lay more than fifty, provided they are well fed, and the eggs are taken away by degrees.

Many birds live to a great age. The eagle, the pelican, and the parrot have been known to reach the age of one hundred years; swans, two hundred years. Canary-birds and pigeons often live more than twenty years.



THE HORSE THAT BEFRIENDED A DOG.

I LIKE true stories about animals, and here is one. Mr. Weir has drawn this picture, representing it faithfully. It seems that in London, some months ago, a poor dog, having been pelted with sticks and stones by cruel boys until his flesh was bruised and his leg fractured, limped into a stable.

In one of the stalls was an intelligent young horse: he

seemed touched by the distress of the dog, and looking down inspected the broken leg. Then, with his fore feet, he pushed some straw into á corner of the stall, and made a bed for the dog.

The dog lay down there and slept all night, and the horse took good care not to hurt him. When some bran mash, which formed part of his food, was brought to the horse, he gently caught the dog by the neck, and with his teeth lifted him into the trough, as much as to say: "There, help yourself! Eat as much as you want."

For weeks the two friends fed together, and the invalid grew strong. At night the horse arranged a soft bed for the dog, and encircled him with one of his fore feet, showing the utmost carefulness. Such kindness might well be copied by the human race.

UNCLE CHARLES.



A LETTER FROM COLORADO.

WILL you please let a little boy send a letter to "The Nursery"? I want to tell the other little boys about the fun we have here when a wind-storm comes.

At such times, the sun shines pleasantly; but the sand rattles against the windows like hail, and, unless the house is very tightly built, it sifts in at every crack. Sometimes the storm lasts two or three days.

When we get tired of staying in the house, we go out of doors, and have a chase after the old, dry tumble-weeds that are driven before the wind. The dirt flies in great clouds, and we are often blown backwards, if we try to run against the wind; but we don't mind that, for the wind helps us when we are running the other way.



After a while, we are obliged to go into the house, or some sheltered place, and wipe the sand from our eyes, noses, ears, and lips.

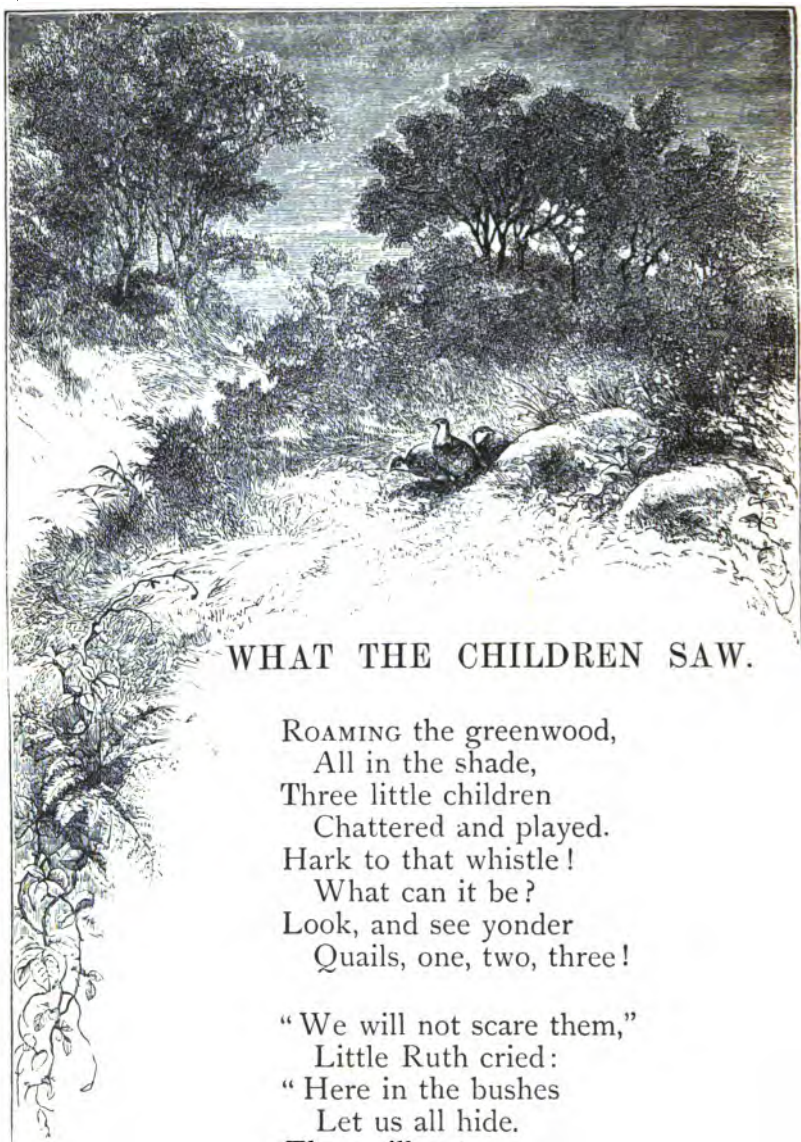
The tumble-weeds dance along as if they were alive ; and sometimes they frighten horses and mules. One day, when my sisters and I were each chasing one, a big boy, with red hair, came along and helped us. I don't know his name ; but we liked him, and I think red hair is pretty.

None of the boys around here have such a nice ball as mine. It is solid rubber. You remember the little boy who asked Santa Claus for a team of goats, in "The Nursery" ? It was he who sent me my ball, all the way from New York, because I wrote, and told him I hoped he would get the goats. He is just my age, — six years.

If we didn't live so very far from the North Pole, I should ask Santa Claus to bring me a donkey.

RALPH ARMSTRONG.

GREELEY COLORADO, Nov. 1874.



WHAT THE CHILDREN SAW.

ROAMING the greenwood,
All in the shade,
Three little children
Chattered and played.
Hark to that whistle!
What can it be?
Look, and see yonder
Quails, one, two, three!

"We will not scare them,"
Little Ruth cried:
"Here in the bushes
Let us all hide.
They will not see us,
If we are still:
Birdies, we promise
We'll do you no ill."

So the dear children
Hid from the birds;
Checked every movement,
Whispered their words.
Look through the greenwood
Under each tree;
Where they are hidden,
Say if you see.

IDA FAY.

THE PET OF THE SHIP.

PART I.

I SUPPOSE all the readers of "The Nursery" know well enough that sailors are full-grown men, and that the sailor-boys we hear so much about are generally pretty large boys; but, for all that, sailors are very much like children in a great many respects, as any one who has seen much of them will tell you.

As they are under pretty strict rules on board ship, these children of the ocean are often apt to get into sad scrapes when left to themselves on shore. They are also a little rough to one another sometimes; but they are generous and kind-hearted; and their fondness for pets is so great, that no one need pity any bird or animal that goes to sea under their protection.

Dogs, cats, and monkeys find in Jack a kind friend. The bear and raccoon are great favorites of his; and even the pig has been adopted by him as a pet, and humored in all his ridiculous whims and fancies.

But, before I go any farther, I must tell you that I learned the following stories by hearing them repeatedly told to my two little girls by a great friend of theirs, who is in the



navy ; and, as he has always assured them that every word was the truth, I thought I would send them to "The Nursery," as I am sure that many, if not all, of you would enjoy them.

I think I will begin by telling about a pet pig, as I know you are all curious to know what qualities a pig can have that could make sailors like him, beyond the promise that he seemed to hold out of providing them, some day, with a fine dinner.

When the man-of-war "Vanderbilt" was on her way to San Francisco with the monitor "Monadnock," in the year 1866, she had on board a number of little pigs, destined to be eaten at different times during the voyage ; but one little black-and-white fellow, that had always been permitted to run about the decks, became such a favorite with the sailors, that he was allowed to live to please them. They named

him Dennis, and spared no pains to make him the most accomplished pig of the age.

In return, he afforded them a vast amount of fun and amusement. He would run races with them, making frantic exertions to win. Sometimes he would dodge into a dark corner, whereupon the sailors would pretend to approach with the greatest caution; when, all at once, he would dash out, and away they would run as if in great alarm.

Such confusion as would ensue you can't imagine; for Dennis would charge right in among their feet; and some would go tumbling over, others over them, and so on, pell mell, until suddenly Dennis would disappear again. He was always ready for sport; and I think it was his active life that kept him from growing fat and unwieldy.

You have, no doubt, all been amused at seeing a dog, with a stick in his mouth, trying to persuade some one to take hold of it, and have a pull for the ownership; but to see Dennis, with a piece of rope, trying to get up a similar game, must have been fun indeed. At least, the sailors thought so; and, in fact, any thing that Dennis did was declared by them to be either comical or wonderful.



So it may well be said, that, if Dennis was not one of the smartest pigs that ever lived, he was certainly one of the most fortunate. Three hundred sailors were his firm friends and admirers. Pig though he was, his back was scratched until he was satisfied.

The call to dinner for the crew was the only one that he felt himself bound to obey; and even that he must have



thought was intended expressly for him, as he would run from group to group in the most lordly manner, getting the best of every thing and thanking nobody.

But, fond as he was of good things to eat, there came a time when he thought a good bath was better than a fine dinner; and that was when the ship

entered the tropics. What are the tropics? perhaps some of you will ask.

Well, if you look on a globe, you will see two parallels of latitude — one north and the other south of the equator, — called the tropic of Cancer and the tropic of Capricorn. The region contained in the belt or zone that encircles the globe between these two lines, is called the torrid zone; and when we pass into it we pass within the tropics, or, as it is commonly said, we “enter the tropics.”

Now, you will not learn from this, and I shall not try to tell, you exactly why the two lines above-named are drawn just where they are; but you will understand that “the tropics,” when spoken of in this way, mean precisely the same thing as the torrid zone.

“Torrid” means hot: so you will easily guess that when we enter the tropics, we get into a warm climate. Why it is so warm there, you must ask your friends to explain to you; and in the next number I will tell you what Dennis did to make life endurable in those latitudes.

C. E. C.



From SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S painting. In outline by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.
VOL. XVIII. — NO. 2.

CANDY MAKES THE LAUGH COME.

"LET us all tell something," said May ; "and the one who makes the others laugh the loudest shall have this pear. Cally, you are the oldest, so you must begin."

Cally screwed up her eyes a minute, and said, "Oh!" Then she began: "Once a Chinaman in California was bothered with grasshoppers on his melon-vines. He wanted some netting to cover them: so he took up a big green grasshopper in his fingers, and laid it on the counter, saying to the shopman, 'Too much hoppee: me no stoppee.' And he smiled very blandly, when the shopman began measuring off the netting."

This story was a failure. Nobody laughed. Cally said, "Well, Joe, what is your story?"

"Mine is about an Irishman," cried Joe. "He never saw a wasp till he came to this country. He caught one, and looked at him attentively, saying, 'Ye are a mighty spry little baste. Ye've got a mighty long body, and, by the powers, ye can bite too!' And that Irishman jerked his hand back as quick as lightning."

There was quite a hearty laugh at this. "Now, May," said Joe, "it's your turn."

Little May said, "The mosquitoes in Florida are so large, that a great many of them weigh a pound; and they sit up on the trees and bark, when people pass by."

"That's a tough story," said mamma. "Now, shall I take my turn?" "Yes," said May. "Well," said mamma, "I have a big cocoanut in the storeroom, and some sugar; and we will make a dish of cocoanut-candy this evening."

Oh, what a merry shout the children gave! All voted that mamma should have the prize. But I don't think she ought to have had it, for she cheated a little.

E. D.



THE SWANS AT LINCOLN PARK.

HERE is a pretty picture of swans swimming on a lake ; and it will serve very well as a heading to my story.

Lincoln Park is in the city of Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan. It is a beautiful place, containing hills and dales and lawns, and streams and lakes, all looking so natural, that one can hardly believe it when he is told that they are all the work of a landscape-gardener.

There was nothing but a dead level to work upon ; and

the hills and rocks and picturesque scenery had to be supplied. How was it done? Well, I suppose the gardener made a plan, in the first place, on a piece of paper.

Here he put in a hill, there a sloping lawn, there a river, there a lake, and so on; and, when he had got a picture to suit him, he made the surface of the ground conform to it. Then he laid out walks and drives, planted trees, and built bridges; and so at last we have this beautiful park.

On these Lincoln Park lakes, which are all connected by a river, there are plenty of beautiful white swans. One of these swans has for a friend an old gray gander. The two friends are always sailing about on the water together; and, if any one interferes with the swan, the gander flies into a rage at once.

One day we were driving in the park, when Clarence, our little boy, jumped out of the carriage to give the swans some crackers. Suddenly we heard him screaming, and back he came, running as hard as he could, with the old gander, hissing angrily, close behind him.

Clarence had been saucy enough to throw a cracker at the white swan, and the gander took it as an insult. He did not choose to have crackers thrown at his swan-wife: so he rushed out of the water and gave chase.

There is no knowing what might have happened to Clarence if he had been caught. He says he is more than a match for a gander; and certainly he beat the gander at running. Clarence thinks he will never go near the old fellow again.

MRS. L. A. WHITE.





A SOFT BED.

I WANT to tell you of a very pretty sight that Mary and I saw, the other day, when we were taking a walk about the farm.

In one corner of the field, close by the fence, there were

three fine looking sheep and three lambs, all resting quietly together. One of the lambs,—a cunning little fellow as white as snow,—was lying right on its mother's back.

While we stood looking at them, a wise old sheep in the adjoining field poked her head through the fence. We fancied that she meant to say, "How do you all do to-day, my friends?" and the old ram standing up, seemed to reply, "Very well, I thank you. How is the clover on your side of the fence?"

But the little white lamb slept quietly all the time. Mary said she hoped it would always have such a soft bed to rest upon.



TONG AND THE EGGS.

I AM going to tell a true story of a dog named Tong, owned by a friend of mine in Missouri.

Tong was very fond of eggs, and ate most too many: so, one morning, his master said to him, "Tong, I want you to understand, that, the next time I catch you eating an egg, I shall whip you." Tong hung his head, and looked as if he never would touch another egg.

Soon after, as my friend was at work near the barn, his

son called, "O pa, come here!" He went, and there was Tong eating a goose egg.

The dog looked so honest that my friend hadn't the heart to beat him. He walked away, saying to his son, "When I told Tong not to eat another egg, he knew, of course, that I meant a hen's egg. I didn't say any thing about a *goose egg*."

Tong seemed to see the point, and acted as though he had done a very smart thing. Shortly afterwards, an egg was missed from the turkey's nest. Tong was charged with the theft at once. "Now, Tong," said his master, "you have taken that egg: go right away and get it." Tong wagged his tail, started off to an elm-tree about six rods away, and began digging. My friend followed, and, as he reached the tree, out rolled the egg.

"Tong, you are a good dog," he said; "but you might as well eat hen's eggs as goose eggs, and turkey's eggs. Now, we will make a bargain: you shall have all the eggs that are laid in the nest that I now show you, provided you don't touch any others."

Tong wagged his tail in assent. After a while, it became evident that too many hens were laying in Tong's nest, and he was getting the best of the bargain. So his master said to him, "Tong, you are a very expensive dog. You should know better than to eat so many eggs, if they are in your nest; and, if you don't stop it, I shall have to give you away."

Tong looked sorry, and stood thinking what was best to be done now. Then he wagged his tail as if to say, "I'll make it all right," started for the cornfield, and soon came back with an egg in his mouth, which he laid carefully at his master's feet.

My friend patted him on the head, saying, "Now, you are

a good dog, and I can keep you, if you bring me a share of your eggs."

After this, whenever his master scolded him, he would start right off, bring an egg, and lay it at his feet for a "peace offering."

Some other time I may tell you more about Tong.

P. B. W.

FEEDING THE GOAT.

"MASTER GOAT, Master Goat,
I hope you are well.
What time may it be?
Master Goat, can you tell?"

"Nine o'clock, little man.
What have you to spare?
As hungry am I
As a boy, or a bear."

"Master Goat, Master Goat,
I believe what you say.
You're a lazy old rogue:
You do nothing all day."

"Put me out in the field,
Where the tender blades
grow;
Then see if I'm lazy;
Or idle, or slow."

"You never are slow
When there's eating to do.
Here, take, sir, your breakfast;
This grass is for you."



FRED. OLDENBERG.



A SCENE AT NAPLES.

NAPLES is a beautiful city on the west coast of Italy. It lies on the north side of a nearly semicircular bay, bounded on the east by the lofty Vesuvius, a famous mountain,

which, because it sends forth steam, gas, and lava, is called a *volcano*, — the word from Vulcan, the fabled god of fire.

Many strangers visit Naples to look at the fine scenery and the famous mountain. Walking along one of the principal streets by the sea, on a fine day in spring, I once witnessed a sight very much like that in the picture.

An old man was playing on a sort of bagpipe; and two little marionettes were before him, on a plank, on which he worked with his feet so as to make the puppets dance. If you will look closely, you will see that a string passes through their bodies, and keeps them from falling down.

The word "marionette" is French, and comes from Marion, a favorite name for a doll among French children; so that "marionette" literally means, "little doll Marion." One of the marionettes in the picture is dressed as a girl; the other, as a boy.

Children gather round these exhibitions in Naples; and many grown people turn aside to look at them. The old man, who is the exhibitor, will get a little money from the spectators; but I fear he will not get much.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

"WHAT church is this a picture of?" asked Arthur, as he sat on Uncle Oscar's knee.

"That, my dear Harry, is the old church at Stoke-Poges, a village in Bucks County, England, and the scene of a very famous poem, which I hope you will read one of these days."

"What poem is it? Why may I not read it now?" asked Arthur.



“It is called an ‘Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,’ and the author of it was Thomas Gray, who died a little more than a hundred years ago, in the year 1771. The reason why you may not read the poem now is because you are rather too young to understand it.”

“I think not, Uncle Oscar,” cried Arthur. “I can understand ‘Mary had a little lamb,’ and ‘Let dogs delight.’ Just try me on Mr. Gray’s piece.”

“Well, Arthur, I will repeat the first stanza : —

‘The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea ;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.’

Do you quite understand all that, Arthur ?”

“Not quite, Uncle Oscar. What’s a curfew ?”

"Ah! there's quite a story wrapped up in that word, Arthur," replied Uncle Oscar. "In England, many years ago, people had to cover up the fires in their houses at a certain hour in the evening; and the hour was made known by the ringing of a bell, which was called 'the curfew.'"

"But why was it called 'the curfew'?" asked Arthur.

"Well, Arthur," said Uncle Oscar, "*curfew* is made up of the two French words 'couvre, feu,' meaning 'cover, fire'; so that the 'curfew-bell' means simply the 'cover-fire bell.'"

"How do they make 'curfew' out of 'couvre-feu'?"

"Strike out the *o*, *v*, and *e* in the first word, and you have *cur-feu*. Is not that pretty near to the word *curfew*?"

"Yes, it sounds like it," said Arthur. "But who would ever have thought that *curfew* used to mean *cover fire*?"

"There are many curious stories wrapped up in single words," said Uncle Oscar; "and I hope you will be curious to find them out one of these days."

UNCLE OSCAR.



CAROLINE'S DEN.

THE old hollow tree, the huge hollow tree!
Oh, that is the place for the children and me!
For there we can find under cover a seat,
And a shelter that's cool from the sun and the heat.
Oh, follow me, follow, and see the nice hollow!

There sometimes we go, and read stories together;
And sometimes protection we find from the weather;
And once, when the wind struck us all in a hurry,
I cried, "Let us run to the tree! Do not worry!"
Oh, follow me, follow, and see the nice hollow!"



We went to pick berries, one Saturday noon,
My brother and I. 'Twas a fine day in June;
But clouds came with rain, and we had to be spry.
We ran to the hollow, and there we kept dry.

Oh, follow me, follow, and see the nice hollow!

The name that they give it is "Caroline's Den,"
For thither I steal all alone, now and then,
Away from the boys, with their frolic and riot,
When I want to be studious, thoughtful, or quiet.

Oh, follow me, follow, and see the nice hollow!



CATSKILL LANDING.

THIRTY-FOUR miles south from Albany, and on the west bank of the Hudson River, is the village of Catskill. Here you have a picture of it. It is a pleasant place; and only twelve miles from it is the Catskill-Mountain House, a famous summer resort, of which we gave a picture in a previous number.

The long pier which you see jutting out into the river is the place where we land from the steamboat to take the stage for the mountains. The railroad from New York to Albany runs along the east bank of the river, directly opposite Catskill, and there is a ferry connecting with it.

So we may have our choice between the railroad and steamboat in visiting the town; but, in the summer season, I prefer a trip on the river in the steamboat. The boats are famous for their speed and elegance; and nothing could be more delightful than to sit on deck, and look at the beautiful scenery on either side as we pass along.



MR. BULLFINCH.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

1. Mis - ter Bull - finch and his la - dy Live a ver - y qui - et
 2. In al - cove un - fre - quent - ed, And in ru - ral nook are
 3. Mis - ter Bull - finch and his la - dy Fly con - tent from tree to

PIANO.

life, In the cop - pice green and sha - dy, Far a - way from noise and strife.
 they, By love - ly prim - rose scent - ed, And breath of new - mown hay,
 tree, Through the orchards green and sha - dy, O'er the com - mon blithe and free.

All a - mong the sweet wild ros - es, And the in - ter - la - cing
 Where clear - est streams me - an - der Be - neath broad sum - mer
 And they war - ble forth a dit - ty, And ev - er - more re -

Calando.

flowers ; Where the woodland charm dis - clo - ses, And na - ture weaves her bowers.
 trees, And sum - mer mu - sic wanders, A - broad on ev' - ry breeze.
 peat A chirp of love and pit - y, So plain - tive, soft and sweet.



THE YOUNG ARCHITECT

THE YOUNG ARCHITECT.



WHEN Harry Barry was three years old, his father made him a present of a box of dominoes. Harry could not play the game; but he took the dominoes, and tried to build a tower with them.

The tower fell in ruins just as he was trying to lay on the crowning block. He was not discouraged: he tried again; and this time he succeeded. "Bravo, little fellow!" cried his father. "You will make an architect yet."

"What is an architect?" asked Harry.

"An architect," replied his father, "is one skilled in planning houses, churches, and all sorts of fine buildings."

"Well, I think I will be an architect," said Harry.

Summer came with its blooming, and winter came with its snowing; and Harry Barry all the while kept growing, growing, growing. His Christmas present from his father was a box of paints, brushes, and pencils, a piece of rubber, a pair of compasses, a ruler, and some drawing-paper.

Harry's first attempt was to draw a house. It was not a very successful picture. I think nearly all my little readers could draw quite as good a picture on their slates. But Harry rubbed it out, and tried again. Then he found a little book of lessons, and began to draw parallel lines, angles, circles, and cubes. His father taught him how, with the help of the pair of compasses, to draw a perfect circle.

The year passed away, and then another summer came with its blooming, and another winter came with its snowing; and Harry Barry all the while kept growing, growing, growing.

When he got to be eight years old, he could make quite a respectable drawing of a house. He could make plans of

the inside of a house, as well as of the outside. He would go with his father to see men building a house: he would watch them while they dug the cellar, and laid the foundation-walls. Then, after having watched the masons, he would learn what the carpenters did, what the plasterers did, what the plumbers did, and what the slaters did.

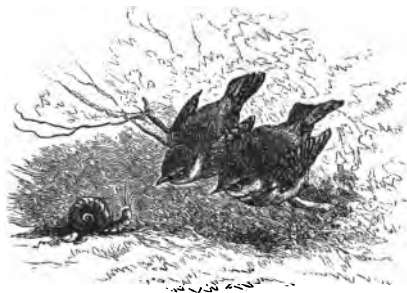
Five years more passed; and Harry was no longer little: and then still another summer came with its blooming, and still another winter came with its snowing; and all the while Harry Barry kept growing, growing, growing.

Ten years now passed by; and, at the end of that time, Harry was a man. He had been through college, had studied three years under the direction of one of the best architects in Germany, had planned a number of large, fine houses in New York, had put out a sign on which were painted the words, *Harry Barry, Architect*,—and had got married.

Since then, summer has gone by with its blooming, and winter has gone by with its snowing; and now there is a ~~was~~ little Harry Barry, who keeps growing, growing, growing.

When he is three years old, he will have a present of a box of dominoes.

ALFRED SELWYN.





THE DOLL'S TRAGEDY.

THERE was once a little doll, and her name was Rosa Grace ;
She had a pretty figure, and a very pretty face ;
But she used to lie about on the door-steps and the grass ;
And so it was, I grieve to say, this mischief came to pass.

TWO naughty pups, whose names were Snarleyow and Nat,
Were roaming round to see if they some mischief could be at,
When all at once they spied poor Rosa on the hay :
They seized her with their teeth, they pulled her every way.

THEY bit her little hands ; they tore her pretty hair ;
With dirty paws they soiled her dress that was so neat and fair :
Her little mother Jane ran out — ran out to get her child,
When she beheld a spectacle that almost drove her wild.

“ You naughty, naughty puppy-dogs : let Rosa go ! ” she said ;
Then took a stick, at sight of which the cowards quickly fled.
They fled, and left behind them there poor Rosa on the hay :
Jane took her up, and cried aloud, “ O woeful, woeful day ! ”

NOW, all ye little mothers who read this story true,
Take heed, and do not leave your dolls where puppies harm can do :
Learn wisdom from the fearful fate of little Rosa Grace,
And always leave your dollies dear in some safe, quiet place.



THE BAY MARE.

This is one of Landseer's pictures which was given in outline in the May number of "The Nursery." Children who are learning to draw will be interested in comparing the two, and seeing how the outline is filled out.

See how bright and intelligent the bay mare looks! She has been well treated, I think; and so she is not cross or unruly. She lets the blacksmith hammer away at her hoof, for she knows he does not mean to hurt her.

It is remarkable how animals will repay confidence with confidence, and love with love. I learned from the newspapers, the other day, that the famous horse Cruiser had died recently in Ohio, at a good old age.

This horse, when young, was very savage, and few could manage him. Perhaps his temper had been spoiled by the tricks played on him by ignorant stable-boys. At last he fell into the hands of Mr. Rarey, the famous horse-tamer, and he brought him to America. I remember seeing him at one of Mr. Rarey's exhibitions in Boston.

By good treatment, Cruiser's bad temper had been so completely cured, that he became a very gentle, playful horse. He was especially pleased to have children about him, and would take great care not to hurt them. His colts are all like him in this.

J. L. S.



DON'T HURT THE DONKEY.

EMILY went to the seaside last month; and the day she was four years old she was permitted to have a ride on the back of a donkey.

The boy who took care of the donkey had a stick. He was about to strike the poor beast, when little Emily cried, "Don't hurt the donkey!"

"Well, he's a lazy beast, and ought to walk faster," replied the boy.

"I can make him walk faster," said Emily. "Go away and sit on the rocks, and you shall see if I do not."



So the boy went and sat on the rocks; and Emily patted the donkey on his ears, and talked to him, and called him a nice good old donkey, and then turned him around.

"Now, sir, faster, faster!" said she; and the donkey began to walk quite fast. He found that he had a kind little girl on his back, and he was glad to show that he liked her, and would mind her.

The boy was quite surprised to see the donkey move on so fast. "He would not do that for me, miss," said he.

"I suppose not," replied Emily. "The donkey knows that I am his friend, and that I have no stick to beat him with."

ANNA LIVINGSTON.

ONLY A FLY.



HAS any one ever told you of the wonders of a fly's body? I suppose not, else you could never think of finding pleasure in hurting me.

God has given me wings, which are so light, and nicely fitted to my body, that I can fly or walk about just as I please.

I can spread them out, and fly away like a little bird; or I can fold them up, and take a walk wherever I choose.

I can walk with my feet up, and my head down, just as well as on the table or on the floor. It is all the same to me.

Perhaps you wonder why I do not fall. My feet are so formed, that I can press them firmly to the ceiling, and walk about there without any fear.

But you are too young yet to know how I do that. I only tell you of it now, that you may begin to know how much there is to learn in all the things that God has made.

Have you ever noticed how quickly I fly away when you try to catch me?

I can see you, little boy or girl, even when you try to hide your hand behind me. Perhaps you would like to know how this can be. Let me tell you.

You think that I have only two eyes, like you; but I have a great many, though they do not move about like yours.

Each of the eyes that you see in my head is made up of a great many little eyes. There are several hundred of them, though each of them is only a little point.

With some of them I look out before me, and with others

I look behind. It is with those that I look behind that I see you when you put your hand behind me.

I hope that I have told you enough to make you feel that you should not try to hurt a little fly.

UNCLE SILAS.



THE DISCONTENTED BIRD.

ONCE, a little bird all alone was dwelling
In a pretty cage; round it buds were swelling;
With the fragrant flowers all the air was scented,
Yet that little birdie was not quite contented.

Do you wonder at it? Can you guess the reason?
Sunshine glittered freely ('twas the pleasant season);
He had food in plenty, he had seed and berry:
Yet that little birdie was with all not merry.

But one pleasant morning, all at once the portal
Of his cage was opened to the little mortal.
"Freedom, freedom!" sang he: joy in him had risen;
He no more was pining in a gilded prison.

IDA FAY.



HOW CAPTAIN TOOK CARE OF THE BABY.

FREDDY was a little boy who lived in Minnesota. He lived in a large white house. But, when his father and grandfather first went to Minnesota, there were no houses there; for nobody but Indians lived in that part of the State, and the Indians did not know how to make houses.

So, as there were no houses to live in, Freddy's father and grandfather cut down trees, and built a house with the logs, — just such a house as you see in the picture. They lived very comfortably in it for several years; but, when the nice house in which Freddy lived was built, the old log, house was turned over to the use of the dogs.

There were two dogs. One was a big, curly, black-and-white Newfoundland and St. Bernard dog. He was very wise and sober and kind: his name was Captain.

The other was a little black, frisky, fat puppy. He was going to be a shepherd-dog, if he ever grew old enough

and big enough, and as sober as he ought to be. He was not named till Freddy heard his papa call him "Puppy."

Freddy had learned to walk, and was just trying to learn to talk. He was only a baby, you see. Well, he tried to say "Puppy" just as his father did; but somehow the word seemed to get caught in his teeth, and the best he could do was to say "Puppm." So all the rest called the little black dog "Puppm" too, and that was always his name.

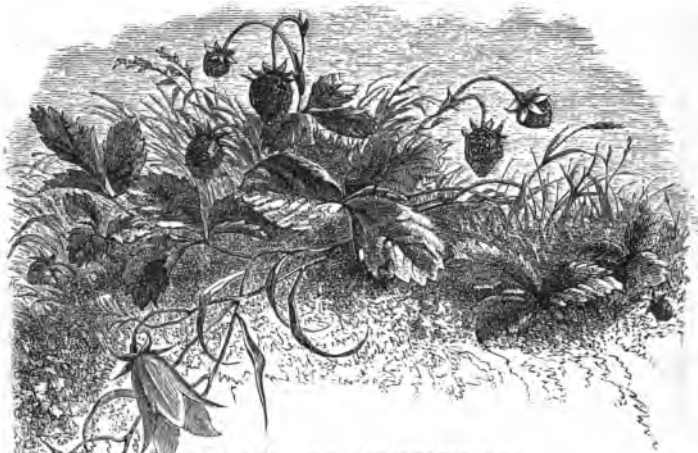
One day, just after dinner, Freddy went out into the log-house to see the two dogs. Puppm, being in a very mischievous mood, jumped upon the little boy, and threw him down. Freddy screamed; and his grandpa, hearing him, ran out to the log-house to see what was the matter.

He met Captain at the door, carrying Puppm in his mouth, just as a cat carries her kitten. Puppm yelped pitifully, but Captain did not let him go till he had carried him a long way off, and then he put him down with a shake, as much as to say, "This is to teach you better manners, you saucy pup! Don't let me catch you being rough to Freddy another time!"

FLORA A. SANBORN.



VICTORIA BRIDGE, LONDON.



THE HAREBELLS.

WHAT music is that?

“Ding, ting-a-ling, ding!”

Look around! search about!

Hark, hark, hear it ring!

Now, what can it be?

Are the fairies at play,

And ringing their bells

This beautiful day?

Yes, here are their bells,—

These harebells so blue!

They ring them in honor

Of baby and you.

Come nearer and listen:

“Ding, ting-a-ling, ding!”

Be sure, only harebells

So sweetly could ring.



THE YOUNG FARMER.

PETER is the eldest of a family of five. His mother is a widow. They live on a little farm. They have two horses and two cows; and Peter takes care of the farm. He gets up before the sun in the morning, works hard through the day, and goes to bed at nine o'clock.

Sometimes he has to plough in the field with the two horses. Then he takes his dinner with him, and eats it, seated on the dry turf. His dog Hector sits by and watches him; and Peter always gives him a part of his food.

Once, when Peter was thus eating his dinner, Hector brought him a wounded robin. The poor bird had been shot in the wing, but not killed. Peter put him in his basket, took him home, fed him, and placed him in a cage.

The robin soon got well and strong, though his wing had been hurt so much that he could not fly far: so I think he

must have made up his mind to become one of the family, and be contented in his new home.

Peter has named him Bonny ; and Bonny proves to be a very nice bird. The door of his cage is left open, and he comes out when he pleases.

When the family are at their meals, he will fly down on the table, and walk from one to another, chirping, and appearing to be very happy. Hector and he are good friends, and sometimes Bonny will stand on the dog's head, and let him run with him.

It is pleasant to the children to know that they do not keep Bonny a prisoner ; and it must be pleasant, I think, to Bonny to see that they all love and prize him. Robins, when carefully trained, are very affectionate birds.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE PET OF THE SHIP.

PART II.

It is probable that Dennis, wise and gifted pig as he was, never knew what occasioned such a change in the weather ; but, when the ship entered the tropics, he soon discovered that it was much more comfortable in shady than in sunny places.

He must have thought that his judgment in selecting a shady corner was not as good as that of a man ; for he would always wait until one of his sailor-friends had picked out a nice place, and then he would crowd him out of it.

I can't say that the means he used to gratify his desire for getting into the water were any more honorable ; but it was certainly amusing to watch his performances. He kept a sharp eye upon every sailor that drew a bucket of



water; and, if one of them happened to put his bucket down while he went for his towel, Dennis would rush out from his place of concealment, put his nose against the side of the bucket, overturn it, and then lie down in the water he had spilled upon the deck.

When the sailor returned, Dennis would look up at him in the most impudent manner, as much as to say, "Perhaps you don't like it; but that makes no difference to me, so long as I enjoy myself."

Do you think the sailor was provoked with such treatment? Not a bit of it. He would only join in the laugh that had been raised at his expense; and, when he had filled his bucket again, he would probably pour a little water on Dennis as he passed him.

One day, some one proposed putting Dennis under one of the pumps, and giving him a bath. Now, there was

a large but shallow trough about one of the pumps, and when the water had risen in it to about four inches, it would run through a pipe into the sea. So they put Dennis into the trough, and commenced pumping.



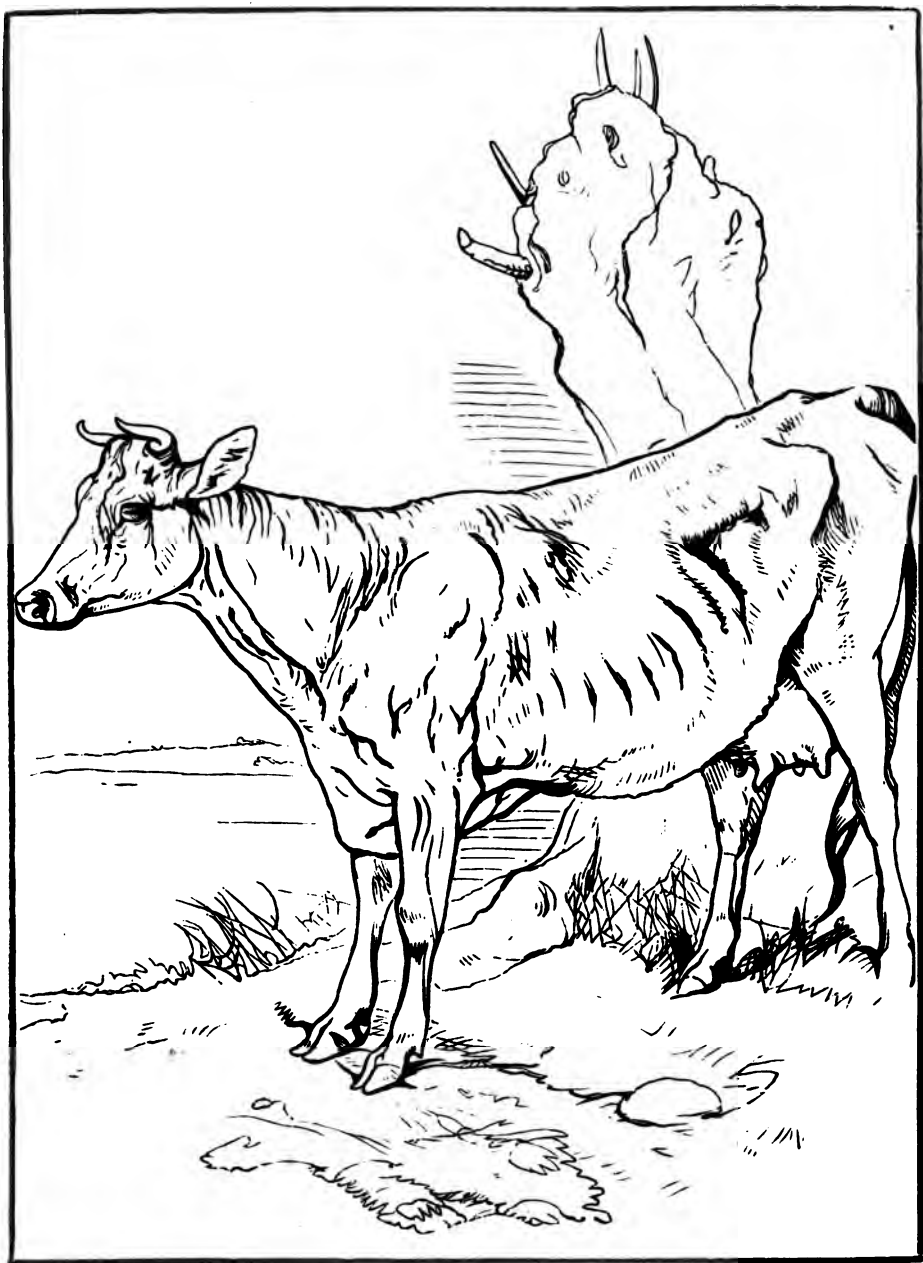
He was somewhat puzzled at first; but, the moment he felt the cool stream of water striking him on his head and back, he fairly squealed with delight. The sailors laughed, and pumped away; but they soon got tired, and stopped.

Dennis didn't like that: he thought they ought to pump until he got ready to have them stop. He was sure they had nothing better to do.

From that time forward he kept them at it pretty steadily. Once in a while, he had to stand by the trough some time before any of the sailors would appear to pump; and then there would be a disturbance, I can assure you. Finally, some old sailor would roar out, "Why don't some of you fellows go to the pump? There's Dennis a-hollerin' for his bath this half-hour!"

In the next number, the history of this pig will be concluded, and the little anecdote that I shall tell you will, I think, place his character in a very pleasing light. C. E. C.





From SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's painting. In outline by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.
VOL. XVIII.—NO. 3.

A QUEER FOUNTAIN.

SOME people who go to Europe write about the palaces, and the grand people who live in them; but I think I enjoyed seeing the children of those far countries better than any thing else; and I had rather have the love of a child than the love of a king.

I was in St. Petersburg last year. That is a long name; but it is the name of a great city, the capital of Russia, one of the largest and most powerful countries in the world. In front of my hotel in St. Petersburg, was a large public garden, and in the afternoons I used to walk through it to watch the crowds of children at play.

In one part of this garden was a little shed, with trees all about it; and I used to see many children go to the door of it, and buy glasses of something to drink. One day I said to myself, "I will go and see what it is that these children get to drink at that old shed." So I walked up to the door; and what do you suppose I saw?

Was it a soda fountain? No. — Was it a great bowl of lemonade? No. — Was it a spruce-beer fountain? Oh! no indeed. It was something much better than any of these. There was a cow in the shed, with a woman in charge of her; and when the children came for a drink, the woman would sell them a glass of milk, drawn fresh from the fountain in the cow's bag.

I drank a glass of it myself, for which I paid five kreutzers, or about three cents; and I thought, "How nice it would be for the children in New York, if there were a cow-fountain in Central Park! and how nice it would be for the children in Boston and Chicago, and other large cities, if they could get pure milk in the parks when they go to play in them!"



ROCKY ISLAND.

Now, little reader, don't think of a great rocky island out in the broad sea ; for it is not such a one that I write about. It is a little bit of an island, in a very small river ; and it is all covered with pebbles.

This island received its name last summer, when Edwin and his cousins were out in the country, at their grandpa's, spending their vacation.

I will tell you how it happened. Edwin had often been out in a boat with his uncle, and had learned to row pretty well, although he was not ten years old. So, of course, when the cousins came from the city, they had to try rowing too ; and Edwin and Johnny and Winfield were allowed to take the boat, and go up the river.

Soon they came to this island, where they landed. They

made believe that they were its first discoverers; and Edwin took possession of it in the name of his grandpa, and planted a flag upon it.

The party then separated into three detachments, and made a thorough exploration of their discovery. On their return to the boat, each explorer made his report. All agreed that the island was uninhabited. They had met with no savages or wild beasts.

"The surface of the country," said Edwin (quoting some of the language of his last geography lesson), "is *not* hilly or mountainous."

"The soil is *not* fertile," said Johnny.

"The principal productions," said Winfield, "are *not* beef, pork, butter, and cheese, but consist mostly of rocks, pebbles, and sand."

"It is entirely surrounded by water!" cried Edwin.

"Which proves that it is a very remarkable *island*," said Johnny.

"Let us name it 'Rocky Island,' " said Winfield.

So it received the name of "Rocky Island." The boys made use of it as a playground. They pitched a tent there, and established a regular line of packets between it and grandpa's house; each boy, in turn, taking command of the boat.

They opened various seaports in different parts of the island, and with their toy boats did a great business in carrying cargoes from one to another.

Sometimes their little sisters went to Rocky Island with them; and sometimes they brought over a supply of crackers and cheese, and fruit, and other nice things, and set a table in the tent, and had a grand time.

I think you will agree with Edwin, that Rocky Island was a great discovery.



AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

“HALLOO, my child, where art thou ?
I’ve sought thee everywhere.”

“Mamma, I cannot come now :
A letter I am writing.

“A letter thou art writing ?
To whom, then, art thou writing ?”

“A very important letter
I’m writing to our old cat.”

"What writest thou to the cat, child?"

"This write I: Cat, I want you
To bring me out of the cellar
Straightway the King of the Mice.

"The old gray King of the Mice,
With his golden crown so bright,
And also the droll little Prince;
But, cat, do not hurt them, I beg."

FROM THE GERMAN.

IKE'S TRAP.

WHEN my brother Ike was about nine years old, he fancied that it would be fine sport to set snares, and catch rabbits and other game.

So one day he set a trap in a rabbit's path. He wove some sticks across like a fence, leaving an aperture at which he placed a slip-noose attached to a stick that would spring up as soon as the game came through.

The next day it stormed so that he did not visit his snare; but the following day he returned to the house with a full-grown rabbit in his arms. It was in a sad condition. Its bright, black eyes glistened with pain and fright. The snare had caught one of its legs, which had been broken in its attempt to release itself from the cruel string.

As to Ike, instead of rejoicing, he was crying as though his heart would break. "Mother," said he, "what shall I do with the poor creature? I never will set another snare."

His mother told him to carry it out, and get Uncle John to kill it and thus end its suffering. He did so; and, what is the best of the story, he was true to his word. He never set a snare from that day to this.

MRS. S. D. STONE.



TAKING PAPA HIS DINNER.

HERE is a pleasant party. What does it all mean? Mamma has baby in her arms. She lifts the handkerchief from his face, and baby smiles. Carlo, the dog, begins to bark and frolic; and two little birds stoop from the air to get a sight of baby's face.

As for Emma, she holds on to mamma's dress, and tells Carlo not to make such a noise. Mamma has a basket on her left arm. They are all going to the woods, where papa is at work; and they take his dinner with them.

As soon as papa can see them coming, he will put down his axe, and go to meet them. He will take baby in his arms, and kiss him; and then he will lift Emma high up, and kiss her on each cheek.

Carlo will jump and bark, as much as to say, "Take some notice of *me*;" and at last papa will pat him on the head, and say, "Yes, Carlo, you are a very good dog, and I love you too." Whereupon Carlo will whine, and seem very happy.

They will all stay till papa has eaten his dinner; and then he will go back to his work, and mamma will take the basket, and she, Emma, Carlo, and baby, will go back through the woods to their home. I think they will find some berries by the way, and pick them for the tea-table.

"But why do they not wear shoes and stockings?" asks our Ruth, who is looking over my shoulder. "They must be very poor."

Well, of course they are not rich. They are German peasants; and in Germany it is much more common to see people going barefooted than it is with us.

IDA FAY.



ROCKLAND LAKE, ROCKLAND, N. Y.



“O, THESE CHILDREN!”

OH, these children, these children, what troubles they bring!
They always are wanting a stitch or a string;
They soil their nice stockings, they tear their new frocks,
Or they tumble down stairs, and get very bad knocks.
Mother sits down a minute to read the newspaper.
When they tell her that Lucy has cut up some caper;
Or, in making mud-pies, she has soiled her white dress,
Or upset the basin, and made a bad mess.
Oh, give me my thimble, my needle, and thread;
For I must not read, but keep sewing instead.
They keep me thus at it from morning till night —
One would think, to make work was their only delight.
What folly to try to make children look nice
When thus they undo all your work in a trice!
There, Miss Dolly, your dress is all mended once more:
Now tear it again as you tore it before.

HOW OLD MAJOR CAME TO GET HIS PICTURE TAKEN.

IN the town of Ridgefield, in the State of Connecticut, lives the little boy whom you see in the picture. His name is Mellie Hoyt; and the dog by his side is an old dog he once owned, named Major. Mellie was a kind master; and the dog was his faithful protector.

At no time could Mellie go out on the street alone, for Major was sure to be with him; and no strange person, or strange dog, was allowed to come near the little boy when old Major had him under his care.

One day, in the summer time, our quiet village was surprised by a photograph-house on wheels, driving into the place. All the boys and girls looked on this moving house as a great curiosity; and when it came to a stop, and pictures were hung out on its side, and handbills were scattered around town, the excitement began to get high.

Mellie, among the rest, was on the spot, anxious to have his picture taken; but old Major, who thought that something was wrong, would not allow his little master to enter the car without him. It was of no use trying to drive or coax him away; for he felt that he must protect Mellie in this exciting time; and so he would, wherever Mellie went, no matter what stood in the way.

The artist, who was a good-natured man, not wishing to have any trouble with the dog, let him come into the house; whereupon old Major seated himself by Mellie's side, and watched every movement of the artist, until the picture was taken just as you see it here.

My little readers can see that the old dog looks as if he meant to say, "Mr. Artist, you can do what you see fit about your own business; but you must not touch my master."



And now I am going to tell you something that will make you feel sad. One day, during the extreme heat, last summer, Mellie got up in the morning, and found old Major lying by the front-gate dead. It was hard to part with him; for he was just as many years old as Mellie was, and had kept him company all through his life.

There may be hundreds of boys and girls who will pass this story by without much thought; but I know of one little boy who will read it with tears running down his cheeks, in memory of the good days he has spent with his dear old dog.

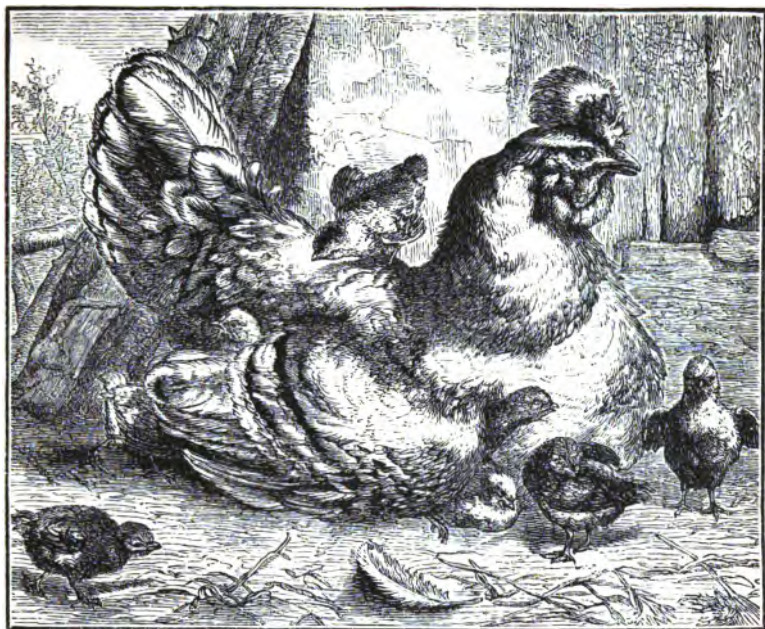
MENIA E. HOYT.

THE HEN AND HER FAMILY.

HERE is a picture of a noble old hen with her brood of little chickens. It is plain that she is a good, kind mother. How many children has she?

We can't say how many may be tucked away under her great wings; but there are eight in plain sight. Let us look at them one by one.

There is the little fellow on his mother's back. Let us call him "the jolly chick." He is asking his sister to come up and play with him; but she says, "Peep, peep! I prefer to stay under ma's wing." She is "the lazy chick."



Near her you may see “the timid chick,” who has just taken fright at a bumblebee, and is seeking a place of refuge in great haste. There is a chick running after a feather, thinking that it is something to eat. Of course you know that is “the greedy chick.”

But look at the fellow who faces us so boldly, right in front of his mother's breast. Do you know who he is? Why, he is "the fighting chick." The little rascal actually tries to flap his wings, and crow.

"The serious chick" tucks her head under her wing, and does not deign to notice him; but "the saucy chick" thrusts out his head (treading right over "the sleepy chick"), and says, "Do that again if you dare!"

It is time now for old Mother Hen to interfere. She says, "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" and good order is restored at once.

A. B. C.

IN THE MEADOW.

LADY PINK CLOVER in kirtle of green
Dances as light as a wee fairy queen :
You may search, if you will, the wide
 meadow all over,
And find none so fair as my Lady Pink Clover.



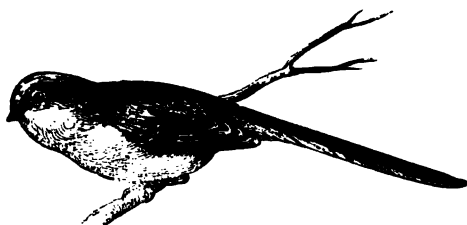
Courtly Sir Blue Grass, with sword by his side,
(Such a keen grass-blade!) is seeking a bride :
He's nodding and bending, and bowing away,
And wooing Pink Clover the whole of the day.

Pretty Pink Clover is cruel and coy,
Pouting and flouting, her love to annoy ;
Flirts with the butterflies, nods to the bees,
Sighs to the dragon-fly, — sly little tease!

Fie, naughty Clover! How can you act so?
Have done with this folly! You love him, I know.
Who's like Sir Blue Grass, so lissome and tall?
His plume on the breeze dances lightest of all.

Count me the knights of the meadow, and see,
None is more graceful and slender than he.
Fix the day, Clover — to-morrow, at least!
Bid all the meadow to come to the feast.

White Clover, Buttercup, Violet Blue,
Spider and Cricket, and Grasshopper too,
Bindweed and Millet, and Timothy tall,
Haste to the wedding! Come one and come all!



MR. THOMAS TIT.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

CHISWICK W. LONDON.

Lively.

mf

VOICE

and

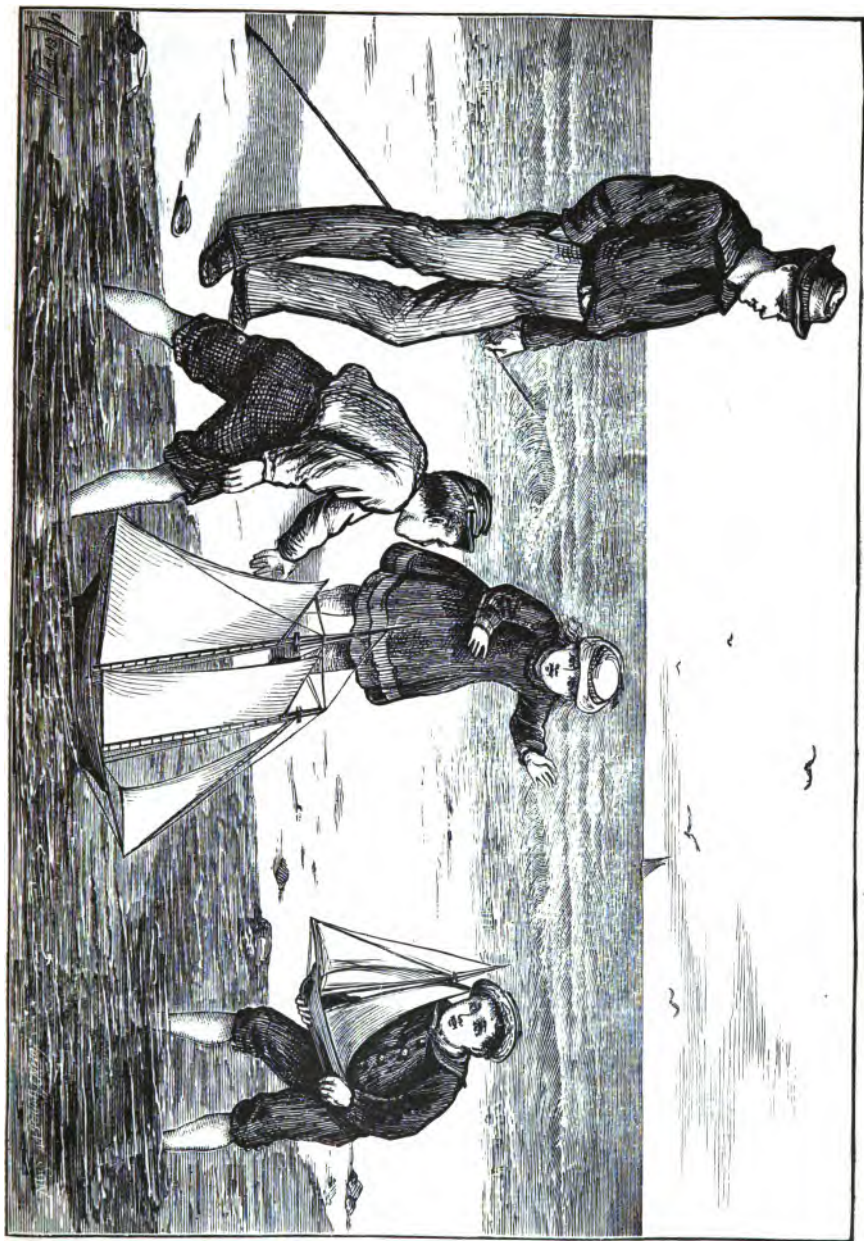
PIANO.

1. Mister Thomas Tit,
2. Mistress Thomas Tit,
3. O ye sportsmen bold,

Is a live-ly fel-low, Black and white and green, With a breast of yel-low ;
Modest in ap-pa - rel, Sticks close to her spouse, Never seems to quarrel ;
Oh ye boys so cheerful, Spare the hap - py Tits, Do not make them tearful,

A long and strik-ing tail, Mis - ter Thom-as car - ries,
Both, up and down the trees, On the ro - ses perch-ing,
Come, Thomas, with your wife. Taste our sum-mer cher-ries,

To and fro it jerks a - bout, Where-so - e'er he tar - ries,
For the grubs and dol-phins green, Al-ways they are search-ing.
And when cold De - cem - ber comes, Feed on hol - ly ber - ries.



THE DELIGHTS OF THE SEASIDE.



H merry, merry sports had we, last summer on the beach, —
Lucy and Oliver and I, with Uncle Sam to teach! [four,
At times, clad in our bathing-suits, we'd join our hands; all
And rush into the water, or run along the shore.

The wet sand, how it glistened on the sunny summer day!
And how the waves would chase us back, as if they were in play!
And when, on the horizon blue, a sail we would espy,
How "Ship ahoy!" or "Whither bound?" we all of us would cry!

The white, white sand, so smooth and hard, oh what a place for fun!
With no one by to check our screams, or say, "Now, pray, have done!"
The sea-birds, not at all disturbed by all our mirthful noise,
Would cry to us, as if they said, "Shout on, shout on, my boys!"

Sometimes we'd seek for flattened stones, and skim them o'er the waves;
Then go where, in the piled-up rocks, the sea had hollowed caves;
Or sit and feel the cooling breeze in silent happiness;
Or hunt for seaweed in the clefts, and take it home to press.

And well do I remember there a little shallow creek,
Where we would go and sail our ships, at least three times a week:
We loaded them with cargoes rich, and sent them all to Spain;
And back they came with heavy freights, by which we made much gain.

Oh! pleasant pastimes on the beach, how often I recall
The ocean grand, the distant sails, the rocks, the lighthouse tall!
They do not fade, these pictures bright, from memory's inner view;
And age itself shall never dim their colors ever new.



MABEL AND HER FRIEND CARLO.

MABEL lives on a hill, quite near a beautiful lake, and is very fond of going with her papa to take a row on the water. Sometimes they visit the woods on the other side of the lake, and pick wild flowers, or go where the water-lilies grow, near the shore, and gather a bunch of the pretty white blossoms.

But I must tell about Mabel's friend Carlo. He is a large shaggy dog, owned by a gentleman who lives near. Although quite a young dog, he knows a great deal. He is very fond of water, and is wild with delight at the prospect of a swim.

His master owns a large sail-boat, and, as the water near the shore is not deep, he has to use a small boat to reach it. When Carlo sees him take down the oar from its place in

the yard, he runs up, and takes it in his mouth, as much as to say, "Let me carry that for you, master." Then he trots down the hill with the oar, feeling very proud that he is allowed to carry it.

One day, Carlo took hold of the rope with his teeth, and drew the small boat to the shore ; so that his master, who was in it, did not have to use the oar.

Mabel loves Carlo very much ; and, although he is a large dog, he knows that he must play very gently with little boys and girls, and not hurt them with his great paws. NED.



PLAYING KING.

Ho! I'm a king, a king! A crown is on my head ;
A sword is at my side ; and regal is my tread :
Ho, slave! proclaim my will to all the people round, —
The schools are hereby closed ; henceforth must fun abound.

Vacation shall not end ; all slates I order smashed ;
The man who says "arithmetic" — he must be soundly
thrashed ;

All grammars shall be burnt ; the spellers we will tear ;
The boy who spells correctly — a fool's cap he shall wear.

No dolls shall he allowed, for dolls are what I hate ;
The girls must give them up, and learn to swim and skate ;
Confectioners must charge only a cent a pound
For all the plums and candy that in the shops are found.



That man who asks a dime for any pear or peach —
 I'll have him hung so high, that none his feet can reach ;
 No baker is allowed hereafter to bake bread ;
 He must bake only pies and cake and ginger-snaps instead.

All lecturers must quit our realm without delay ;
 The circus-men and clowns, on pain of death, must stay ;
 All folks who frown on fun, at once must banished be :
 Now, fellow, that you know my will, to its fulfilment see !

A TRUE ANTELOPE STORY.

SOME time ago, I told the readers of "The Nursery" about catching a buffalo-calf. I will now tell them about a young antelope which we caught, and another which we almost caught.

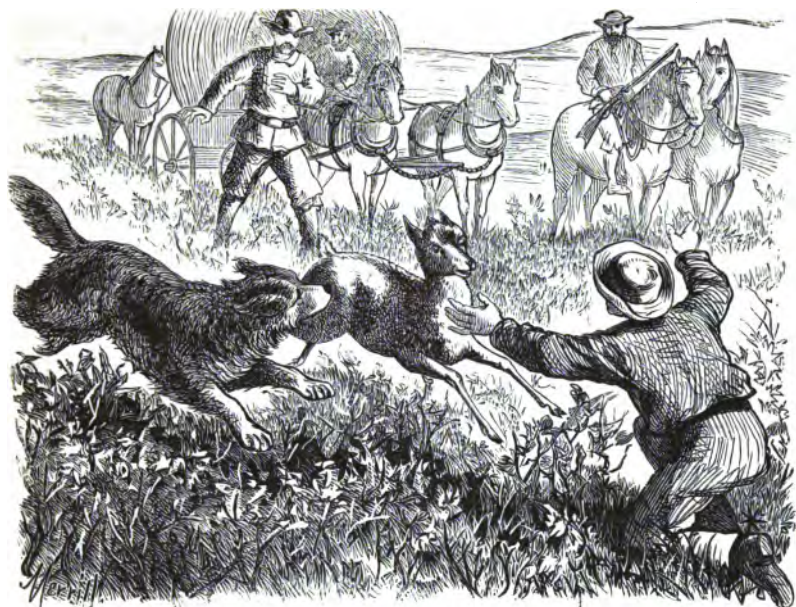
Tip and I were in that part of Western Kansas which is left blank on the maps. Two hunters, Thompson and Hughes, had joined us; and we were coming back from a buffalo-chase. We had been crawling lazily along, over prairie, through valley, up and down hill, since sunrise, and it was now nearly noon.

All of a sudden, from a clump of tall grass near us, up sprung an antelope and a pair of beautiful fawns. Like a flash, the old one and one of the fawns started over the brow of the ridge on which they were lying; while the other little fellow began running around in a circle, as you have seen ponies do at the circus, bleating as hard as he could.

The boys leaped from the wagons in an instant, while I remained to hold the horses. Ranging themselves around the circle, the three hunters every now and then, dashed headlong after the fawn as he flew past; but missed him by a rod or more every time.

Our dog Landy, also, was on hand for the fun; and it was a laughable sight to see the great awkward fellow straining every nerve to overtake the little streak of animated lightning that flashed before him. Landy was a Newfoundland shepherd, and I knew that nothing could induce him to hurt the fawn if he should catch him.

While I was watching the sport, and laughing at the drollery of it, all at once I heard a stamping on the other side of the wagon, and, stepping quickly around the horses' heads, I saw the old doe, and a buck and doe with her.



As the fawn came bounding along the circle, the buck and does, bleating anxiously, darted in ahead of him, rushing right by the men and dog. Never stopping an instant, the big buck led the way, the does and fawn followed; and, before you could say "Jack Robinson," they were "over the hills, and far away."

This was the antelope that we *almost* caught. The boys came back to the wagons, thoroughly fagged out, and looking painfully silly.

Again we drove along, but had not proceeded more than a mile or two, when up sprung another old doe, and ran toward Landy, stamping her fore-foot fiercely. Of course the foolish dog took after her as hard as he could go, — just as she wanted him to do; and a fine chase she led him, always taking care not to leave him so far behind as to discourage him, and make him turn back.

We knew at once by her actions that she had a fawn near there ; and so, while she was leading Landy away from it, we set about hunting it up. In a few minutes, I came across the little slender-legged beauty, snugly curled up under a tuft of grass. As I came upon him, he dashed out of cover with a shrill, plaintive little "baa-baa, baa-baa," and, as fawns always do in such cases, began running in a small circle.

Landy, disgusted with his hopeless chase, came trotting back, and at once struck in after the fawn. This one was not so fleet as the other ; and by and by Landy overtook him, and tried to stop him by pushing him over with his nose. This frightened the fawn so badly, that he made direct for Tip, who was squatting in the long grass in wait for him, and rushed joyfully into his arms.

We took the bright-eyed little thing into the wagon, and by night he was so tame, that he would follow us around ; and, when we lay down to sleep on the ground, I gave him a corner of my blanket for a bed. At last we got back to Thompson's log-house, which stood near the timber ; and, when we went away we gave the fawn to his two little girls. I would really like to know what ever became of it.

PERRY, O.

LLOYD WYMAN.



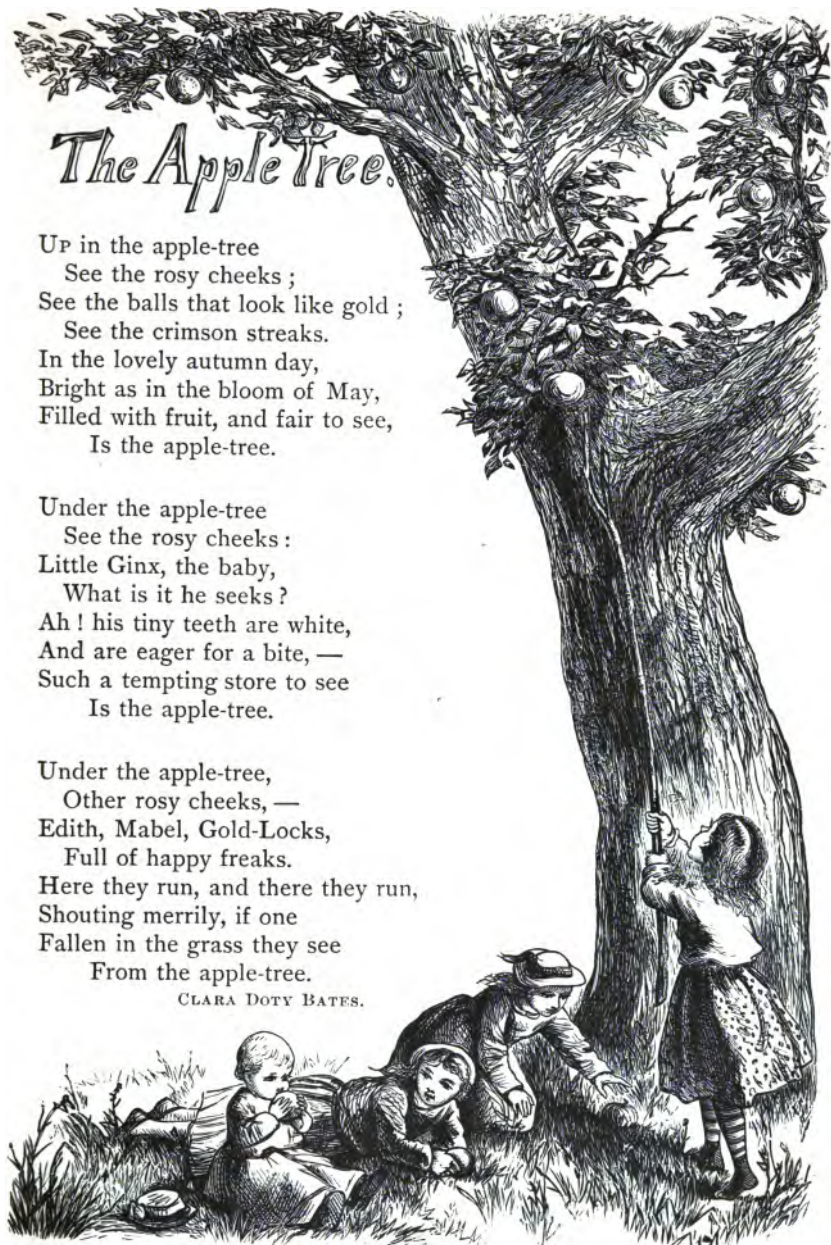
The Apple-tree.

Up in the apple-tree
See the rosy cheeks ;
See the balls that look like gold ;
See the crimson streaks.
In the lovely autumn day,
Bright as in the bloom of May,
Filled with fruit, and fair to see,
Is the apple-tree.

Under the apple-tree
See the rosy cheeks :
Little Ginx, the baby,
What is it he seeks ?
Ah ! his tiny teeth are white,
And are eager for a bite, —
Such a tempting store to see
Is the apple-tree.

Under the apple-tree,
Other rosy cheeks, —
Edith, Mabel, Gold-Locks,
Full of happy freaks.
Here they run, and there they run,
Shouting merrily, if one
Fallen in the grass they see
From the apple-tree.

CLARA DOTY BATES.



A COUNCIL OF HORSES.

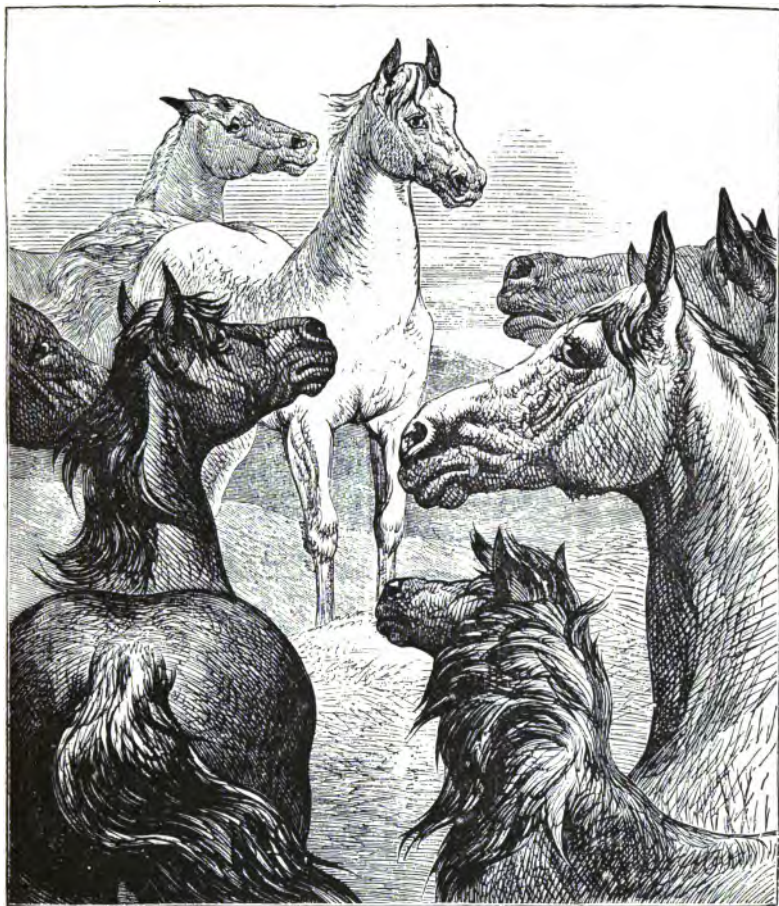
ON the large plains of South America, horses run wild in great numbers. They are caught by means of a lasso, which is a rope with a noose at one end. This is thrown with great dexterity over the neck of the wild horse.

The artist has called the picture which we here present "A Council of Horses." Do they not look as if they were taking advice of one another? The white horse, with his erect neck and head, seems to be the leader, or chief. He is willing to hear what the others may have to say; but he means that they shall follow him, after all.

And can horses really make known their wishes to one another? It would almost seem so, though we cannot prove it. Wild horses choose their own chiefs, and these give the signal of departure. If any extraordinary object appears, the chief commands a halt. He goes to discover what it is, and, after his return, gives, by neighing, the signal of confidence, of flight, or of combat.

Five sorts of neighing may be noticed: that of joyfulness, of desire, of anger, of fear, and of sorrow. A feeling peculiar to the horse is emulation. Whoever has witnessed a horse-race can understand the ardor, vehemence, and struggle for victory, which excite the energies of both horses and men. The animals have often tried to hold their rivals back by the teeth. This has been known to happen when the horses are left entirely to themselves, as on some of the Italian race-courses, where the horses run without riders.

The horse has a strong memory. Franklin relates, that he had a horse that conducted him through a hilly country where it was difficult to find the road. Every time Franklin himself was unable to tell which road to take, he would



leave the reins on the horse's neck, and the good beast, left to itself, never failed to go right.

The noblest conquest that man ever made over the animal creation is that of the horse. Every thing in him breathes out vivacity and energy. That need of continual movement, that impatience during repose, that nervous motion of the lips, that stamping of the feet, all indicate a pressing need of activity.

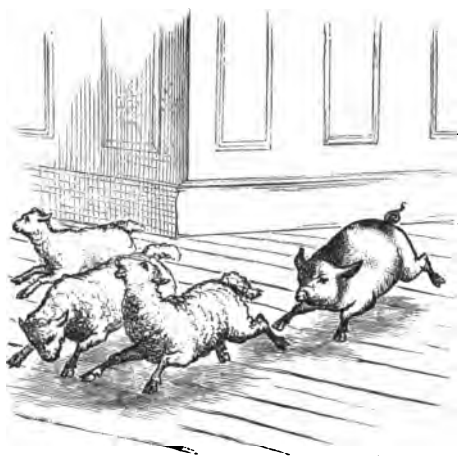
UNCLE CHARLES.

THE PET OF THE SHIP.

PART III.

ONE day when the ship was at anchor in one of the ports on the western coast of South America, a number of sheep were brought on board. Whether Dennis regarded them as intruders, or not, I cannot say; but his treatment of them was anything but kind.

The poor sheep stood in great fear of him, and fled in alarm whenever he made a charge at them.



One by one they began to disappear; and, at last, only one — a little fellow whom the sailors afterward named Billy — was left.

He was greatly distressed when the last of his companions was taken away, and ran bleating about the deck

in search of him. To add to his troubles, that dreadful bully Dennis, who had been watching him for some time, was now coming towards him. He was frightened nearly to death.

What must have been his delight when he saw in Dennis's eyes a look of pity, and heard his friendly grunt! I don't know what Dennis said; but I do know, that, half an hour afterwards, Billy had forgotten all about his troubles, and was lying down with his head resting in Dennis's fat neck.

Even the rough sailors were pleased; and as they looked



at Dennis, who was fast asleep, they said, "Now that was a fine thing, and Dennis was the pig to do it. He was willing to fight with a flock of sheep; but, when it came to quarrelling with one little fellow, he was too noble for that."

Thenceforth Dennis and Billy were inseparable, and no pair ever agreed better. There were times, however, when Dennis seemed a little vexed with Billy, though he was always as kind as possible. I will tell you of an instance.

Billy would always watch the crowd about Dennis, when the latter was taking his bath, with a great deal of anxiety; and, if Dennis did not appear very shortly, he would begin bleating loudly.

This would disgust Dennis immensely; but he couldn't bear to think that Billy's feelings were hurt: so he would leave his nice bath, and push his way through the men, until Billy could see him. Then he would return to the pump, grunting in a manner that plainly showed his feelings.

He was certainly saying, "I do wish that sheep had a little more of the pig about him. If I am out of his sight for a moment, he begins to cry, and take on in such a manner, that I must show myself to him; and then I have all the trouble of making the sailors pump again."

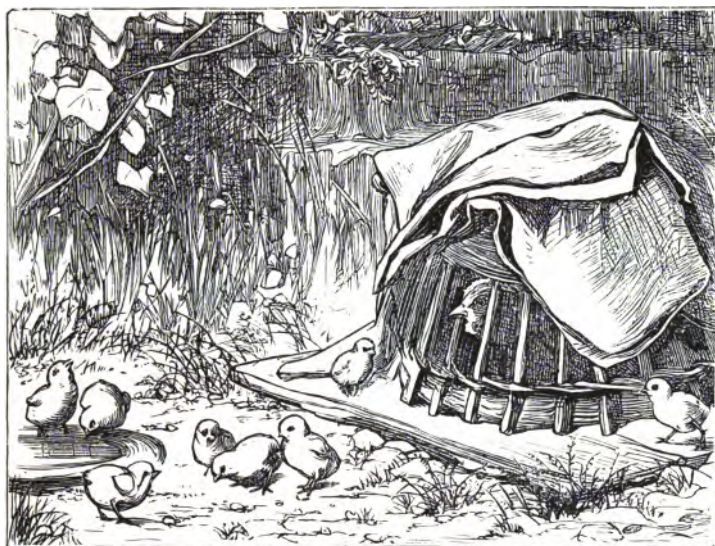
But the sailors only waited to make Dennis beg a little. They had no idea of not pumping again. They were always pleased when he showed so much good feeling for Billy; and generally he got a larger allowance of water to pay for it.

I believe that Dennis was not living when the ship reached California. That ever he became food for his sailor friends no one can imagine. Therefore his fate must remain a mystery, unless some of my readers happen to know one of the crew of "The Vanderbilt," and can learn from him something on the subject.

If they can, there are many, no doubt, who would be glad to hear from them in the pages of "The Nursery." My little girls would, at least. But, probably, Dennis has more of a place in their thoughts than he can have in those of others.

C. E. C.





THE UNMOTHERLY HEN.

Now, my dear children, if you will be very quiet, I will tell you a true story, which I sometimes tell my little daughter Fanny and her cousin Grace, when they climb up on my knees just before going to bed.

On a farm near Fishkill, where Fanny's Aunt Jane lives, they raise a great many chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese. When I was a boy, ever so many years ago, I used to have great fun hunting for eggs through the hay and straw in the barns.

Well, last year one of the hens, instead of laying her eggs in the hen-house or barn, like a well-mannered hen, stole off under a wood-pile, and was not seen for three weeks, when she made her appearance with a fine brood of chickens. To keep her from straying away again, she was put into a coop. For several days, she was a good mother to her children;

but, after a week or so, she began to act very strangely, and, when her children came near her, she would peck and abuse them.

Would you believe it, children? in one day, this unmotherly hen had pecked all but one of her chickens to death; and, when Aunt Jane found this poor chap, he had but one eye, and all the toes were gone from one foot; so that he had to stand on the other. At first, Aunt Jane thought it would be a mercy to kill the little fellow, and put him out of pain; but she finally determined that she would try to cure him.

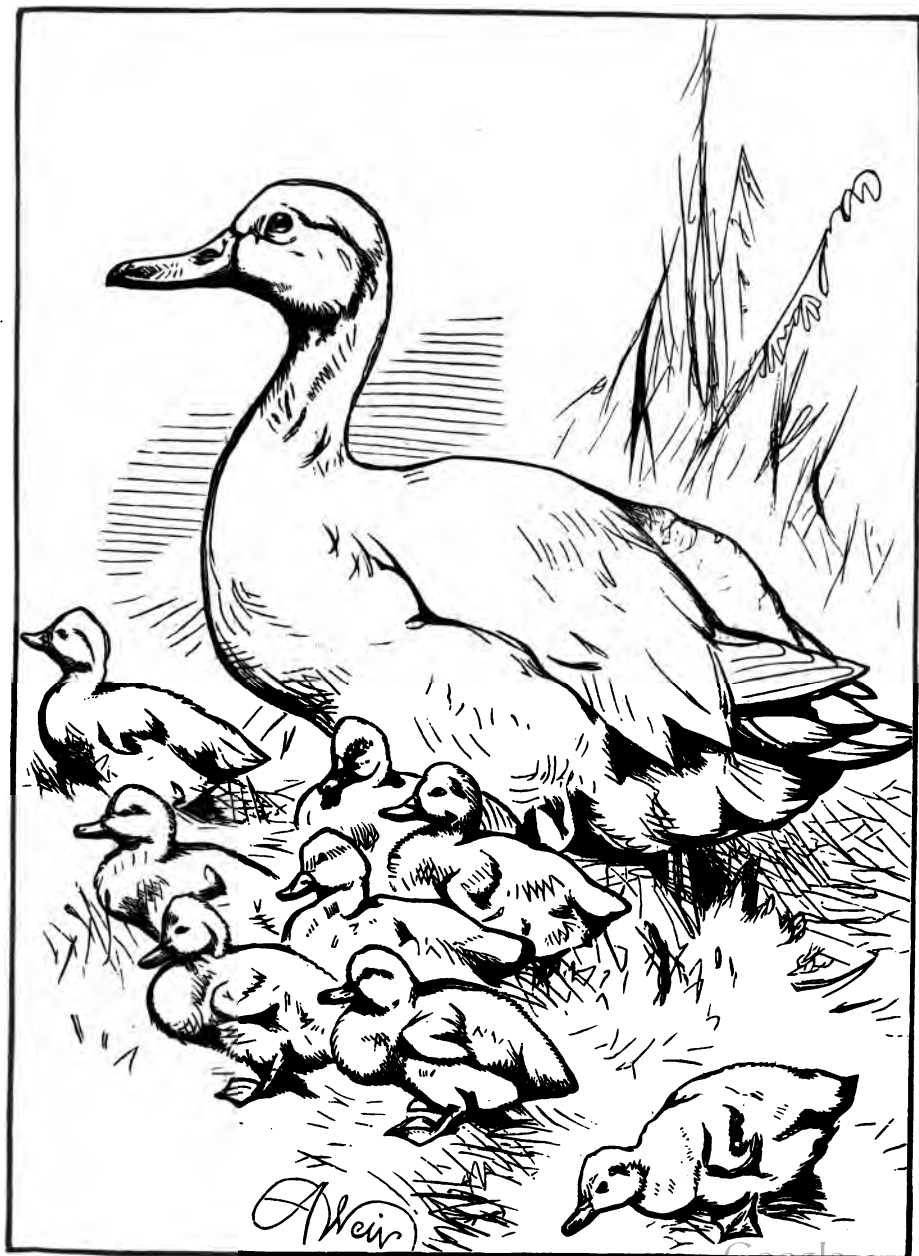
So she took him into the kitchen, and made him quite comfortable in a box half filled with cotton-batting, and placed near the stove. She gave him cracked-corn to eat, and plenty of water to drink, and, after a while, he got so strong, that he hopped out of the box, and was just as jolly a chicken as he could be, with only one eye to see with, and only one foot and the stump of another to walk on.

Still he would not go out and play with other chickens of his age, but persisted in hanging around the kitchen. One morning, when Aunt Jane went into the breakfast-room, she found him on the table, helping himself from a dish of stewed potatoes. Such impudence could no longer be tolerated: so the saucy little cripple was banished to the barnyard to learn manners.

And what do you think became of the unmotherly hen? She lost all her friends. She was despised and hated by everybody on the farm. She was pointed at as "that cruel, speckled hen," until life became a burden to her. She was not permitted to have any more chickens. When the cold weather came, she was sent to a poor woman for a thanksgiving dinner; and it is to be hoped that all the hens in the barnyard took warning from her fate.

C. R. W.

LANSINGBURGH, N.Y.



Outline Drawing by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.

THE CHILDREN'S VISIT TO THE LIGHT- HOUSE.

CHARLIE and Georgie were staying at Appledore, one of the Isles of Shoals, and, with two other little children, had many nice times fishing and sailing.

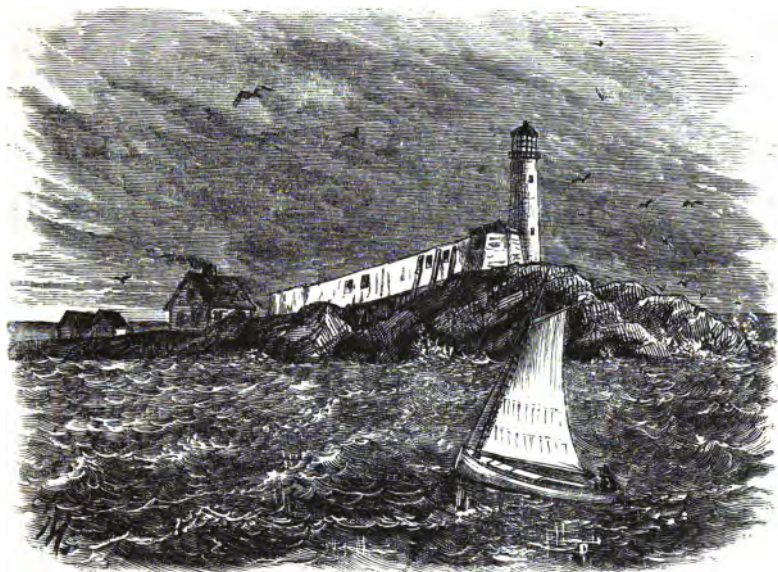
The lighthouse is on White Island, which, as you see in the picture, is a lonely and rocky place. It would be very dangerous for any ship to come in from sea on that part of the coast, if it were not for the friendly warning of the brilliant light.

One warm, sunny morning, Charlie and Georgie, with their papa and mamma, and their two little friends, rowed across from Appledore, and landed on the pebbly beach of White Island. Here the children ran about, and picked up stones until they were tired; and then the whole party seated themselves on some shaded rocks, and ate their lunch of crackers and bananas.

While they were eating, an old white dog, belonging to the lighthouse keeper, came up and made their acquaintance. Georgie shared his cake with him; and it was amusing to see the old dog watching with eager eyes every piece that went into any mouth but his own.

When lunch was over, the two older children, Charlie and Anna, led the way; and all were soon climbing the winding stairs in the lighthouse tower. When they reached the top, they found themselves in a small room with windows on every side, and the great lamp in the centre. The lantern is made of red-and-white glass, and turns around, so that first a red, and then a white, light may be seen far out at sea.

The keeper explained how, after lighting the lamp, he



wound up the machinery which caused the lamp to revolve ; and told them of the lonely hours he had spent in the little room below the lamp, while the waves dashed, and the storm beat outside.

For many weeks in the winter he lives there all by himself, and sees no one ; but, in the summer time, there is hardly a day when he does not have a boat full of visitors. He always gives them a hearty welcome, and makes himself very agreeable. I suppose he feels as though he must make the most of society while he can get it.

The children listened to his talk with great interest. With many thanks for his kind attentions, they bade him "Good-by," and, intent on collecting shells on another island near, stepped into their boat, and were rowed away, leaving the man and his friendly dog to enjoy each other's company.

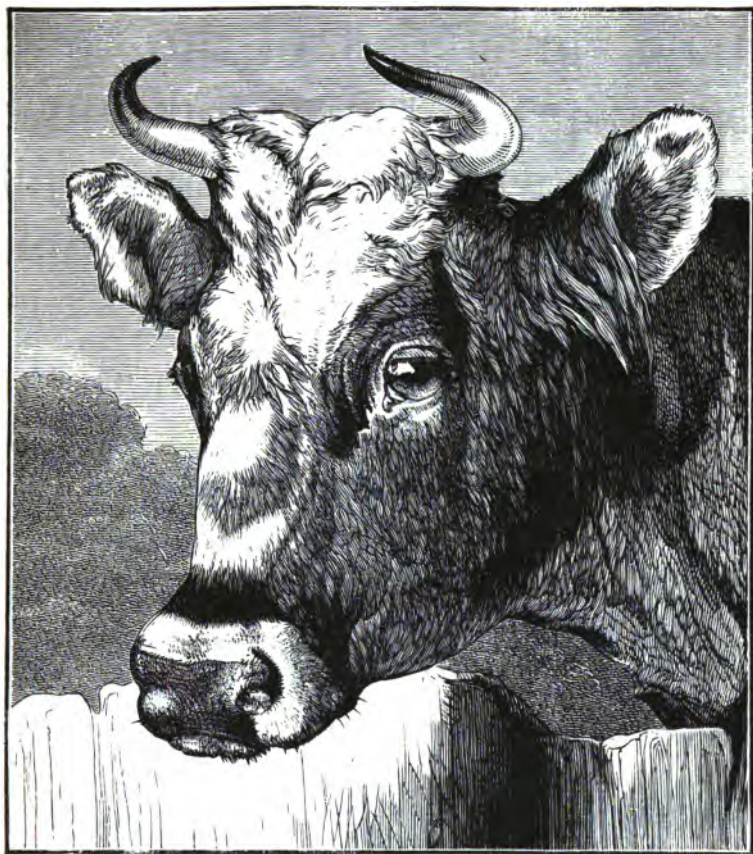
CHARLIE'S MAMMA.

GOING AFTER COWS.

WHEN Edward was eight years old, his mother told him he might go with John, the hired man, to drive the cows from the pasture. How happy the little boy was!

Every day he would be ready as soon as John gave the word; and off they would go, through the woods, over hills and rocks, and gurgling brooks, wherever the ding-dong of the distant cow-bells pointed the way.

Sometimes they had a long search before they could find all the cows; for the pasture



was very large, and the cows would wander about in every part of it, to find the best feeding-places.

On the way home, Edward

would run ahead of the cows, and open the bars; and sometimes he would sit on the wall, and pat each cow as she came through.

When the cows reached the barnyard, Edward would help milk. There was one old cow which he called his own, and which he named Carrie. She always stood very still while being milked, and that was one reason why he liked her better than any of the rest.

After milking, he helped John to carry in the milk, and his mother often gave him a mug full. Oh, how nice it was!

ROLY-POLY.

ROLY-POLY is three years
old,

Three years old, and
a trifle over :

Roly-Poly is round as a
ball,

Jolly as larks, and sweet
as clover.

Roly-Poly has stars for
eyes,

A heavenly chin with a
dimple in it,

Peaches for cheeks, the
bud of a nose,

And a tongue that is
never still a minute.



Roly-Poly gets up in the morning, —

Morning, quoth I? it's the crack of the dawn! —

Dresses himself in a boot and a stocking,

Flies to his sister as swift as a fawn.

Pulls at her eyes with his fat little fingers, —

Crazy for stories, that's all the matter! —

"Oh! I am sleepy and cross," she cries;

"You, Roly-Poly, disperse and scatter!"

But Roly-Poly's a resolute tyrant;

Father and mother are captives wholly:

So what can a poor big sister do

But yield to a king like Roly-Poly.

Roly-Poly's a man of business :

He canters to market on grandpa's cane,
Orders a breakfast of peppermint-candy,
And gallops his pony home again.

Roly-Poly's a man of pleasure :

Sorrow and care are for grown-up stupids :
Pictures and kisses, toys and caresses,
Fondling and fun, for dimpled Cupids.

After the sun has gone out of the south,
The night comes down on his eyelids slowly ;
He topples asleep with his thumb in his mouth, —
What an iniquity, Roly-Poly !

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.



ELSIE'S DUCKS.

ELSIE was the daughter of poor parents, who lived on the borders of a lake. Once, when she was very ill with a fever, a good neighbor made her a present of three young ducks. Elsie was much pleased, and she soon began to get well.

Her mother would bring a large tub of water into the room where the little invalid lay ; and the three ducks would swim about, and swallow the crumbs which Elsie threw to them.

As soon as she got well, she would drive the ducks down to the lake, and let them swim. They were so tame, that they would come out of the water at her call.

Sometimes her father and the rest of the family would get into a boat, and he would row across the lake to the



opposite side, where some families lived who employed Elsie's mother to wash clothes for them.

At these times, the three ducks would follow the boat. Perhaps they did not like to trust their dear Elsie on the water, unless they were by to help her in case of need.

Sometimes old and young would join in a song; and then far over the lake would be heard the words:

"Come to the sunset tree, the day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe lies free, and the reaper's task is done."

It was a very pretty sight, on a summer evening, when the bright clouds over the setting sun threw their tints on the water, to see the ducks swimming by the side of the little boat which contained Elsie and the rest of the family. It was so pretty a sight, that a good artist made a picture of the scene. We give you a copy of it here.

IDA FAY.



FISHING FOR TROUT.

THE trout belongs to the salmon family. Its flesh is generally of a pale pink or yellow color. It is one of the handsomest fish to be found in our waters. The variations of its tints are very beautiful; and the red spots on its skin distinguish it from common fish.

I never had much luck in catching trout. One summer I went from the city to try the trout-streams in Northern New York. I had a handsome rod, and a line nicely baited with an artificial fly; but, though I was very persevering, my success was small.

I remember sitting for hours on the slender bridge just below the Upper Cascades of Buttermilk Fall, represented

in the picture ; but my patience was not rewarded by the capture of a single trout. I was sorry for this ; for I had depended on getting one for my dinner.

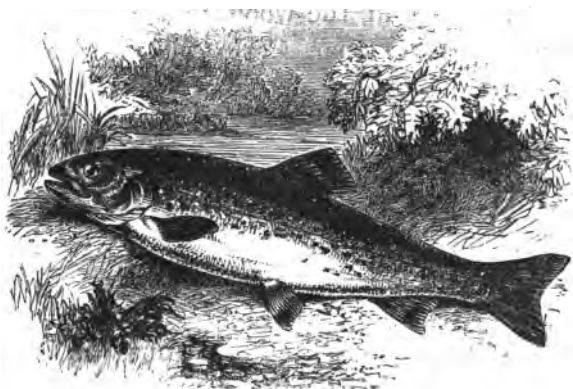
As I was about retiring, a little barefoot fellow, about twelve years old, came along with a common fishing-pole, and hook baited with a worm, and said, "Mister, I'll catch a trout for you." — "Do it, then," said I.

He threw his line over a smooth spot in the pool below ; and, before he had been at it five minutes, he pulled up a noble trout, large enough for a good dinner. Another and another were pulled up in quick succession. I did not know what to make of it ; for I thought I had fished in a very scientific way.

"Teach me the knack," said I. "Oh, it can't be taught," replied the boy. "Well, here is a dime for your trouble," said I, putting the fish into my pail. "Do you suppose I take pay for what I do for sport, mister ?" said little barefoot, waving back my hand with the air of a prince.

After that we became good friends, and met often at the bridge ; but I never could learn his knack of catching trout.

ALFRED SELWYN.





WE THREE.

WHAT fine times we have together! — Carlo, John, and Bella; by which last I mean myself. Carlo has the advantage of the other two of us sometimes; for he has four legs, and can run faster than either John or I. But then we can do a great many things that Carlo cannot do.

For example, John and I sometimes take our books, and sit down on the rocks in the wood, under the thick trees, and read stories. And then Carlo will lie down at our feet, and go to sleep; for he cannot understand the nice stories which the other two friends enjoy so much.

But wait till we go into the swamps after berries, or into the wood-borders after hazel-nuts. Then Carlo is wide awake, you may be sure. If he sees a snake, what a noise he makes! We can always tell by the tone of his bark when he has found a snake.

And, when John climbs a tree after nuts, how anxiously Carlo will stand underneath and watch him, so afraid is

he that the little boy will get a fall! And how the good dog will jump and show his pleasure when he sees John once more safe on the firm ground!

Oh! we have fine times together, we three, both in summer and winter; for Carlo likes to see us skate on ice, and is fond of a snowballing frolic. In all our sleigh-rides he goes with us, and takes great care of us. We are dear friends, we three, and I should no more think of striking Carlo than of striking John.

BELLA.

PET, THE CANARY.

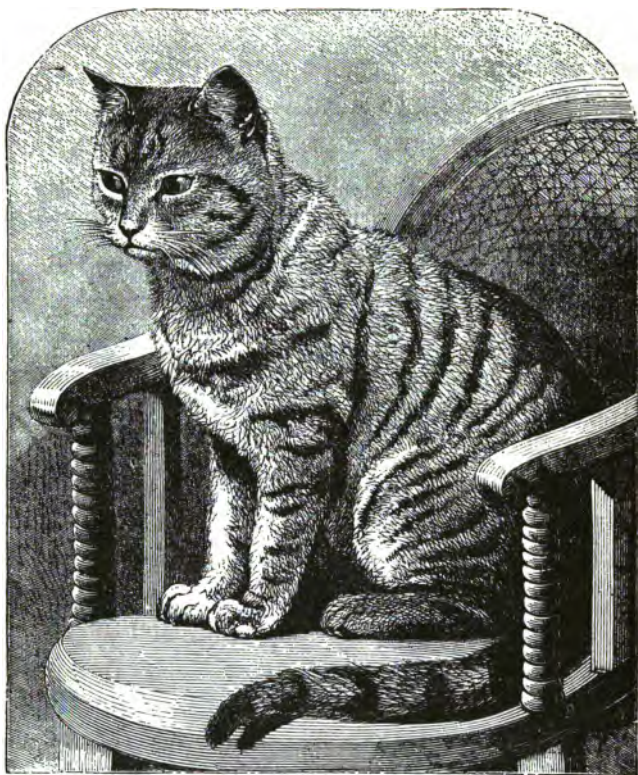
A LITTLE girl by the name of Agnes, who lives in Maine, and who much enjoys "The Nursery," has a beautiful, bright canary, which her papa brought her one day in a paper-box. Agnes named him Pet.

The little fellow has become so tame, that he is allowed to stay out of his cage as long as he wishes, always going to it of his own accord when bedtime comes. One day I found no pins on my pin-cushion; and, seeing them scattered around on the bureau, I wondered who could have done the mischief. I soon found, by watching, that it was Pet's work.

Every day he took his stand on the pin-cushion, in front of the glass, to pull out all the pins. I saw him once work a long time trying to stick one back by tipping his head, first one side and then the other, holding the pin tightly in his bill; but he soon gave it up.

Little Fannie, Agnes's two-year-old sister, often shares her lunch with him; he sitting on the edge of the saucer, and helping himself while she is eating. As I write, he is sitting on the tassel of the shade, looking out of the window. Some day I'll tell you more of Pet's pranks.

MAMMA.



THE CAT SHOW.

It was at the Crystal Palace, in Sydenham, England. I wish all the readers of "The Nursery" could have seen it.

There were over three hundred cats in cages. Each one had a nice red-cushion in the front-part of the cage, and in the back part a dish of water or milk. Each one had a ribbon around the neck, to which was attached a medal with the number of the cage. The ribbons were of all colors.

The cats that had taken the first prize were known by a little blue flag suspended over the front of the cage, and

were the largest cats. Very many of them were lazily sleeping on their cushions, as happy as if they were in their own homes. They took little notice of the people who were looking at them; and, as a placard on each cage ordered spectators to "move on," no one could spend much time in trying to attract their attention.

I can hardly tell you about all the cats, there were so many, — some all white, some all black, and some all yellow; black-and-yellow, black-and-white, black-and-gray, gray-and-white, black-and-yellow-and-white; cats with long hair, and cats with short; cats with tails, and cats without. One large Russian cat, called the "Czar," was brown, with smooth, short, shining fur, which looked like seal-skin.

Then there were kittens of all sizes and colors. In one cage was a black mother-puss, with four perfectly white kittens, their eyes not yet open. Another black mother had two kittens, — one black, and one gray. A black-and-yellow puss had one black, and one yellow kitten.

In some of the cages were two or three large kittens having a good time together. Some of them had balls to play with; some were climbing on the sides of the cage or frolicking with one another; and others were running around after their tails, in real kitten fashion.

Just before five o'clock, the baskets in which the cats were brought were placed on the tops of the cages. Some of the cats reached up and tried to get hold of them. They all seemed to know that the show was over, and that they would soon be able to run and jump about, with plenty of air and space.

I must not forget to tell you how quiet all these cats were. Not one "Me-ow" was to be heard. When, out of sight of the cages, one would never have known there was a cat in the building.



Moderato. mf.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

1. Right and left up-stand - ing, See on ei - ther side, Blooming corn ex -
 2. Bath'd in light e - the - rial, Ripening in the sun, Roy - al corn im -
 3. Thrush and blackbird sing - ing In the cop-pice near, All the blue sky

pand - ing, Rip-pling like the tide. With breath of E - den
 pe - rial, Bread for ev - 'ry one. 'Tis God's own gift de -
 ring - ing With their notes so clear! The twit-tring swal-lows

scent-ed, On the breez-es borne,.....All in love pre-sent-ed,
 scend-ing, For the poor and lorn,.....See the full ears bend-ing,
 skim-ming, Through the air of morn,.....Hap - py all, all hymn-ing,

Go - ing through the corn.
 Go - ing through the corn.
 Go - ing through the corn.



FLORA'S LOOKING-GLASS.

FLORA'S LOOKING-GLASS.



ON the edge of a thick wood dwelt a little girl whose name was Flora. She was an orphan, and lived with an old woman who got her living by gathering herbs.

Every morning, Flora had to go almost a quarter of a mile to a clear spring in the wood, and fill the kettles with fresh water. She had a sort of yoke, on which the kettles were hung as she carried them.

The pool formed by the spring was so smooth and clear, that Flora could see herself in it; and some one who found her looking in it, one bright morning, called the pool "Flora's Looking-Glass."

As Flora grew up, some of the neighbors tried to make her leave the old woman, and come and live with them; but Flora said, "No: she has been kind to me when there was no one to care for me, and I will not forsake her now."

So she kept on in her humble lot; and the old woman taught her the names of all the herbs and wild flowers that grew in the wood; and Flora became quite skilful in the art of selecting herbs, and extracting their essences.

There was one scarce herb that grew on the border of "Flora's Looking-Glass." It was used in a famous mixture prepared by the old woman; and, when the latter was about to die, she said to Flora, "Here is a recipe for a medicine which will, some day, have a great sale. Take it, and do with it as I have done."

Flora took the recipe, and the old woman died. But poor Flora was so kind and generous a girl, that she gave the medicine away freely to all the sick people; nor did she try to keep the recipe a secret.

So, though she was not made rich by it, she was made

happy ; and, as weeks passed on, a man who was a doctor, and had known her father, came to her, and said, "Come and live with me and my wife and daughters, and I will send you to school, and see that you are well taught."

"But how can I pay you for it all ?" asked Flora.

"The recipe will more than pay me," said the good doctor. "You shall have a share in what I earn from it; and you shall help me make the extract."

Flora now goes to school in winter ; but in midsummer she pays frequent visits to "Flora's Looking-Glass," and thinks of the kind old lady who taught her so much about herbs and flowers.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



A SHOT AT AN EAGLE.

CHINESE SCENES.

I HAVE two little girls here in China, who are constant readers of "The Nursery." They think I can tell you little readers at home of some pretty sights they see here. They have asked me so often to do so, that, now they are tucked away for the night, I will try to please them.

In landing at Hong Kong, after a long voyage, it looks very odd to see the water covered with small boats, or *sampans*, as the Chinese call them. In each boat lives a family. It is their house and home; and they seldom go off of it.

They get their living by carrying people to the ships, and by fishing. They have a place in the bottom of the boat, where they sleep at night; and, in cold weather, they shut themselves up in it to keep from freezing. I went out in one of these boats a few days ago. The water was very rough; and I was quite astonished, after being out some time, to see a pair of bright eyes shining from below, through a small crack, nearly under my feet.

Coming back, it was not quite so rough; and the owner of the bright eyes—a little girl four years old, with a baby strapped on her back—came "up topside," as they call up above. When the baby was fussy, the girl would dance a little; and so the baby was put to sleep in this peculiar fashion.

It is a very common sight to see a boatwoman rowing the boat, with her baby strapped on her back. The child likes the motion, and is very quiet. It must be very hard for the mother; but the Chinese women have to endure more hardships than that, as I shall show you in future numbers of "The Nursery."

In cold weather, these people must suffer very much,



they are so poorly clad. They put all the clothing they have on the upper part of their body; and their legs and feet are hardly covered at all. Fortunately for them, it is not very cold in this part of China.

In Canton, there are many more boats than here; for the floating population there is the largest in the world. I have seen as many as ten children in one boat. The small ones have ropes tied around them: so, if they fall into the water, they can be picked up easily.

A little fire in a small earthen vessel is all that these strange people have to cook their food by. The poorer ones have nothing but rice to eat, and consider themselves very fortunate if they get plenty of that. Those better off have a great variety of food; and some of it looks quite tempting; but the greater part is horrible to look at, and much worse to smell.

All the men and boys have their hair braided in long cues. The women have theirs done up in various styles; each province in China having its own fashion. Neither women nor men can dress their own hair. The poorest beggars in the street have their hair done up by a barber.

For the men there are street barbers, who shave heads on low seats by the roadside; but, for the higher classes and the women, a barber goes to their houses. The women's hair is made very stiff and shiny by a paste prepared from a wood which resembles the slippery-elm. It takes at least an hour to do up a Chinese woman's hair.

C. E. C.

HONG KONG, CHINA.



MINOS.

I READ, the other day, an account, taken from an English paper, of a wonderful little dog, called Minos. He knows more arithmetic than many children. At an exhibition given of him by his mistress, he picked out from a set of numbered cards any figure which the company chose to call for. When six was called, for instance, he would bring it; and then, if some one said, "Tell him to add twelve to it."—"Add twelve, Minos," said his mistress. Minos looked at her, trotted over to the cards, and brought the one with eighteen on it.

Only once was he puzzled. A gentleman in the audience called out, "Tell him to give the half of twenty-seven." Poor Minos looked quite bewildered for a moment; but he was not to be baffled so. He ran off, and brought back the card with the figure 0 on it. Was not that clever?

He has photographs of famous persons, all of which he knows by name, and will bring any one of them when told

to. He can spell too; for when a French lady in the company wrote the word "*esprit*," and handed it to him, he first looked at it very hard, and then brought the letters, one by one, and placed them in the right order.

When Minos was born, he was very sickly and feeble; and his mother would not take care of him, and even tried to kill him. But little Marie Slager, daughter of the lady who has him now, took him and brought him up herself.



From that time he was her doll, her playfellow, her baby. She treated him so much like a child, that he really seemed to understand all that was said to him. She even taught him to play a little tune on the piano.

Almost all performing animals are treated so cruelly while they are being trained, and go through with their tricks in so much fear, that it is quite sad to see them. But the best thing about Minos's wonderful performances is, that they were all taught him by love and gentleness.

Remember this, boys, when you are trying to teach Dash or Carlo to fetch and carry, or draw your wagon: there is no teacher so good as love.

ELIZABETH SILL.



GRANDMA'S GARDEN.

THIS is the way ; here is the gate,
 This little creaking wicket ;
 Here robin calls his truant mate
 From out the lilac-thicket.

The walks are bordered all with
 box, —

Oh ! come this way a minute ;
 The snowball-bush, beyond the
 phlox,

Has chippy's nest hid in it.
 Look at this mound of blooming
 pinks,

This balm, these mountain
 daisies ;

And can you guess what grandma
 thinks

The sweetest thing she raises ?

You're wrong, it's not the violet,
 Nor yet this pure white lily :
 It is this straggling mignonette, —
 I know you think it silly, —
 But hear my story ; then, perhaps,
 You'll freely grant me pardon.
 (See how the spiders set their
 traps

All over grandma's garden.)
 Long since I had a little friend,
 Dear as your darling sister,
 And she from over sea, did send
 This token, ere Death kissed her :
 'Twas in a box, a tiny slip,
 With word just how to set it :
 And now I kiss its fragrant tip, —
 You see I can't forget it.

Well, here I get thyme, sage, and
mint,

Sweet marjoram and savory ;
(Cook says they always give a hint
Of summer, rich and flavory) ;

Here's caraway — take, if you will :
Fennel and coriander

Hang over beds of daffodil,
And myrtles close meander.

What's next to come, one may not
know —

But then I like surprises :
Just here, where tender roses blow,
A tiger-lily rises.

Here cock's-comb flaunts, and col-
umbine

Stands shaded by sweetbrier,
And marigolds and poppies shine
Like beds of glowing fire.

A group of honest sunflowers tall
Keep sentry in yon corner ;
And close beside them on the wall,

The peacock, strutting scorner,
Spreads out his rainbow plumes
alone,

Or stoops to pick a berry,
Where briars climb the mossy stone
Beneath those clumps of cherry.

Now we'll turn back: you've seen
but few

Of my old-fashioned beauties,
But take away a nosegay new
To cheer you at your duties ;



Take pansies and forget-me-nots ;
Pluck pinks, bluebells, and roses,
And tell me if you know a spot
Where flourish fairer posies.
Grandma herself no lovelier ground
This side of paradise has found.

M. A. C.



GREAT-AUNT PATIENCE AND HER LITTLE LION.

"WHAT relation is she to me?" said black-eyed Fred, as he heard his mother say that her Aunt. Patience was coming to visit them.

"She is your *great-aunt*," said mamma; "and I want you and Bertie to be very polite to her."

The little boys had heard their mamma say that Aunt Patience was "a lady of the old school," and that she was afraid the children would trouble her, as they were not quite so still as the little boys and girls used to be forty or fifty years ago.

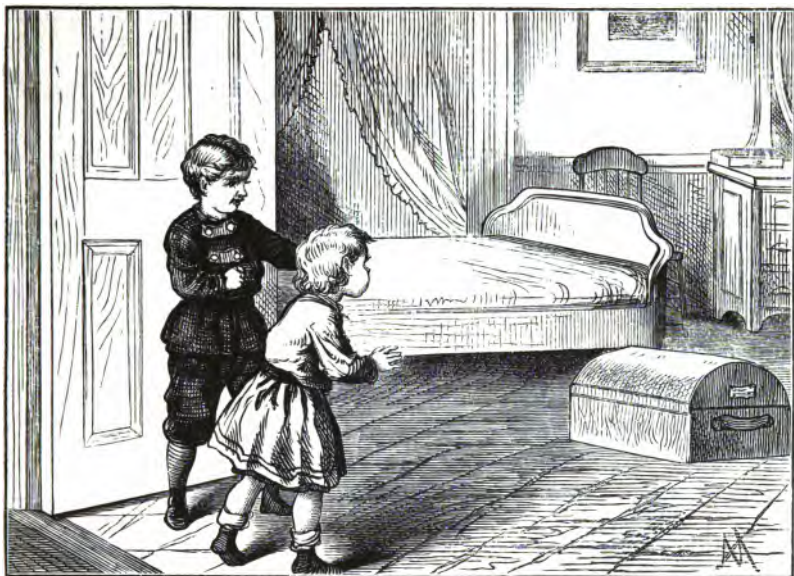
So Fred and Bertie stood somewhat in awe of this Great-Aunt Patience; and when the dear old lady arrived, and papa and mamma went to the cars to meet her, the two boys were watching rather timidly for the carriage, at the parlor-windows.

As she came up the steps, leaning on papa's arm, little Bertie exclaimed, "Oh, see, Freddie! she is not *great* at all: she is as little as a girl."

"Yes, and she laughs too," said Fred; "and her eyes are as blue as mamma's, and her hair as white as a snowdrift."

Just then, the driver took off a strange-looking thing from the carriage, and brought it up the steps. It was an old-fashioned trunk, covered with stiff, reddish-brown hair. The boys had never seen a hair trunk, and it seemed to them, at the first glance, more like some kind of an animal than a trunk.

Before they had a chance to examine it, their mamma called them to come and kiss their aunt, which they did very politely, as they had been directed. But her sweet face won their hearts at once; and Bertie exclaimed, "Oh, you



are not a *big* Patience : you are a *little* good Patience, I know ; and I am not a bit afraid of you ! ”

“ Bless your little heart, dear ! what has mamma been telling you to make you afraid of me ? ” said auntie with a merry laugh.

As soon as they could get away, the boys ran up stairs to see what the driver had carried to their aunt’s room. Fred discovered what it was as soon as he opened the door ; but Bertie, who was not yet four years old, was greatly puzzled. “ What can it be ? ” said he, keeping a safe distance away from it.

Now, Fred liked to play tricks upon his little brother sometimes : so he said, with pretended alarm, “ Why, perhaps it is a young lion.”

After this startling suggestion, Bertie did not wait an instant. He ran as fast as his legs would carry him,

screaming, "O mamma! there is a young lion up stairs. O papa! do get your pistol, and shoot him." The poor child was really in a great fright; and all the family ran at once to see what could be the matter.

They met naughty Fred, laughing, but looking rather guilty. "Why, it is only great Patience's trunk," said he. "Bertie thinks it is a lion." Papa told Fred he did very wrong to frighten the boy so; but they all had a good laugh at poor Bertie's mistake. Bertie was soon induced to take a nearer look at his frightful little lion; and, when Aunt Patience took out from it two or three quarts of chestnuts, it lost all its terrors. The boys were allowed to play in the room as much as they pleased; and the innocent hair trunk was made to do duty as a wolf, a bear, a tiger, and various other wild beasts.

"I wish you would stay here a hundred years!" said little Bertie to his aunt, one day. "I wish she would stay for ever and ever, and longer too!" said Fred. "What do you go back to your old school for?" said Bertie. "My school!" said Aunt Patience. "I have not any school, and never had any."—"Why," exclaimed the little boy, "my mamma said you were a lady of the old school!"

Then mamma and auntie had a merry laugh; and the boys were informed that mamma only meant that Aunt Patience was a very polite lady of the olden time.

The boys constantly forgot to call her "auntie," but remembered the title of "great," and the precious old lady was just as well pleased to have them call her "Great Patience."

When she bade them good-by, they both cried, though Fred was very private about his tears; and both boys declared that the best visitors they ever had were "Great Patience and her little red lion."

MAMMA.



CROSSING THE BROOK.

OVER the stepping-stones, one foot and then another ;
And here we are safe on dry land, little brother.

NELLIE'S LITTLE BROTHER.



WHEN Nellie was quite young, she lost her dear mother; and two sad years passed by for the little girl. She used to go and look at her mother's portrait, and wonder whether she could see Nellie, though Nellie could not see her. .

But, at last, her father gave her a new mother, who was so kind and good, that Nellie loved her very much; though she never could forget her first dear mother. One happy day, Nellie learned that a little brother had been born. How glad she was then!

Some weeks passed by before Nellie was allowed to take the little fellow in her arms; but, when she was permitted to do this, it seemed to her that she had never felt such delight before. When he would put up his tiny hands, and feel of her face, she was ready to weep with joy.

But one night the nurse was ill; and there was nobody to take care of the baby. Nellie begged so hard to be allowed to sit up and attend to it, that she was at last permitted to do so. She passed two hours, watching baby as he slept,

and thinking of the nice times she would have with him when he grew up.

At last he awoke ; and then Nellie gave him some milk from the porringer, and tried to rock him to sleep again. But the little fellow wanted a frolic : so she had to take him in her arms, and walk about the room with him.

She walked and walked till it got to be twelve o'clock ; and then she stood in the faint lamplight, before the portrait of her own mother, and it seemed as if the sweet face were trying to speak to her.

But Nellie was so very sleepy, that she hardly knew what she was about. She walked, like one in a dream, — from the bed to the cradle, and from the cradle to the bed, — and all at once baby seemed quiet, and she was walking no longer.

At last she started up, and found she had been lying on the bed. The faint light of the early dawn was coming through the eastern window-panes. Where was baby ? Oh ! what had Nellie done with him ? She jumped from the bed, ran here and there, but could not find him.

At last she looked in the cradle, and there he was, lying snugly asleep. Without knowing what she had done, she had put him in the cradle, and had covered him up, and then, without undressing herself, had gone and lain down on the bed. “ Oh, you darling, you darling ! ” cried Nellie ; but the tears came to her eyes, and she could say no more.

MARY ATKINSON.



ANNIE'S WISH.

" I WISH I were a fairy, —
A fairy kind and good,
I'd have a splendid palace
Beside a waving wood.
And there my fairy minstrels
Their golden harps should play;
And little fairy birdies
Should carol all the day.

" A hundred fairy minions
On my commands should wait;
And want and pain should never
Be known on my estate.
I'd send my fairy heralds,
To solace, soothe, and aid;
And love and joy and pleasure
Each dwelling should pervade."

" But, ah! you're not a fairy,
Dear little Sister Ann;
So pray now be contented,
And do the best you can.
To parents, friends, and teachers,
Be docile, true, and fond,
And you will work more wonders
Than with a fairy's wand."



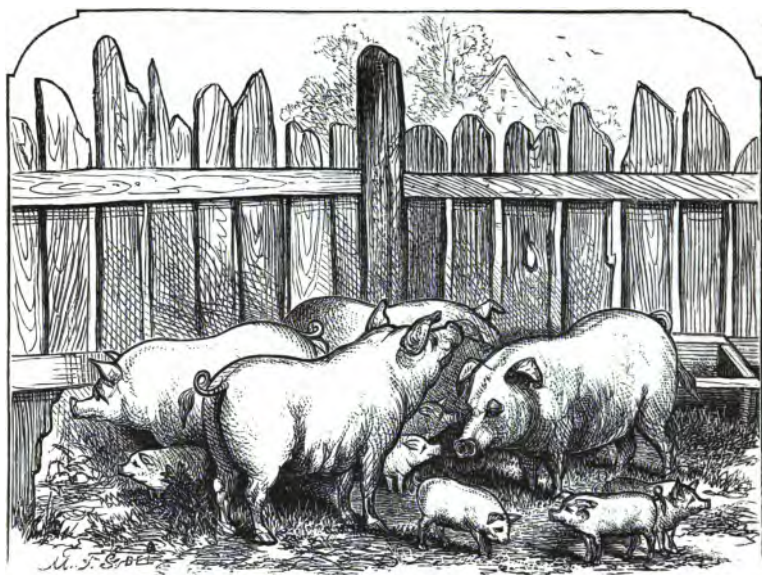
Outline Drawing by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.

GRANDPA'S PIGS.

MAMMA says that I am only a little boy; but I think I am quite big. I shall be six years old next May.

Last summer, mamma took me to grandpa's, to stay a few weeks. When we got to the house, I asked grandpa if I might go with him every day to feed the pigs. He said, "Yes."

So the next morning I went. There were four large pigs, and six little ones; and, when the food was put into the trough, they were all so eager to get it, that they kept tumbling over one another.



One morning, there was not a pig in the pen. We hunted everywhere, but could not find them. At last, grandpa said, "They must be in the turnip-garden." Sure enough, there they were.

The moment they saw us, they scampered; but, after a while, we got them all back in

the pen. Then grandpa said he wanted to know how they got out: so we hid in the barn.

By and by, an old pig peeped around, to see if anybody was watching. As he saw no one, he grunted, as much as to say, "All right," and started for a large hole beneath the fence. But, before he could get out, grandpa nailed a plank over the hole.

I wanted a pig to take home with me; but grandpa said it would not live in the city.

HOMER.





CAPTAIN BOB.

AT the hotel near the 'seaside, where I staid last summer, there was a little fellow who was known to the guests as Captain Bob. He was from the West, where he had never seen a large sheet of water. But, at his first sight of old Ocean, he gave him his heart.

Old Ocean seemed to return the tender liking; for he was very kind to Captain Bob, who was nearly all day at the seaside, running some sort of risk. There was nobody to prevent his going in to swim as often as he chose.

Nobody had taught Captain Bob to swim. How he learned, he could not explain. He was always ready to venture into a boat. He took to sculling and rowing quite as naturally as a duck takes to swimming.

One morning, we were all made sad by the report that Captain Bob was missing. He had not been seen since noon the previous day. Messengers were sent in every direction to make inquiries after the captain. Several persons said, that, the last they had seen of him, he was standing by the big post on the wharf, with a little boat in his hand that an old sailor had made for him.

Two days were at an end, and still there was no news of Captain Bob. His parents and friends were greatly distressed. But, on the morning of the third day, there was a shout from some of the gentlemen on the piazza; and, on hastening to find out what was the matter, whom should I see but Captain Bob, borne on the shoulders of two young men, and waving his cap over his head.

Bob's story was this: A mackerel-schooner was anchored off shore; and Bob had persuaded the sailor, who had given him the toy-boat, to take him on board. The sailor had done this, not suspecting what was to happen. A school of mackerel had been seen; and, as the breeze was fair, the skipper spread all sail, and was soon five miles off shore.

The mackerel were so plenty that the fishermen made the most of their luck, and did not return to the shore near the hotel till the third day.

"Did you have a good time, captain?" I asked.

"A *good* time!" exclaimed Captain Bob. "It was the jolliest time I ever had. You should have seen me pull in the fish."

After this adventure, Captain Bob was more of a hero than ever among the people of the hotel.

EMILY CARTER.



“PAPA CAN’T FIND ME.”

No little steps do I hear in the hall ;
Only a sweet silver laugh, that is all.
No dimpled arms round my neck hold me tight ;
I’ve but a glimpse of two eyes very bright.
Two little hands a wee face try to screen :
Baby is hiding, that’s plain to be seen.
“Where is my precious I’ve missed so all day ?”
“Papa can’t find me !” the pretty lips say.

“Dear me! I wonder where baby can be!”
Then I go by, and pretend not to see.
“Not in the parlor, and not on the stairs ?
Then I must peep under sofas and chairs.”
The dear little rogue is now laughing outright,
Two little arms round my neck clasp me tight.
Home will indeed be sad, weary, and lone,
When papa can’t find you, my darling, my own.

THE SOLDIER-DOG.

I HAVE been reading in "The Nursery" the story about Mellie Hoyt and his dog Major. My papa often tells me about another good old dog, named Major. He was a soldier-dog, that papa knew when he went to the war.

Major was a kind dog to all his friends; but he would bark at strangers, and sometimes he would bite them. He once tried to bite a steam-engine as it came whistling by; but the engine knocked him off the track, and almost killed him. He had never seen a steam-engine before, and he knew better than to attack one after that. But he was not afraid of any thing else.

When the soldiers went out to battle, Major would go with them, and bark and growl all the time. Once, in a battle way down in Louisiana, Major began to bark and growl as usual, and to stand up on his hind-legs. Then he ran around, saying, "*Ki-yi, ki-yi.*" By and by he saw a cowardly soldier, who was running away; and he seized that soldier by the leg, and would not let him go for a long time. He wanted him to go back and fight.

Soon after this, Major began to jump up in the air, trying to bite the bullets that whistled over his head. When a bullet struck the ground, he would run and try to dig it out with his paws. At last he placed himself right in front of an advancing line of soldiers, as much as to say, "Don't come any further!" He seemed to think that he could drive them back all alone.

By and by a bullet hit Major as he was jumping about; and he dropped down dead. The soldiers all felt sad, and some of them cried. They missed him like one of their comrades, and they had many to mourn for in that dreadful battle. I hope there never will be another war.

PINKY.



THE SURPRISE.

“WHOSE hands are over your eyes? Guess quick.”

“Old Mother Hubbard’s?”

“Wrong: guess again.”

“The good fairy’s, Teenty Tawnty?”

“There are no fairies in this part of the country, and you know it. Guess again.”

“Well, I guess it is the old woman that lived in a shoe.”

“She is not in these parts. I will give you one more chance. Who is it?”

“I think it must be little Miss Muffit,— the one who was frightened by a spider.”

“Nonsense! One would think you had read nothing but ‘Mother Goose’s Melodies.’”

“Can it be Tom, Tom, the piper’s son?”

"No, I never stole a pig in my life. Now give the right name this time, or prepare to have your ears pulled."

"Oh, that would never do! I think it must be my cousin, Jenny Mason, who is hiding the daylight from me."

"Right! Right at last! One kiss, and you may go."

IDA FAY.

LITTLE PEDRO.



PEDRO is a little Italian boy, who lives in Chicago. When I first knew him, he was roaming about from house to house, playing on the fiddle, and singing.

Sometimes kind persons gave him money, and then he always looked happy. But many times he got nothing for his music, and then he was very sad; for he lived with a cruel master, who always beat him when he came home at night without a good round sum.

One day last spring, he had worked very hard; but people were so busy moving, or cleaning house, that, when night came, he had very little money. He felt very tired: so he went home with what he had.

But his cruel master, without stopping to hear a word from the little fellow, gave him a whipping, and sent him out again. He came to my gate, long after I had gone to bed, and played and sang two or three songs; but he did not sing very well, for he was too tired and sleepy.

Just across the street, in an unfinished building, the carpenters had left a large pile of shavings. Pedro saw this by the moonlight, as he went along; and he thought he would step in and lie down to rest. His head had hardly touched the pillow of shavings before he was asleep.

He dreamed about his pleasant home far away in Italy. He thought he was with his little sisters, and he saw his dear mother smile as she gave him his supper; but, just as he was going to eat, some sudden noise awoke him.

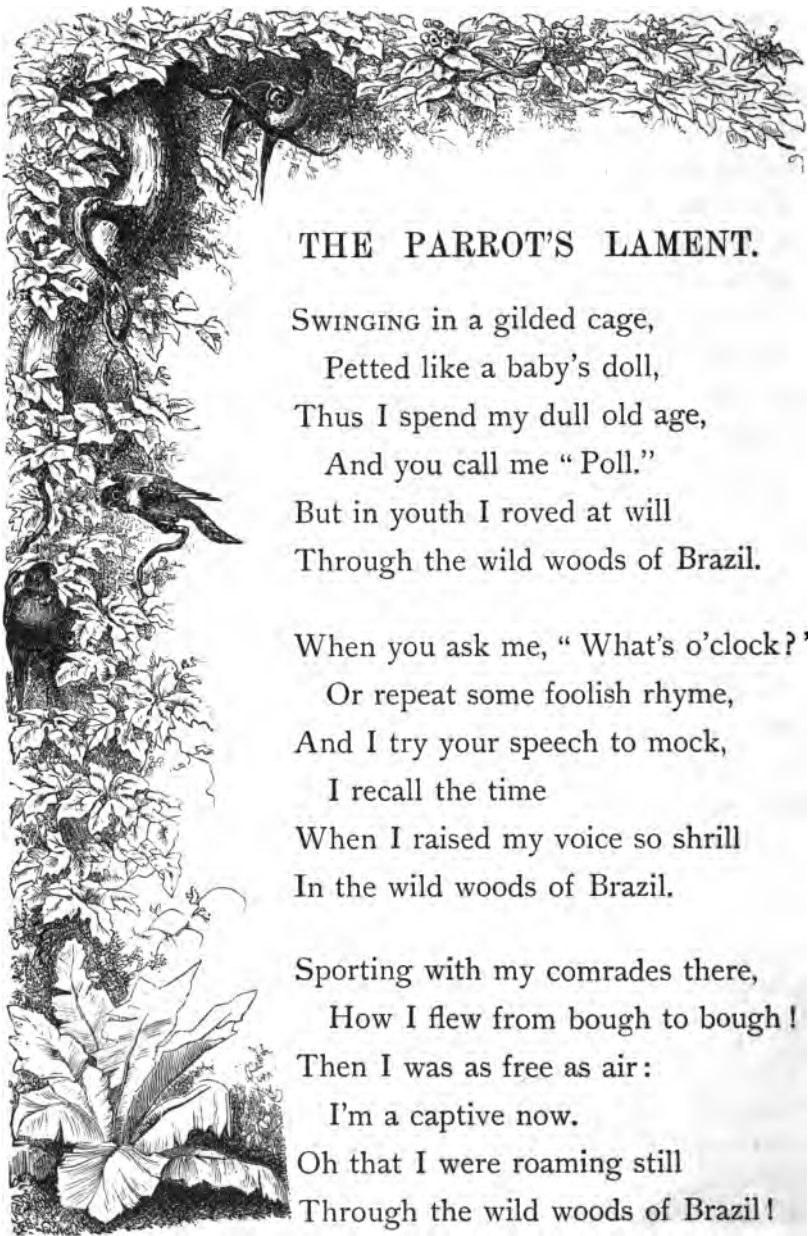
He was frightened to find it was daylight, and that the sun was high in the sky. In the doorway stood a kind gentleman looking at him. Pedro sprang up, and took his fiddle; but the gentleman stopped him as he was going out, and asked if that pile of shavings was all the bed he had. He spoke so kindly, that Pedro told him his story.

The gentleman felt so sorry for him, and was so pleased with his sweet, sad face, that he took him to his own home, and gave him a nice warm breakfast; and, being in want of an errand-boy, he concluded to let Pedro have the place.

Pedro has lived happily in his new home ever since; and, though he still likes to play on his fiddle, he has no wish to return to his old wandering mode of life.

COUSIN EMILY.





THE PARROT'S LAMENT.

SWINGING in a gilded cage,
Petted like a baby's doll,
Thus I spend my dull old age,
And you call me "Poll."
But in youth I roved at will
Through the wild woods of Brazil.

When you ask me, "What's o'clock?"
Or repeat some foolish rhyme,
And I try your speech to mock,
I recall the time
When I raised my voice so shrill
In the wild woods of Brazil.

Sporting with my comrades there,
How I flew from bough to bough!
Then I was as free as air:
I'm a captive now.
Oh that I were roaming still
Through the wild woods of Brazil!

The car went on and on, ever so far away from Boston, and by and by was half-way across a bridge. The pigeon had lain nestled under Uncle Tom's coat; and the warmth seemed to make it feel better. First it put one round bright eye out, then the other, and took a peep at the people sitting near it.

Then, I think, its back must have ceased aching; for it grew lively, and stirred around. Uncle Tom felt it moving, and was afraid that it would presently try to get away: so he held it as close as he could without hurting it.

But just as he thought how safe he had it, and how tame it would be when it had lived with its little mistress a while, it popped its head out again.

It popped so far out this time, that there was nothing to take hold of but its tail-feathers. Uncle Tom clutched those firmly; but, to his great astonishment, the pigeon gave another spring, and pulled itself away, leaving all its beautiful tail-feathers behind it.

Away it flew, down the car, over the heads of the people, out of the door, past the head of the conductor (who did not know that he had such a strange passenger), and out over the water, back to Boston.

Uncle Tom was left with only a handful of dark-gray feathers to take home with him; and little Emily had no pet pigeon, after all.

AUNT EMMIE.



THE CHICKEN AND THE DOG.

TANTALUS, as the old Greek fable tells us, was King of Lydia. Being invited by Jupiter to his table, he heard secrets which he afterwards divulged. To divulge a secret is to make it vulgar, or common, by telling it.

Poor Tantalus was punished rather severely for his offence; but he had sinned in betraying confidence. Sent to the lower world, he was placed in the middle of a lake, the waters of which rolled away from him as often as he tried to drink of them.

Over his head, moreover, hung branches of fruit, which drew away, in like manner, from his grasp, whenever he put forth his hand to reach them. And so, though all the time thirsty and hungry, he could not, in the midst of plenty, satisfy his desires.

Therefore we call it to tantalize a person to offer him a thing he longs for, and then to draw it away from him.

In the picture, a little chicken is looking up at a spider which sits over her in the midst of its web. She watches it, hoping that it will come so near to her little bill, that she can peck at it, and swallow it.

But the spider is on its guard. To and fro it swings, letting itself down a little bit, but never so far as to be in any danger; and then, just as the enemy prepares to snap at it, it climbs nimbly into its secure network.

The second Tantalus of our picture, the little dog, has, also, small prospects of reaching the object on which his heart is set. At some distance from him on the ground lies a bone, which he longs to get; but the chain which fastens him, prevents his going near enough to seize it. Both the dog and the chicken are *tantalized*, you see.

Let us keep down our desires, try to reach only what is fairly ours, be content with little, and never betray confidence. Then shall we avoid the fate of Tantalus.





Girls & Boys

T. CRAMPTON.

Cheerfully. mf.

VOICE

AND

PIANO.

1. In all the land by field and town, The boys and girls go
 2. They thread the use - dle in the ring; They play at tea and
 3. They play at Hop - scotch, mar - ble, dumps, And Fly the - gar - ter;

up and down, In all the land the girls and boys Wherever they go they make a noise.
 vis - i - ting; Or wo - man poor from Sandy - land, whose talk is hard to un - derstand.
 oh! what jumps! From Tipcat quick away I fly For fear they'll hit me in the eye.

They play at crick - et, tops and games, With balls that carry va - rious names; They
 Their - lungs and limbs they freely use, They never mope or have the blues; And
 In win - ter on the ice they go, And keep the - pot - a - boil - ing so, And

whirl the skipping rope, and drive The hoop till it ap - pears a - live.
 it is al - ways half their joys In all their play to make a noise.
 tho' they shout and make a noise, Some - how, I like these girls and boys.



FIDO AND FAN.

FIDO AND FAN.



FIDO was a large Newfoundland dog. He knew almost as much as some boys and girls. He was a great favorite everywhere; and everybody gave him a hearty welcome.

But, although he was friendly to every one, little Fan was his favorite. She would feed him from her own plate. She would go for the cows with him. Sometimes she would dress him up in a cloak and hat, as you see in the picture; then she would put her arms around his neck, and kiss him, and he would kiss her. Do you wonder that they were such warm friends?

He would bark at her sometimes, when she came from school, thinking it was a strange little girl; but, when he found that he was barking at his best friend, he would look very much ashamed. Then he would stand on his hind-legs, and look up into her face, as much as to say, "Fan, do forgive me! I am sorry: I meant no harm."

One day, Fan had given him his dinner, — a plate of bones covered with meat. He was eating away as fast as he could, and Fan was watching him, as usual. She thought the plate was not quite near enough to him: so she moved it a little nearer, and, dear me! — up sprang that naughty dog, and caught poor little Fan right by the leg. He thought she was going to take his dinner away.

She screamed, "O auntie, auntie! do come, I am killed; come as quick as you can. What shall I do? Oh, oh! oh — oh — oh!" Her auntie was with her in a minute, and she was soon comforted. The little girl tried to be brave; but she made sorry work of it. Her face was as white as snow, and she trembled with fear.

But the best part is coming. She had on a very thickly quilted skirt; and the dog didn't hurt her at all. He only bit her skirt. As soon as she felt better, she called Fido to her, made him look in her face, and then she talked to him. Just hear what she said:—

“Why, Fido! you are growing bad as you grow old. When I love you so much, and am so good to you, how could you try to bite me? Fido, I am ashamed of you! I shall tell all the children about you, and none of them will love you any more. I shall tell the butcher, and he won't save any more bones for you. Bad Fido! Roll over, sir, wag your tail, and let me see that you are truly sorry.”

He wagged his tail, rolled over, stood on his hind-legs, and, in dog-language, said he *was* sorry. He lived some years after that; and Fan forgot his naughty trick, and loved him more and more.

But her father made a rule for her at that time, which she never forgot; and it is a good rule for every one to follow: “Never meddle with a dog when he is eating or sleeping.”

MARGARET ARNOLD.



ESQUIMAUX DOG.



HIGH AS A KITE.

'Twas only a dream, only a dream ;
But very pleasant it all did seem :
Fair was the day, as, on my kite lying,
High up in the air it took me flying ;
And down I looked on the fields so green,
And thought, such pictures I never had seen.

Up and away! Yes, up and away!
Who shall rule me? and who shall stay?
Now, like hillocks the mountains look ;
And now the big river is small as a brook ;
And now the cattle and men appear
Like ants that crawl in the sunlight clear.

Higher than birds I take my flight:
Who ever saw such a wonderful sight?
Up through the clouds to the sky so blue,
What melodies sweet, what wonders new!
But, ah! 'tis a dream, and only a dream;
Yet very pleasant it all doth seem.

ALFRED SELWYN.



A HUMMING-BIRD STORY.

LITTLE Ellen is five years old, and loves "The Nursery" dearly. She welcomes every number, and never tires of its pleasant stories.

To-day she heard something which she wishes sent to "The Nursery," for other children to read; and she wishes them to know that it is a *true* story.

Summer before last, a humming-bird flew into the sitting-room of a lady who loves birds and flowers very much. She talked to it in a gentle, pleasant tone; but, after a short

call, it flew away. Soon after, it came again for another fashionable call.

The third time it came, it brought its mate; and they were so well pleased with their kind reception, that they continued their visits all through the summer.

How do you think the lady fed them? With sweetened water from a petunia-blossom, which she held in her hand. They would sip from it again and again, and seemed to relish it greatly.

During the winter, of course, their visits ceased; but, in the spring, the birds again appeared at the window. The lady raised it, and in they flew; showing as much delight as it was possible for such little things to show.

A few days since, there were no less than five humming-birds in the room at one time. So, it seems, the birds that came first told their friends where they would be welcomed, and entertained with "refreshments at all hours."

Ellen says she would give them as much sweetened water as they could drink, if they would only make her a call; and I dare say many little girls would be glad to do the same.

LITTLE ELLEN'S MAMMA.



At last, the cart was in the right place ; and John began to shovel out the coal. Sam was turned around beside me ; but I had to stand across the middle of the street, and, when the teams went by, I was afraid they would hit me. Two or three wagons grazed me a little, although I held my head around as far as I could.

This troubled me, and I got a little angry ; but I only set my ears back, and looked around at Sam. Sam knew what I meant, and felt sorry for me ; and he touched me with his nose to tell me how he wished he could help me. This made me feel better.

Sam is a good horse, and he helps me to be patient when I am in trouble.

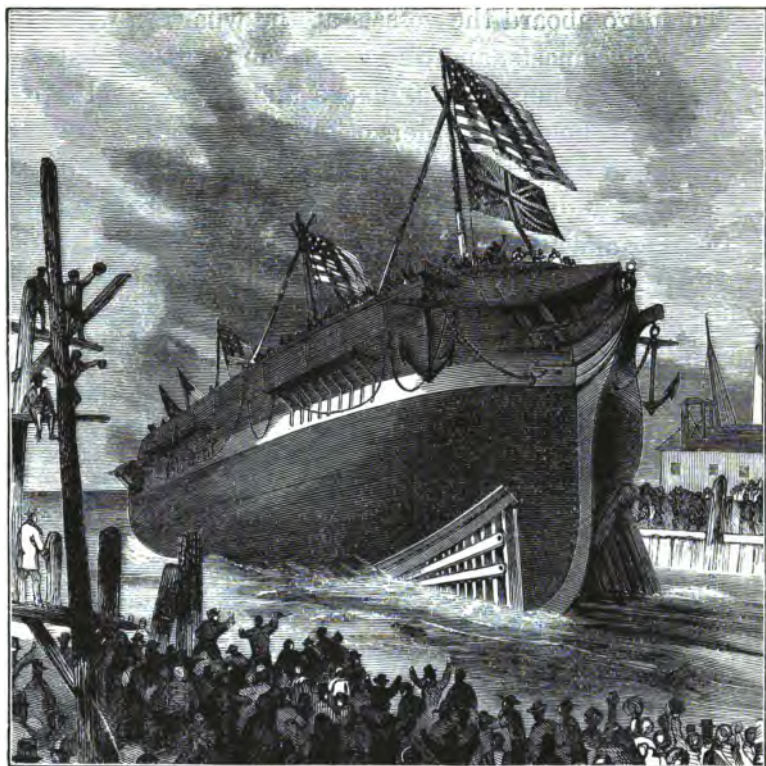
DICK.

DOWN WHERE BILLY LIVES.

I HAVE been spending my vacation down where Billy lives. It is an old town on the New England sea-coast. Billy is the son of Capt. Walter Doane, captain of the good ship "Arctic King."

Here are shipyards, in which you may see great crooked trunks of trees that inland farmers have drawn hither for ship-timber. Many fine ships, and some of the fastest yachts and pilot-boats, are built upon these old ways. And when one is launched, cutting the swelling tide for the first time with her clean, sharp prow, leaving her foaming wake behind her, as she cleaves the waters to the long wharf, how the people shout ! and how the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and the gay flags flutter, and little boys, like Billy Doane, hurrah !

I should like to tell you about the building of a ship, so



that you might learn to enjoy with me the description given in Longfellow's beautiful lines; but that you will all learn by and by. Now, I know, you would prefer to hear about Billy's boat.

Didn't you suppose Billy had a boat? Bless you! of course he has,—a little green boat, with stripes of black and white. She is named the "Ulysses Grant;" and Sammy Cushman is her mate. If you were here now, Billy and Sammy would take you to the beaches and rocks and boat-house, to the brown old warehouses and workshops, to the lofts and steam-boxes and counting-room. Then

you would go aboard the vessels at the wharves, with their great tapering masts, and dingy sails, and rattling hawsers; you would see their curious decks and houses and berths, and the black holds with their different cargoes. And then you would all come home, smelling strongly of the ships and cordage; indulging, perhaps, in large talk of ship-building and rigging and navigation; and tolerably salt and smutty and sticky.

The house where Billy lives is a great gambrel-roofed mansion, with two huge chimneys, in which the wind pipes



drearily when the south-easters are blowing, and the white-caps are flashing in the bay, and the great waves are dashing outside on the ledges. I haven't yet asked Billy how his ears are kept warm in winter, with these ventilators forever open to the winds of heaven.

But it is a warm, cheery, beautiful home — this old one by the sea; well preserved and very comfortably provided. There are nine large windows in front, with a great double hall-door, wide open. The house stands upon a high granite underpinning; and so the heavy-topped cedars standing in the grounds do not interfere with the prospect.

From my chamber I can look out to sea, over beaches,

cliffs, and bowlders, and see the white seagulls dip to the green waves. If I would have a more extensive view, I mount to the top of the house, where there is a broad platform, strongly railed in. Within this enclosure, upon the weather-bleached seats, we may safely sit, and sweep the whole horizon for miles and miles. Aunt Lucretia points out, with her knitting-needle, beacons, and reefs, and promontories, and isles, and villages, and sailing ships.

One clear, breezy afternoon, we heard a ship's gun firing off in the bay. Aunt Lucretia took down the good red spy-glass from its hooks, slipped out the shining tubes, and rested it upon the broad railing of the walk. Oh, what do you think she saw, brought under her very eyes? It was the "Arctic King's" snowy canvas, and dear signal, — two red balls, and a blue diamond and a white.

Billy scampered down the street, and made quick time for his boat; and he and Sammy sped her like a sea-bird to meet the ship, which they knew would come to anchor below before unloading at the wharf. And then, best of all, in his own little boat, Billy brought the captain to "home, sweet home."

S. P. BARTLETT.





THE PLEA OF THE SPARROWS.

WE are four little sparrows,
The cold stings us like arrows,
And we no food can get us :
So please, good master, pet us.
Oh, give us, if you're able,
A few crumbs from the table ;
Or, on the door-sill scatter
Some seed to make us fatter.

The snow has come so early,
The wind it blows so surly,
That we are almost frozen ;
Can hardly keep our toes on.
So don't, good master, grieve us,
But cheer us and relieve us ;
And we will eat next season
The canker-worms your trees on.



A MIMIC OCEAN.

"HERE is the good ship 'Dart,' starting on her first voyage around the world. Her sails are all set, and the wind is fair. See her go!" So said Henry, the eldest of the four children.

"But where is her crew, and where is her cargo?" asked Rachel.

"How do you expect to see them when she is so far off?" replied Henry. "Isn't she half across the Atlantic Ocean already?"

"Look out for squalls," said Tommy, who sat at the opposite side of the tub. "I shouldn't wonder if that ship were caught in a typhoon, and sunk with all her crew."

"What is a typhoon?" asked little Emily.

"A typhoon," said Tommy, "is a great blast of wind, a sort of hurricane, just like this."

And thereupon Tommy blew with all his might, upsetting the good ship "Dart," and creating quite a stir in the Atlantic Ocean.

"Cease, rude Bo're-as! Stop that!" cried Henry.

"Who is Boreas, anyhow?" asked Tommy.

"Tommy, I despair of you!" said Henry. "A boy nine years old — in his Latin Grammar — and he doesn't know that Boreas is the North Wind! Make a note of that, Tommy, and when I sing, 'Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,' don't mortify me by saying you don't know who Boreas is."

UNCLE CHARLES.

DICK CROW.

I WANT to tell the little boys and girls who read "The Nursery," some things about my crow, which I think very funny.

He was given to me when he was one week old, and I named him Dick. I made a little box-cage for him, with a bed of grass in one corner. I fed him with soaked bread, and squirted water down his throat with a syringe, as he did not know how to drink.

When he got to be a few weeks older, I let him out of his box. He made himself at home in all parts of the house; and, whenever he got a chance, he would steal into the kitchen. This annoyed the housemaid so much, that she drove him out with a switch. He would set up a loud cry whenever he saw her; for he knew what was coming.

One day, he was found lighting upon a kettle that stood on the stove; and, in his hurry to get out of the way of the switch, he jumped on the hot stove, and burnt his feet so badly, that he went limping around for several days.



In the cold winter weather, he sleeps in the woodhouse. Every morning when he gets up, I give him his breakfast on a plate ; and, what he does not eat, he hides away in some place, where he can find it when he is hungry. He takes my mittens sometimes, and runs away as fast as he can to hide them.

He catches mice, and eats them as if he thought them very nice. He is very fond of bathing, and every day I fill a pan of water for him ; and, when there is snow on the ground, he takes a snow-bath. When the children in the neighborhood come in to play, he runs after them, and pecks at their shoestrings till he frightens them nearly out of their wits.

I might tell you many more funny things about him, but have not time now. This is the first story I have ever written ; and I hope you will excuse all mistakes.

FAIRFIELD, IOWA.

ARTIE JORDAN.
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HOW THE EGGS WERE FOUND.

FARMER LANE kept hens by the wholesale. He had Bantams, Dorkins, Cochín-Chinas, Black Spanish, and a few speckled hens.

They were very good layers; and their eggs were brought in every day. Some days, the children would bring in two dozen at one time. How many are two dozen? Dear me, I am forgetting my good manners: I am not hearing a class in arithmetic, am I? No, indeed!

One noon, when the Lane children came home from school, their father said, "Come, Harry and Sadie and Ben, I've business for you to-day. One of the old hens has stolen her nest; and I want you to hunt her up. Do your best to find it, and, for every egg you will bring in to me, I will give you a cent."

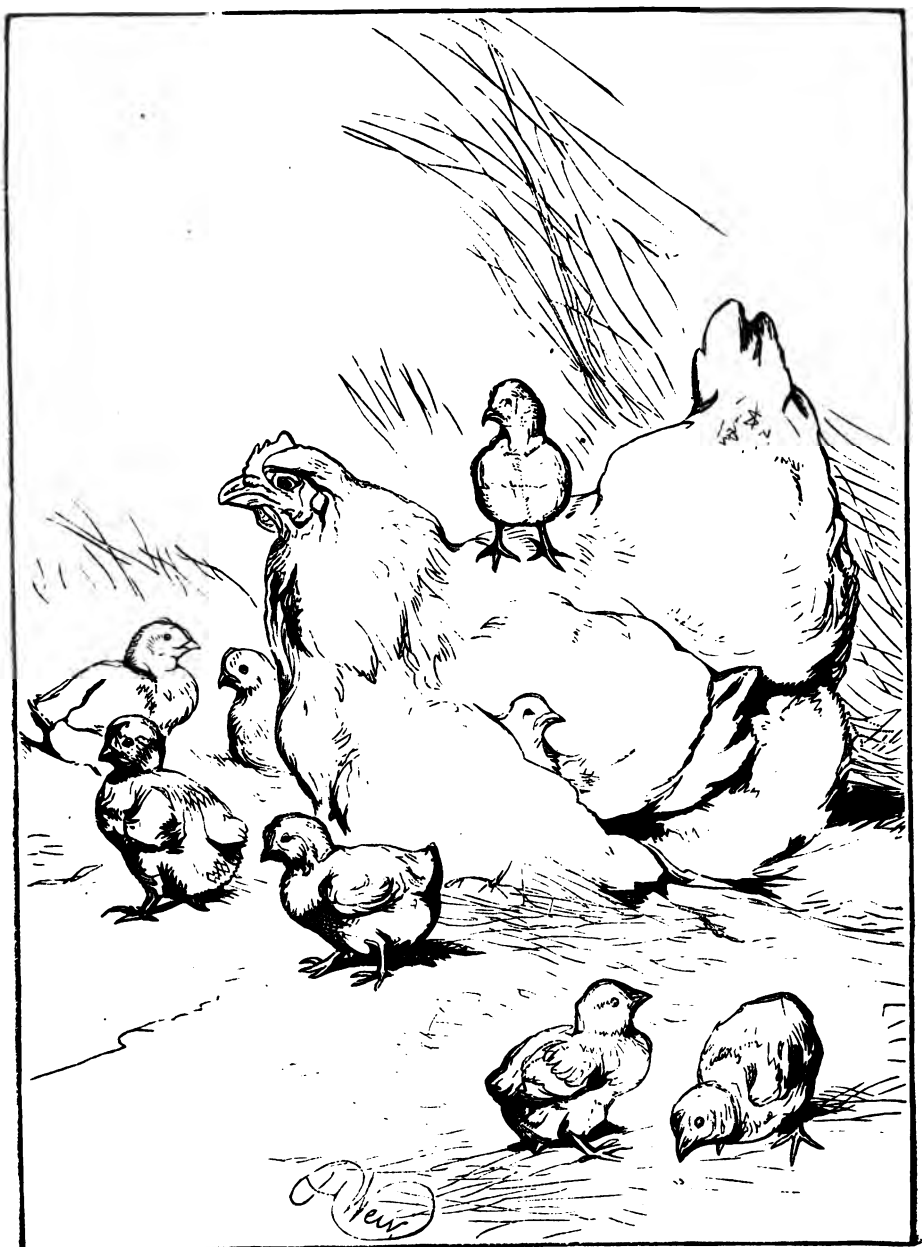
Visions of corn-balls, sugar-gooseberries, and sticks of candy, danced before them, and off they started to hunt up the missing nest. Sadie did not think of candy. She had something else in her mind, as you shall see.

What funny places they went into! They peeped into every spot they could think of. You would have laughed to see little Sadie diving down into the hay in search of the eggs that the sly old biddy had hidden away. She looked almost like a little Bantam herself.

At last, Harry and Ben got discouraged; and Harry said, "Oh, dear! if we don't get rich until we find that nest, I guess we shall have to be poor." — "That's so," said Ben: "it's of no use to hunt any more."

But Sadie was not willing to give up. She told the boys that she would hunt a while longer. They laughed at her, said she was quite smart *for a girl*, and ran into the house.

Sadie was left alone in the barn; and, having nobody else



Outline Drawing by MR. HARRISON WEIR, as a drawing lesson.

to talk to, she began to talk to herself. "Of course I can find the nest," said she, "now that those noisy boys are gone. How boys do act! Why, any *lady-like* hen would be afraid to lay her eggs when Harry and Ben are near. But, if *I* am going to find the eggs, I must be about it;" and she ran through the barn, singing,—

"Please do let me find an egg:
Please, Miss Biddy, do, I beg!"

She looked the barn-chamber over and over: she peeped into every hole and corner, high and low. She actually longed, after all that hunting, to look into places beyond her reach.

At last, a bright thought came into her mind; and she said, "Now, I'm going to look into the hen-house,—yes, into every part of it." The hens were all out in the yard, taking an airing, and snapping up worms: so she was going to make them a call, knowing they were not at home.

But wait a minute. What does she see in that corner, behind a barrel? Why, an old hat that her father used to wear! She went up to it; and in it were *nine* clean, white eggs! She picked up the hat with the eggs in it, and almost flew into the house.

Just as she left the barn with her treasures, an old speckled hen came flying in, and such a noise as she made! She seemed to say, in hen language, "Cluck, cluck, c-l-u-c-k! Who stole the eggs I laid, and the nice nest I made?"

Sadie had her nine cents, you may be sure. What did she do with them? Why, she put them in her bank, in which she was saving up money to pay her subscription to "The Nursery." She had ninety cents before: so then she had ninety-nine. That is more than half enough; and she thinks she will soon have the rest.

MARGARET ARNOLD.



GINX'S WHEELBARROW.

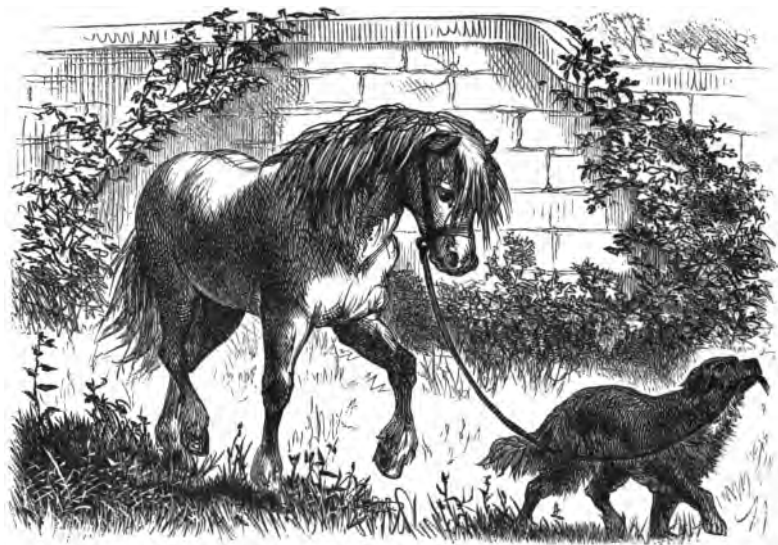
Not very wide, and not very narrow,
But very, very red, is the little wheelbarrow.
Ginx, the baby, trundles it, wheels it, rolls it;
By the pretty handles lifts it, holds it;
Thinks of some new use every other minute;
Calling it an omnibus, puts the dolly in it;
Picks his mamma's asters for a load of clover;
Flies into a passion when he tips it over:
All day long he trundles it, wheels it, rolls it;
By the pretty handles lifts it, holds it;
Never getting tired of this neither wide nor narrow,
But very, very, *very* red little wheelbarrow.

MY PETS.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had a dog named Ponto, and a pony named Jack. Our garden extended to the edge of a large pond; and I would often let Ponto lead Jack by his halter to the pond for a drink.

I would stand at the end of the walk, and watch them as they trotted down to the water. Ponto was very careful not to drop the rope, although, coming home, Jack would sometimes caper, and try to pull away.

I must tell you how Ponto went to church one Sunday. It was a warm summer afternoon, and the church-doors



stood open. The minister was reading the service, when in walked Ponto. He trotted up the broad-aisle, passed our pew, and went right up to the minister, with whom he was well acquainted. Dr. Brown took no notice of him, but went on with his reading; and Ponto, not being used to such neglect,

sat up on his hind-legs, and begged. There he sat until my father took him by the collar, and led him out of church.

In old times, there were no steam fire-engines, but only small hand-engines, which men and boys were obliged to drag by a long rope. Ponto was always on hand at the first cry of "Fire!" and often reached the engine in time to take the end of the rope in his mouth.

One night, in going to a fire, he was run over by the engine, and killed. After his death, Jack made friends of two bantam-chickens, and would allow them to roost on his neck.



EDITH'S BOUND "NURSERY."

SHE waited long ; but it came at last,
And here in her hands she holds it fast :
Her "Nursery" numbers, bound in a book !
Be very careful, and you may look.

She means to treasure it long and well ;
If you ask me *why*, you shall hear me tell :
She wants to remember, as long as she may,
The joy it has given to childhood's day.

With every picture and tale, I think,
Some pleasure will memory try to link;
And never, I hope, will she outgrow
What, when she was young, had pleased her so.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



FREDERIC'S PICTURE.

“PRACTICE makes perfect, my lad,” said an old man to Frederic, as he saw him hard at work, trying to draw a picture after nature. Frederic persevered, rubbing out, and trying again; and this he did, at times, for several years.

One day, as he sat on the rocks, amusing himself by trying to make a sketch, on paper, of the opposite shore, a party of ladies and gentlemen came in carriages along

the road near by. Dismounting, they drew near to the place where Frederic was at work with his pencil.

After they had looked at the bridge, and the water foaming and plunging underneath it, one of the ladies turned, and said to Frederic, "Let me look at your picture, if you have no objection."

Frederic handed her his drawing, and she said, "Why, this is a sketch from nature, and a very good one. How long have you been practising drawing?"

"Ever since I could hold a pencil," said he.

"So I should think; for practice makes perfect," replied the lady. "If you will trust me with this drawing, I will take it to New York, and show it to some good judges."

Frederic consented; and, a week afterwards, he received this letter: "They tell me that Nature has been a good school and a good teacher for you. Come here to the city, and you shall have plenty of work."

But Frederic thinks he needs a little more practice still; and so he keeps at it, for he constantly sees room for improvement; and he remembers that it is only *practice* that makes perfect.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE MISER.

THERE once was a miser
 Who lived by a pond;
 Of nothing but silver
 And gold was he fond:
 In vain cried the beggar,
 "Give help! I must live."
 "Must? why?" said the miser;
 "I nothing will *give*!"

So, once in the water
 He fell, near the land;
 "Cheer up!" cried a fellow,
 "Here, *give* me your hand!"
 The miser, who hated
 That word's very sound,
 Replied, "I *give* nothing!"
 Sank back, and was drowned.

ALFRED SELWYN.



GOOD-BY, HOE! GOOD-BY, RAKE!

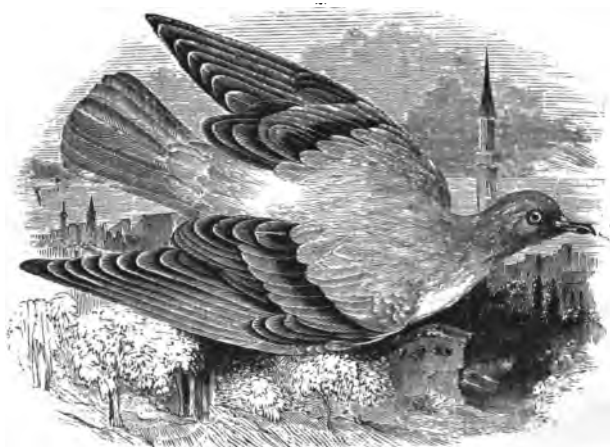
COME, little rake; come, little hoe, —
There's no more work for you now, you know:
So up in the attic you must go.
All summer long you helped me well;
What I'd done without you, I can't tell;
But now you must have a resting-spell.

Come, little hoe; come, little rake, —
One more look at the garden take,
And then your trip to the attic make.
No more tending my garden will need;
My flowers are all dead, or gone to seed:
An easy life of it now you'll lead.

Come, little rake ; come, little hoe :
I'll take one on each shoulder, *so* ;
And now to the attic we will go.
All winter long you there must stay :
I'll wrap you in paper, just this way ;
And that will keep you from rust, they say.

Good-by, little hoe ; good-by, little rake :
A good long rest you both can take,
Until I another garden make.
I'll come for you in the spring, you know,
When the cold and ice and snow all go.
Good-by, little rake ! Good-by little hoe !

FANNY PERCIVAL.



CARRIER-DOVE.



FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

LITTLE bird on the leafless bough,
What is the matter with you now?
Do you pour a farewell song of grief
Because of the dry and yellow leaf?
Take heart, little bird: not of all are you reft;
The leaf, behind it, a bud has left.

The chill north wind will bluster and blow,
And crown your nest with a cap of snow;
The ice will cast on the brook a chain,
And stiffen the meadow after the rain;
Cold from the east, and cold from the west,
Will drive you forth, of shelter in quest:

But under the snow is the violet's heart,
And soon shall the crocus begin to start:
Hard is the ground; but the sun of March
Soon shall illumine the heaven's blue arch;
Already upon the old oak-tree
Future acorns and leaves I see.

IDA FAY.



